BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

JUNE
1940

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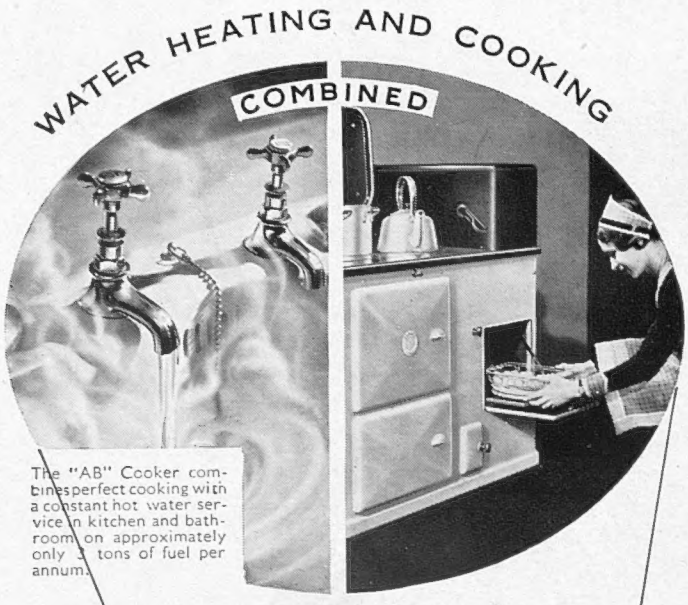

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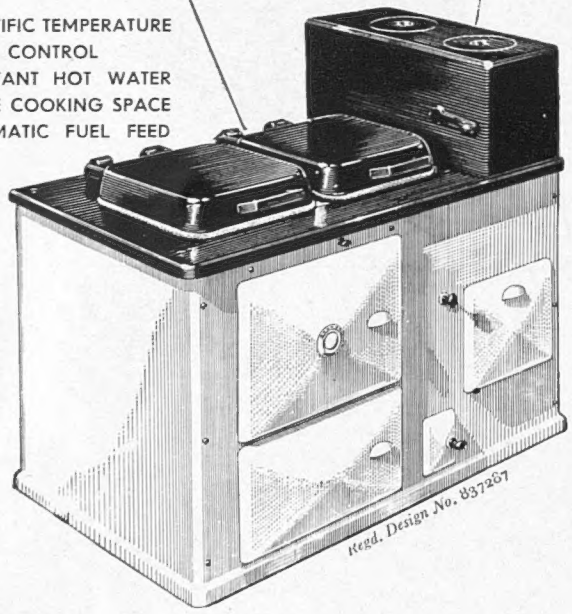

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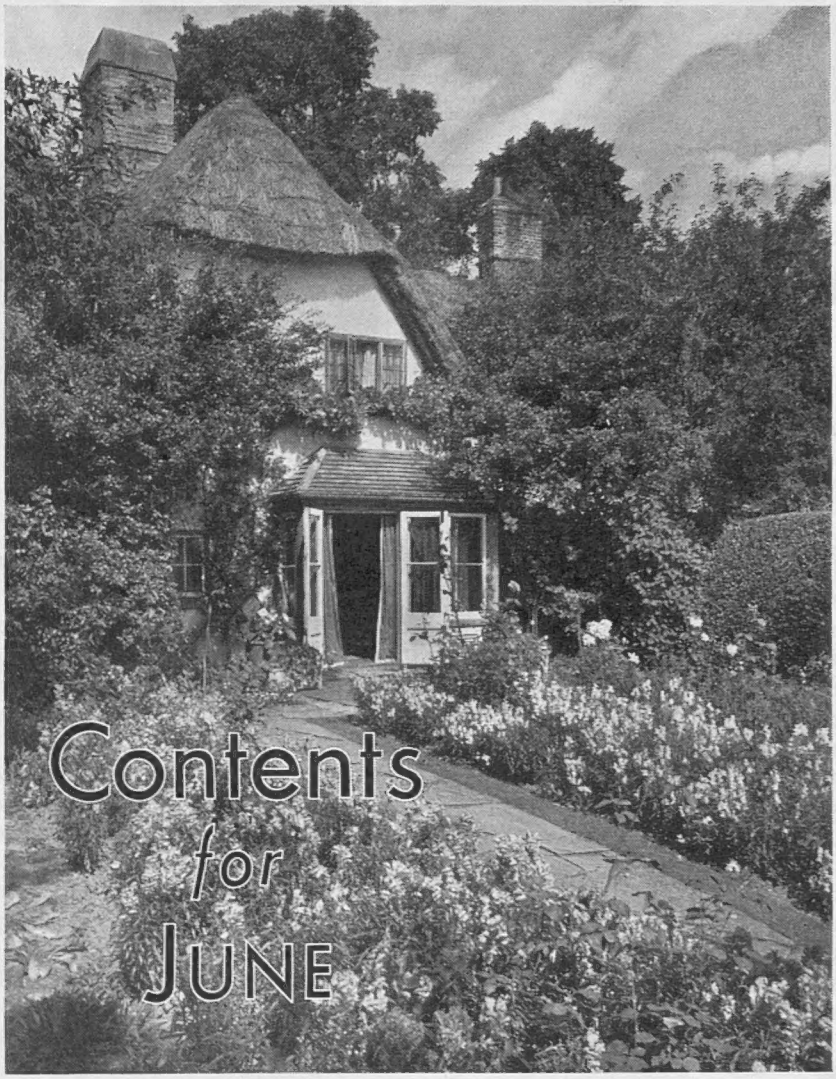
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 20, No. 6 JUNE, 1940



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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 104. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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"Under modern conditions," doctors say, "the human body is rather like a battery. It gets 'run-down' in winter and is 'recharged' by summer sunshine, ready for the winter to come. But last winter took more out of us than usual; next winter may prove harder still. Because the natural balance has become upset, we shall all need more 'charging' than usual this summer. And, with wartime restrictions, it rather looks as if we are going to get less—unless we can adjust the balance with a suitable tonic. Luckily medical science to-day can tell us *exactly* what that tonic should be—organic phosphorus and protein."

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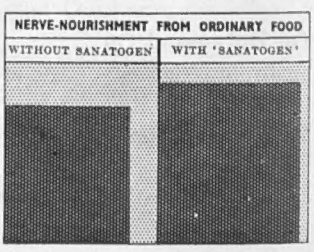

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Decisive Battles of the World

Attila's westward drive stopped, and Europe develops its Christian civilisation

Battle of Chalons, A.D. 451

AT Chalons, Attila's drive towards the Western Ocean was stopped on the boundaries of the lands which to-day are France and Belgium. Roman and Teuton joined hands to preserve their way of life against a pagan aggressor who dreamed of a military empire stretching from the Euphrates to the Atlantic: and Europe was saved to develop its budding Christian civilisation.

The Huns, nomad warriors from inner Asia, had moved west, skirting the Caspian and Black seas, and settling like a swarm of locusts on the rich grazing lands of South-East Europe. They drove out the pasture men, the Visigoths and Ostrogoths, forcing those farmer warriors in their turn to fight for new "living space." The hard-fighting Visigoths, set in movement by the Hun invader, routed the Roman legions at Adrianople, took a couple of defeats from Rome, one in Greece and one in Liguria, and came down on Rome, immune from invasion for 800 years, and sacked the city. But their military leader, Alaric, died; and the Goths retired from Italy and settled in South Gaul and Spain.

That was the situation when the Huns elected Attila their king—he would be called "Der Fuehrer" to-day—in A.D. 435; and that cunning, scheming, insatiable, mystical folk monarch continued the aggressions which were generating a new wave of wars and migratory movements in Europe. He was a master of timing, and the disruptive tactic. He relied on espionage, surprise, terror and the *blitzkrieg*. His lightning strokes were delivered with big fast-moving masses of light cavalry. His *blitzkrieg*—like that of the German High Command over the last century—was dictated by a supply weakness which made a fast and crushing war very necessary. His cavalry mass quickly exhausted its forage stocks and could not easily replenish them far from its base.

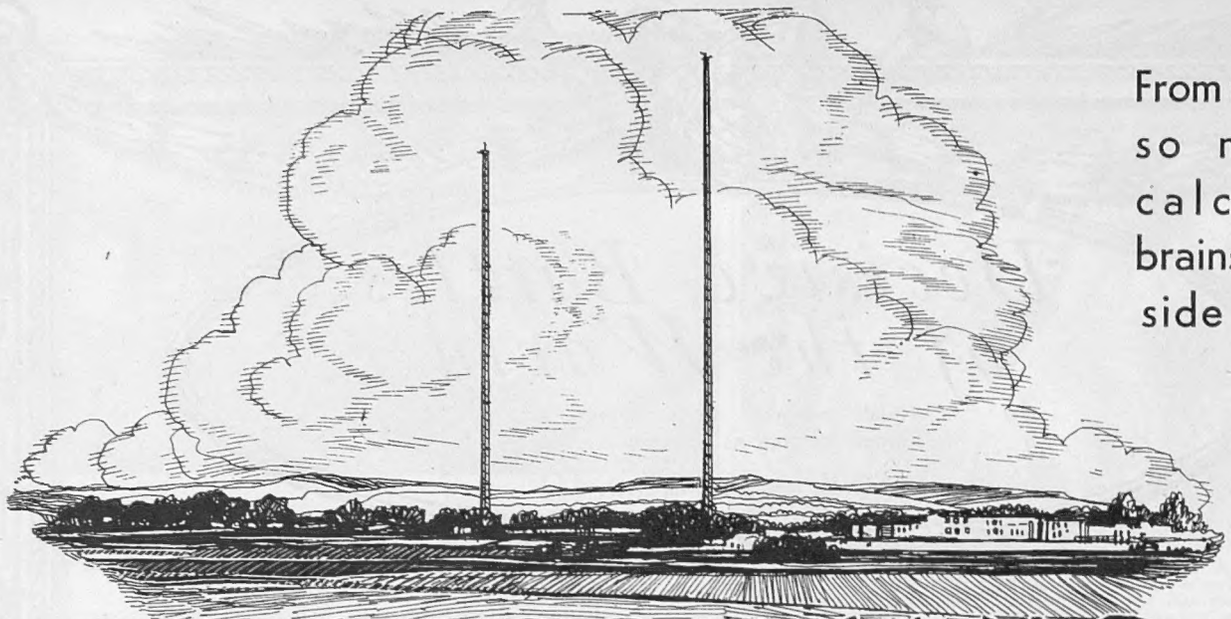
FOR fifteen years Attila led the Hun forces in expedition after expedition, keeping north of Rome's guarded empire—reserved for conquest when Attila had launched and won his *blitzkrieg* against the Goths, and taken Gaul. By 450 he was all set for his planned war on Gaul, and his main concern was to divide Roman and Goth, old enemies. His chance of winning the war sharply contracted if, instead of the Goth cavalry alone, his sword-and-bow-armed cavalry mass met Roman legions as well.

Attila's embassies failed to win the diplomatic offensive; but his armies, half a million strong, were all ready; winter was over, and he could not wait. Early in 451 he crossed the Rhine, taking much the same invasion line as the Hohenzollern took in 1914. Arras, Cambrai, Beauvais, Reims, Metz, Orleans—those cities were high spots on the map of the Attilian invasion. By May, Attila had crossed five rivers, the Rhine, Moselle, Meuse, Marne and Seine, and was besieging Orleans. This operation held him up long enough for the Goths and Romans to join forces and come down on him. Attila hastily retired to the Mauriac plain, good country for his whirlwind fighting.

The allied army came up with him there, by Chalons; and in a great battle which raged all day, hand-to-hand fighting amid wild confusion, and with enormous casualties on both sides, the Hun horde was worsted.

NEXT morning, the allies decided to blockade Attila in his camp, which looked too strong to be stormed. But dissensions, common among allies after victory, intruded. The Goth king had been killed, and his heir decided to march home before a rival seized his throne. The Roman commander had been friendly with Attila, and anyway felt that his interests would not be served by the total disappearance of the Hun menace. Attila was permitted to withdraw in good order to his headquarters in Hungary. But the Hun drive to the Western Ocean had been stopped; it was not resumed until the ancestral memory stirred in the Prussian warrior caste, descendants of the officers of an Attilian army.

Attila the next year blasted through Italy, but was met on the banks of the Minicio by Pope Leo I, the Bishop of Rome, who awakened the streak of mysticism in the Hun folk monarch by reminding him that Alaric, the Visigoth, had sacked Rome forty years earlier, only to die in his prime. Attila took a tribute, retired to his own kingdom, and died next year in his bed.



From the war angle so many guns calculated to brains, helping to side and defeat

THE WORD WAR

Decoration by J. Nicolson

by

C. PATRICK THOMPSON

"WITHOUT cessation, in that strangest of all wars, the belligerents used the new 'secret weapon.' Swarming busily about the batteries, the troops loaded, aimed, fired; and millions of bone-piercing missiles sped towards the enemy with the speed of light.

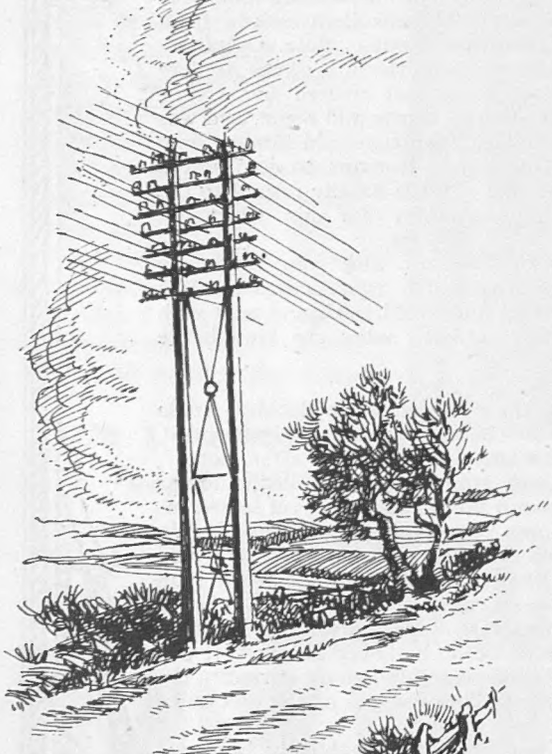
"The chief projectors were giant electric guns like none previously known or imagined by the captains who waged earlier wars—enormous structures filled with intricate and elaborate mechanisms and appliances, operated by highly skilled and trained crews numbering hundreds and thousands for each gun.

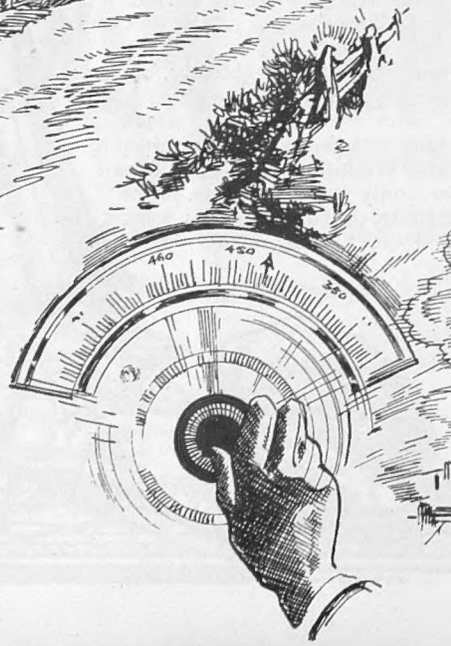
"The ammunition supplies were inexhaustible, but most varied in quality. Much was 'dud'; some, highly effective. There seems to have been small difference in the efficiency of the technical troops, for science, engineering and technical training were universal, despite the rigid division of that old world into tightly drawn national areas; but in personality and experience the commanders differed greatly: and it remains a question which side really employed the devastating new weapon with the greatest unscrupulousness.

"One of the queerest things was the impossibility of observing and counting the total number of casualties, although great efforts were made to assess results after each major bombardment. But the projectiles were invisible, and made invisible wounds. No X- or other penetrating ray would reveal them. They were discernible only in behaviour. And the behaviour was liable to vary from the mildest symptoms, to a very frenzy of madness. For, striking the target, they entered the skull by the tiny leads in from ear or eye and penetrated instantly to the brain.

"The commanders of the batteries discharged broadsides, at masses; and hoped, by incessant pounding, to win victories over whole groups of the enemy, and so at last win the war by causing a progressive or total collapse, while splitting allies apart, demoralising armies and disrupting the national unity which alone made the continuation of the war possible.

"Of course, we have outlawed the weapon long since. In our world order, two disputing national groups may fight with clubs if they like, or anything else they can lay hands on; but the world government will not permit the use of chemical works, industrial plants,





the radio stations are discharging words explode in human bring victory to one to the other

shipyards or laboratories for the manufacture of weapons; while, since the radio, films and printing press were internationalised, national groups have been unable to prostitute them for war purposes: and the secret weapon could only be reconstructed to-day if the national control of the means of propaganda were reconstituted."

AN imaginary passage, the above, from a school history written by a professor of the year—well, write your own date in the incredible future, when war as a human institution has vanished, and all the branches of *homo sapiens* live vigorously, happily, usefully and securely, in a world where indestructible peace reigns.

I pitch it in the future to give a perspective view of the war of words. No minor mêlée, this war. Its statistics are astronomical. Trillions of volts, billions of words, hundreds of millions of pounds, hordes of technical troops, a battlefield the size of the globe itself and limited only by the number of inhabitants owning a radio set, or able to read, or grasp the meaning of the simplest picture. The generalissimos assiduously cover the world, square by square on their artillery maps—nation by nation, group by group, religion by religion, even crank by crank, for cranks vote, write letters and have an agitation value.

This astounding verbal war never stops. All round the clock the artilleryists, in relays, load, aim their beams, fire; and at set times people in any part of the world can twirl a knob on their receivers and instantly find themselves occupying a front seat in war, and under bombardment of word batteries thousands of miles away around the curve of the earth.

You may be a guano gatherer in the South Seas, a purveyor of soft drinks in Zanzibar, a whaler in the Arctic, a geisha in Tokyo, a date packer in Smyrna, a native ground-nut cultivator in a Nigerian hut village, a rice-eating coolie in Bombay—the word war will reach you all the same. If it does not come by individual radio set, it comes by village or bazaar loud-speaker, local or travelling news purveyor, canned celluloid strip, newsprint carrying stories, photos, and cartoons, or hired propagandist.

"Total" war is still a considerable novelty, to the British if not to the German mind; and probably not all citizens see the radio, press and oratorical exchanges as an integral part of the war between the Allies and Nazi Germany. But they are an integral part. They fit neatly into the whole war pattern, along with all the other parts, ranging from naval actions and mine-laying to aerial bombardments and land fighting. The printing press comes into the armoury along with tanks, torpedoes, sub-machine guns and incendiary bombs. The radio control room can be categoried with the battleship's control room. From the war angle, the transmission stations are so many massed artillery divisions, discharging words designed to explode in human brains, and help bring victory to one side and defeat to the other.

This is the real "secret weapon" of this war. In its way, it is probably more sinister and fantastic than any of the others imagined, promised, or forecast for the next war. The recent discoveries of scientists suggested a whole range of revolutionary weapons. There were rumours of death dealing rays, of poison gas capable of wiping out whole cities, of a "sleep vapour" which, sprayed from aeroplanes, would penetrate gas masks and send trench and fortress garrisons into a deep slumber, from which they would awake hours later to find themselves prisoners in the hands of a benevolent enemy.

The Russians did surprise the Finns with "Molotov's bread-basket," a huge canister which opened in its flight from a bomber to scatter hundreds of small incendiary bombs over a wide area; the Finns surprised the Russians with their sub-machine gun, firing 250 rounds a minute, inclusive of recharging; and the Germans surprised the Allies with the magnetic mine.

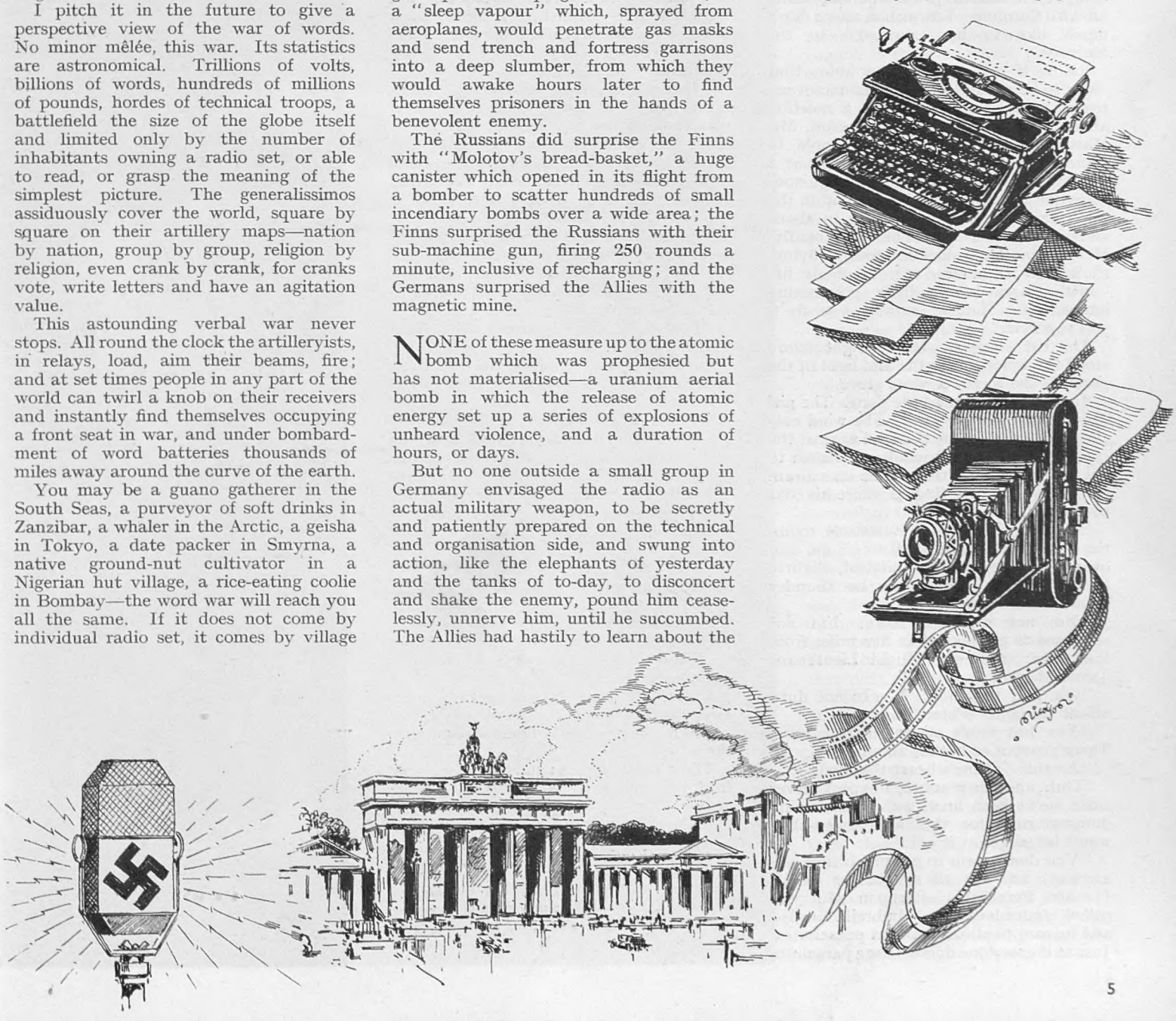
NONE of these measure up to the atomic bomb which was prophesied but has not materialised—a uranium aerial bomb in which the release of atomic energy set up a series of explosions of unheard violence, and a duration of hours, or days.

But no one outside a small group in Germany envisaged the radio as an actual military weapon, to be secretly and patiently prepared on the technical and organisation side, and swung into action, like the elephants of yesterday and the tanks of to-day, to disconcert and shake the enemy, pound him ceaselessly, unnerve him, until he succumbed. The Allies had hastily to learn about the new weapon, follow where the Germans led, catch up with the German lead, and try to go one better.

The blasts of radio propaganda played a vital part in the disintegration of the Czechoslovakian state. Goebbels had the campaign planned. It was executed with the precision of a military manœuvre, and the fierce and relentless energy of a fortress storming operation. It created internal suspicions inside the Czech state. It fostered outside a public opinion favourable to the German purpose —which was the reduction of the Czech fortress by the surrender to Hitler of the Südeten territory. And in the end it pulled out Benes, the key of the Czech arch.

It was used in the Polish *blitzkrieg*. The Poles themselves made one or two feeble efforts at imitation. They broadcast to the world tales of balloons filled with poison gas dropped from Goering's bombers on Warsaw, for the little children to pick up in the streets. An American news analyst with whom I was discussing the war of words lately compared that atrocity yarn to an early British film as measured against a slick production of the experienced and competent Hollywood factories: it was weak, amateurish and unconvincing.

But the Germans were professionally thorough. They (*Continued on page* 102)



The Umbrella Birds

How an Unconventional Squadron was saved by Unconventional Daring

By Richard Oliver

JANE VANLEIGH smiled to herself as she swung the long grey car between the stone pillars that gleamed spectre-like in the wet night. Beside her sat Aunt Caroline, poker-backed and trim, like the good Edwardian she was; but behind, sitting in the middle of the back seat, with folded arms and an unwontedly solemn expression on his normally cherubic features, was Jimmy Martin. And Jane believed Jimmy was about to make a certain proposition to her—it had been blowing up ever since the war started. He'd suddenly called, all distraught and rushed, just as she was taking off with Caroline—Edwardian aunts don't much like to be "auntied"—to the Rectory.

"Now if you give me an hour, that *ought* to be enough to make the rector see reason," said Caroline. "It's a meeting about the car park at the church, Mr. Martin—how *can* he expect people to come to church in a blackout without a proper car park? It's definitely non-Christian to leave a car in the road in the pitch dark. Jane, you be back in about an hour's time. Don't let her drive madly, Mr. Martin. Ever since she took to flying, she's been frightening me out of my life—with those horrid little glimmering lamps, too. But, of course, you fly—you're worse."

The car stopped. Her upright figure stood for a moment in the dim light of the porch as she waved a white glove.

Jimmy slipped in beside Jane. The girl drove out on to the road. The wind cutting across the downs thudded against the car; the rain-spotted windows seemed to cut the two off entirely. Jane was aware of Jimmy; her arm tingled where his coat touched it.

"We'll drop down into Eaststone, round the houses and back, shall we?" she said over-casually in her low-pitched, slightly husky voice. There must be thunder about, she thought.

"No, not into the town. I'm not supposed to go more than five miles from the aerodrome," said Flight Lieutenant James Martin.

"Oh, and why not? You're not duty officer to-night—Peter Stanny is."

"Yes, but we've all got to stay near. There's a spot of bother about."

"A raid?" Jane's heart thudded.

"Only another practice, I expect. Ever since we've been here, we've been doing dummy runs for this and that—they won't let us get at it yet."

"You don't seem to get much time off, anyway, and it's all so ghastly secret. I asked Peter this afternoon why you called yourselves the 'Umbrella Birds,' and he said because you used parachutes. Just as if every one doesn't use a parachute—if necessary. Why, even I've done two practice 'pull-offs.' Why *do* they call your squadron the 'Umbrella Birds'?"

"It's because—oh, Jane, there may not be much time and I want to tell you something. Can we pull up somewhere?"

They were on the coast road; the rain had stopped. In the middle distance the old Martello Tower—Jane Vanleigh's home—stood black against the now clearing sky; beyond, the dim glow of the sea outlined the shoulder of the headland. Jane switched off and leaned back rather breathless. Jimmy was all jumpy to-night.

"Jane, it's a rotten time to say this, but I can't help it—I must get it off my chest before—before anything happens. Jane, I love you—I always have——" He hesitated.

"Before anything happens?" The husky voice was but a whisper; her heart was choking her, she looked seaward to hide her eyes; she *had* to make the minutes last longer. It was all so beautiful—so gloriously and tremulously wonderful. It wasn't the first, by any means, but it was very different.

"Jane, dear—that's what makes me feel such a cad—I know we're at war and it's all uncertain, but I must get this settled. Dearest, I do love you. Damn it, can us get married?"

"Can we!" she whispered. Her hand found his.

It was, perhaps, five minutes later—time had really ceased—that they talked coherently.

"When did it begin?" he asked.

"When you first came; just after the war started. You turned us out of our aerodrome—I hated you all," she said dreamily, "I really did. The wretched Air Force stopped me flying—turned us out of our *club*, even. You're a lot of thieves."

"I've stolen you, dearest." He demonstrated, and got no words in answer.

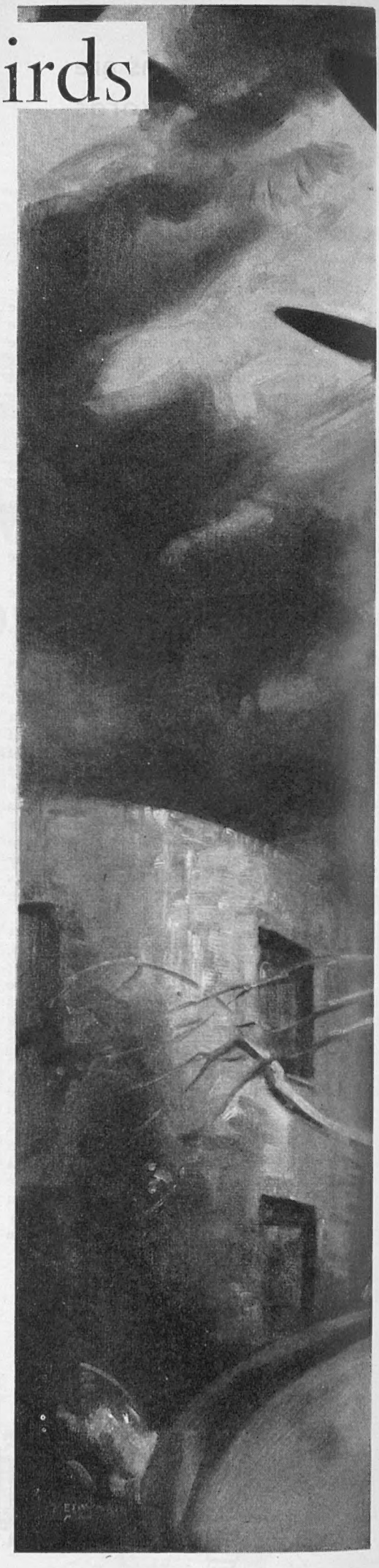
IT was then that the siren at the aerodrome gave a long, vibrating blast.

"There it is! One hour's readiness!" Jimmy jerked out. "Perhaps it's a—a practice. I'll have to get back at once. Will you drop me at the aerodrome? You—you'd better get home—and stay there."

The girl felt he was suddenly far away from her. She shivered as she started the engine.

"The maids are in Eaststone to-night."

"God! You'll be alone—and I can't



JANE half led, half dragged the muttering man from the crashed car into the tower

Illustrated by
Edward Osmond

help. But don't go back for your aunt until the 'all clear' sounds. Two blasts on the siren. Stay inside—downstairs. Darling, I hate leaving you, but——"

"I know."

She was in his arms . . . they clung.

"I *must* go, dearest—I must."

A searchlight beam swung like an encircling arm across the sky; it cast a big blob on a cloud and then faded out. Jimmy had gone.

Jane drove along to her home, a wild mixture of joy and fear. She left the car on the narrow cliff road. The Tower was a black monster overhanging her.

The world that had been so glorious was suddenly an evil place. The heavy oak door creaked and groaned. The blackness of the hall came out to meet her.

From the deep-set windows to seaward she watched the clouds scudding out across the Channel; the breakers swirled the shingle on the beach of the cove a hundred feet below. Two great arms of light swept across the sky, met for a second, and disappeared. They caught nothing in their phantom embrace. Was Jimmy even now climbing into his aeroplane—those vicious little intercepters that were all engine—and going out to sea to meet . . . ? She swallowed with an effort. Flying was all right, it was clean and rather fun; fighting in the air might be thrilling in the heat of combat, but its aim was death. All that decent crowd, the "Umbrella Birds" as they called themselves, would have the carefreeness torn from them and become killers. Anger welled up in her at those who had done this thing—at those who made war.

She ran across the room to the windows that looked towards the aerodrome. Under the moan of the wind there was another sound—it was the even hum of aero motors. They were warming up the engines on the ground at the aerodrome. It was darker again; the racing clouds seemed to be thicker.

Inaction was irksome; she took off her coat and threw it on one side. One couldn't do anything, yet just waiting with only one's thoughts was awful. She wondered what Caroline was thinking at the Rectory and the maids down in Eaststone. They hadn't a man in this . . . they didn't know how it felt.

"Before anything happens," Jimmy had said . . . then he'd said, "I do love you." She owned all then; the glorious world was hers. And then the siren had sounded and taken everything away.

Above the roar of the wind she heard something—a sudden metallic thud that merged into a rending crash.

She peered through the window and strangled a cry. The car! She'd left it outside with no lights, of course. It was a piled-up mass of wreckage and there was another car

IT bellied out and plucked the girl from the edge of the tower

half over it! The outline was fantastically unreal—cloud shadows swept across. Something seemed to be waving in the wind—a torn fragment of fabric, perhaps—or was it an arm? A faint sound came to her. Was it someone calling?

She tore open the door. It seemed lighter outside again. In a second, she was beside the wreckage.

Her car was crushed against the garden wall; half over it a Service car hung perilously. A dim figure struggled to free itself.

"Hullo! Hullo! Help me out!"

She recognised the bird-like features of Peter Stanny peering bemusedly out of an upturned oilskin cape.

"It's me, Peter—Jane—it's all my fault. Are you hurt?" The words were snatched by the wind.

"Jane?" Peter Stanny sounded vague. "I must get out—I've got to get down to the cove—it's—it's important."

Peter was hurt. His voice sounded strange and he was beating with his hands against things. Jane got to him; his oilskins had caught in something. He muttered as she helped him slip out of them.

"Must get down to the cove—must—square forty-two." He stood clear of the wreckage at last.

"Jane—sorry to be trouble—sorry." He swayed about, but he knew her now.

"Come into the house. Where are you hurt?"

"Gave my head a welt. Can't come in—got to get to the cove. In a hurry."

"But you must—you can't go to the cove in that state. You can't walk, and both cars are crashed."

His reply was drowned in the roar of aeroplanes that passed in formation over their heads. Jane half led, half dragged the muttering man into the tower. She forced him into a chair; he breathed stertorously and seemed only half conscious.

He drank a glass of water and jerked himself upright.

"Did the machines take off? Did they go overhead?" he demanded.

"Yes, but don't worry about them. You must sit still."

"I can't stay here. I *must* get down to the cove."

"You can't walk—you're hurt. I'll go down."

"Walk! There isn't time to walk. The boats must put out at once."

Jane steadied her voice. "I'll take a message—I'll run all the way."

"How long have I been here?" Peter sounded more alert.

"About ten minutes—a quarter of an hour at the most."

He groaned and held his head. "The boats should have started long ago—and they don't know where to go till I get there. Have you a telephone?"

"No—but I'll run down with a message. I'll get there in ten minutes." She knew it would take half an hour to get down the cliff by road, but . . .

"Ten minutes is too long. The boats should leave before the aircraft. Oh, god—they'll be in the ditch—the whole lot'll be drowned!"

FEAR gripped Jane and brought with it an ice-cold calm. "Who will be drowned?" she demanded.

"All the squadron—all the pilots."

"And Jimmy Martin is one of them?"

"Yes, of course," replied Peter testily. "They are rendezvousing in square forty-two with the sound-ranging trawler. They'll intercept the bombers somewhere over there—and we've got to pick them up."

"Pick them up?"

"Girl—girl, you don't understand!" He beat his hands frantically against the chair's arms. His eyes had a glazed look and his speech was thick. "They ram the enemy bombers—jump clear with their parachutes, if they're lucky—and we pick them out of the water. They'd float for a bit—but if we aren't there they'll get lost—die—die from exposure!"

Each gasped word carried its meaning to the girl. "They will *ram* the enemy bombers, and jump clear if they were lucky!" Jimmy would be doing these things.

"I'll run down to the boats—I say 'Square forty-two,' that's all, isn't it?"

"That's all, but my god, there's no *time!*"

"I'm going now—drink this." She held a glass of brandy to his lips. He coughed over it."

"You can't go—I *must*." He struggled up and stood swaying, his hand to his forehead. He shivered and fell back into his chair. His eyes were closed, but his lips moved.

She stood watching him for a second or so. Would he be all right? She must go—Jimmy was out there. Would the men with the boats act on her word? She'd make them. The oilskins in the car might help.

THREE minutes later a figure in shining oilskins climbed on to the low parapet that encircled the Tower's roof. The yellow oilskins were criss-crossed by the webbing harness of a parachute. One hand was on the stone coping; the other pulled the release. A tiny parachute drew out and was caught by the wind. It, in turn, pulled out the main parachute. The wind filled the main envelope; it bellied out, plucked the girl from the tower.

Beneath the great umbrella the black pendulum swung. To the falling, twirling human there was but a swift glimpse of a white cliff and then blackness. She stumbled on the shingle and was dragged along for a yard or so by the collapsing parachute.

The flight sergeant on duty with the boats was shaken, but wasn't allowed time to ask questions.

"The boats are to put out immediately," the figure in oilskins ordered. "Rendezvous square forty-two with the trawler. Quickly man, quickly!"

Staccato orders followed and ten boats rolled down the slipway. Jane clambered aboard one with the flight sergeant. They started jerkily, and vibrated as the huge engines got going; then they slid forward, lifting their prows as the full four-hundred horse-power came into action.

In the open sea they thudded through the wave crests, raising a cloud of stinging spray.

"That was a funny way to come down the cliff, sir," the flight sergeant shouted.

"Yes, I crashed the car," was the curt reply from the shadow of the oilskin cowl. "Go full out, we're late."

"We can't do another knot, sir—she's taking all we've got," the flight sergeant replied.

They sat in the bows cowering behind the curve of the cowling; a clean-cut wall of water stood up on either side and the whipped spray stung their faces.

"Tonight's the night, sir," said the flight sergeant, his glance scanning the scudding clouds.

"It is, God help us," replied the figure in oilskins. Perhaps it was something in the voice that made the N.C.O. look sharply at the features seen but dimly beneath the streaming oilskins.

The outline of the trawler loomed up. It swung round and the motor boats took station line abreast around. They moved forward across the long lop of the waves. The windswept spray struck them on the beam and they shipped it green. Then the trawler slackened speed and they tossed in

FOR a second the mass hung in the air—cracking, spluttering; then fell into the sea

line with only enough way on to maintain station. The engines' low throb was the only sound apart from the thud of the waves; the vibration was the only other sign of the steadying power that held them against the lash and suck of the water.

A murmur of voices came forward. The flight sergeant laid his hand on the oilskin-covered arm.

"It's them, sir. It's the raiders!" he said in a hoarse whisper. The white faces turned upwards and scanned the racing clouds. Jane shuddered as the drone of aero engines came to her spasmodically under the whine of the wind.

"They're well above the clouds—about ten thousand, I'd say," cried the flight sergeant. "Can you hear, sir? It's our lot as well! Now for the fun. Those bombers will get some jerk! Hope we're a bit up wind, or some of the blighters'll come down flop on us!"

The hum from overhead increased in volume and came to them with a sharper note; they sat silent in the pitching boats straining to interpret the sounds.

A faint glow appeared on the rim of a cloud. The next second a blazing ball of fire burst through and hurtled downwards. It illuminated the (*Continued on page* 75)

Women In

By Negley Farson

MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE LINED UP FOR AN INSPECTION

"WHAT'S the matter?" I asked the German waiter: "Can't this cook cook?"

"Well, she *can* cook," he said mysteriously —"but sometimes she don't want to."

I pondered this remark. It had an immense significance. I was living in a German hotel in South-West Africa. It was owned by Germans, run by Germans, usually filled with Germans. I had had my fill, in that climate, of Bismarck herrings, Rollmops; potato salad and Frankfurters. After all, even the most malevolent cook can't do much harm to them; she doesn't get the chance. Usually, the food was bearable. But I had noticed, on occasions like this—when the little dining-room held nothing but South African settlers, an occasional British business representative, or just myself—the food was awful.

It looked, and tasted, as if she had just stood off and simply thrown things at the stove. Obviously, she was trying to poison us. I could sympathise with her. For, everybody knew, she was the hottest Nazi in the district.

Afterwards, when I came in late one night, streaked with sweat and dust from a trip into the desert, I asked her if I might have a pot of coffee, with perhaps some bacon and eggs, as I had had nothing to eat since breakfast. She flew into a rage:

"You! You! Do you think all we've got to do is sit up waiting to cook meals for you, you——"

"Americans?" I suggested.

I rather had her there. All along, I suddenly realised, she had been thinking I was a member of that race which had given her such a frustration complex. I didn't smile; I grinned.

"Oh, don't mind her," said her husband getting up; "I'll cook 'em for you myself." He went out into the kitchen. When he put down the dishes he sighed lugubriously: "You know what women are!" he said.

She came back to have another glare at me. And I noticed with pleasure, as she stood under the hissing petrol lamp, that the parting of her doll-like blonde hair showed a good half-inch of black on either side. Undoubtedly, he had learned about women from her—as I had about Germans. Point being, that when I thought about Nazis, I had always thought about male Nazis. I hadn't thought about the women. And now, looking back on all the Germans I had known, the eighty-five Germans I had spent seventeen days with on the boat coming out, and those I had encountered in the South-West African Mandate—I suddenly saw that the woman was almost invariably the most violent Nazi of the pair.

I don't think that the average Englishman when he ponders whether he is fighting Hitlerism, or Germanism, ever thinks about female Nazis at all. Yet, remember, in Nazidom, "the female of the species can be more deadly than the male."

A FRENCH WOMAN WORKING A COMPRESSED AIR TOOL IN AN AIRCRAFT FACTORY

That is a point to keep in mind when analysing German character. Especially when weighing the chances of an internal German crack-up. The Nazi soldier at the front (wherever that is?) isn't worried in this war by any old-fashioned regrets about "the girl he left behind him." He is probably being egged on by her to help "*Gott straffe England*" with a venom just as vicious as that of Hitler and his Crazy Gang.

THIS is not an article about German women. It is about women in war—even if they are not in uniform. I have just made, I think, one important point about the German woman; that hitherto we haven't taken her much into account when analysing German character—whereas she is probably the hottest Nazi in every German household. And this is going to play a big part in German resistance. That's one point. Another point, not irrelevant, is that these German women have some

Uniform

Here are some points to keep in mind when estimating the importance of what women are thinking, what women are doing, and what some of them will do before this hard and bitter war is over

WOMEN LEADERS OF THE GERMAN YOUTH MOVEMENT AT A MEETING IN BERLIN

RUSSIAN WOMEN SOLDIERS MARCH IN A MAY DAY PARADE IN MOSCOW

organisations among themselves that give them, even a stronger tie-up than between members of the male party.

For example, the leader of the German settlers in southern Tanganyika is Baron Oenhausen. The Fuehrer of all the Germans in Tanganyika is (or was) Herr Troost, who runs a coffee shamba on the slope of Mount Kilimanjaro. These two Nazi leaders—and I drove several hundred miles out of my way to have long talks with each of them—were reputed not to be able to get along well with each other. Baron Oenhausen, monocled, an aristocrat even in his khaki shorts, had his house full of signed photographs of Hitler—but he was distinctly a left-over from the old regime. Herr Troost, distinctly modern Nazi, was a thrusting member of the German middle class. They ruled the two vast areas they were Fuehrers of in Tanganyika with as much independence of one another as possible.

But the person who was in intimate touch with *every* German household in Tanganyika was Baroness Oenhausen. She was the Tanganyika head of the German Colonial Women's Guild. The Colonial Women's Guild maintains a continually circulating library of modern magazines, books (good and expensive books; not second-hand) to all the German families in the Mandate. At Christmas it sends, from the homeland, a toy to every child in Tanganyika, and it was an expensive toy. And before the Nazi Government made it a State obligation in 1938, to bring all German children home for the education (to be brought home and kept for their educational life free of charge—if their parents could not afford it) the Colonial Women's Guild carried out this project.

BARONESS OENHAUSEN, also an aristocrat by birth, led me, somewhat arrogantly, to a filing cabinet in the drawing-room of their tea-planter's bungalow, perched at 6,000 feet in the rain forest of Mufindi—and showed me an index file containing the details of every German family, or unmarried (*Continued on page* 66)

Captain of a U-boat in the last war, yet free to roam through Britain because—his country was

Neutral

By Arthur Mills

GATLING put on his red slippers, changed into an old tweed jacket, and sat down in front of the fire. He filled a pipe, but did not light up; he had a problem on his mind.

At noon the day before he had been in the lounge of the Royal Parks Hotel when a man had come up to the porter's desk and asked for the key of Room 303. The man had taken the key, walked over to the lift and disappeared. Gatling had seen the man before somewhere; he had questioned the porter and been told that the owner of the key to Room 303 was registered as an American citizen in the name of Karl Lopke; that he had been staying at the hotel a week; and that, so far as the porter knew, he was in London on business.

Sucking at his unlit pipe, Gatling gazed at the fire. Where had he seen those lean cheek-bones, that clean-shaven, hard-lipped mouth, the light grey eyes, straight back? It was——? Gatling could not remember; he was certain he had met the man somewhere. Again the blackout! Where? If he could only get some link—a thread—anything that would lead him back to the point from which he must start, the place where he had first met the man calling himself Karl Lopke, citizen of New York City, now on a business trip to London.

In the thirty hours that had passed since he first saw Lopke, Gatling had used the facilities at his disposal to check up on the man. The result of these inquiries satisfied him that Lopke was what he claimed to be, an American citizen to whom a valid passport had been issued; further that he was a qualified electrical engineer with genuine business friends in London who could vouch for his character. There was not one single thing against him—nothing in the world—except—Gatling screwed his forehead into wrinkles—if he could only remember where he had last seen that face!

In the meanwhile he had made arrangements to keep in touch with Mr. Lopke. At seven his telephone rang; he lifted the receiver. A voice said: "I'm speaking from the Royal Parks Hotel. Lopke is checking out now."

"Where is he going?"

"He has paid his bill and given orders for his baggage to be sent to King's Cross. He has booked a sleeper on the night train to Glasgow; a porter is to go from the hotel with his baggage and wait for him on the platform."

"What luggage has he got?"

"A suit-case and a bag of golf clubs."

"Hold on." Gatling reached for an A.B.C. "That will be the 10.15; thanks," he said.

IT was impossible to tell if a submarine lay submerged with periscope just showing

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

A few minutes before the 10.15 northbound was due to pull out, Gatling came on to the platform; he walked slowly down the train till he came to a pullman carriage. He looked into the carriage; Lopke was in a corner seat with his back to the engine; from this position he could watch every one who passed through the barrier. Gatling knew that Lopke must have seen him; what he did not know was whether Lopke was trying to remember his face as he was trying to remember Lopke's.

He walked along to the door of the pullman, climbed in and placed his suitcase in the rack over a seat facing Lopke's. Presently, when the train started, Lopke would go along to his sleeper; he might stay in it till the morning or he might get out at an intermediate station during the night. Putting down a couple of papers to mark his place, Gatling got out of the pullman and walked along the platform. He kept out of Lopke's sight till the guard blew his whistle; then he returned to the pullman. He found Lopke where he had left him. Gatling dropped into the seat opposite, put a cigarette in his mouth, and asked for a match. "Any news at nine?" he inquired.

Lopke looked at Gatling levelly; "I didn't listen to it; I had to hustle to make the train;" he spoke with a slight accent, drawling the words.

Gatling puffed at his cigarette and said amiably: "Well, what does Uncle Sam think about the war?"

"So you know where I come from?"

"I've been over there," Gatling said.

"I wasn't born in the States," Lopke said; "I was naturalised five years ago. My parents are German."

"Find it suits you?" Gatling asked.

"It does now; I don't want any more wars."

Gatling looked hard at his companion; his face was young, but it was possible he was over forty. "Were you in the last?"

Lopke nodded.

"Army?" Gatling asked.

"No; I was a lieutenant in the navy."

Gatling looked at the light grey impersonal eyes, the hard-lipped mouth—perhaps it had been a little softer twenty-two years ago—but not much. So he was sitting opposite to a German who had fought against Britain in the last war and was now a citizen of the United States—a neutral—free to roam England immune! It was grotesque.

Why had Lopke told him? What was his motive?

Lopke lit a cigarette; he looked at Gatling in his queer impersonal way and said: "You are a detective. I saw you in the hotel. I remembered your face; you used to be on duty at Southampton docks."

So that was where he had seen Lopke! When he was on duty at Southampton. He had been put on to other work since then. They gave him special jobs like the one he was on now. Well, he had made a mess of this one. Lopke knew who he was.

LOPKE was bringing his club up to elbow height

Lopke continued: "I have told you about myself because I have a clear conscience." He blew out a cloud of smoke. "You are wasting your time following me; I have the permission of your Home Office to come over here."

"Do they know you are an ex-German officer?"

"I should not think so; I did not tell them."

"Why did you tell me?" Gatling asked.

"Why shouldn't I? It doesn't matter. I'm going back to America at the end of the week."

"From Glasgow?"

Lopke shook his head: "I've got business to do in Glasgow, then I am coming south to catch a boat."

Gatling was badly rattled; this smooth German-American had him guessing. A business trip to Glasgow; then a boat back to the U.S.A. There was nothing he could catch hold of. Of course he could have him kept in sight every minute of the twenty-four hours; his luggage could be gone through before he sailed; he could be searched—personally. But if Lopke had anything to conceal would he have talked the way he had? Gatling thought not.

Lopke smoked contentedly. "Of course you think I'm a spy," he said.

Gatling did not answer.

"Some Germans aren't too fond of Hitler; apart from that I'm an American," Lopke continued; "also the business I do over here is genuine. Like to see some of my contracts," he took a sheaf of papers from an inside pocket and passed them across.

Gatling glanced through the papers; they were bona fide contracts for the supply of electrical apparatus from America; one contract, unsigned, related to a deal with a Glasgow firm.

"Thanks," Gatling said, handing back the papers.

"Not at all; I don't in the least mind being watched, but if I can save you any trouble I'll be glad."

Gatling did not say anything; he wished he knew what to do. It was probable Lopke was in England for the reason he gave; the business papers he

had shown looked good, but if it was the other way?

He leaned forward and said quickly. "You are not likely to give any trouble while you are sick." He watched Lopke's eyes.

"Sick!" Lopke said, in a surprised voice. "I'm not sick."

"No?" Gatling looked across the carriage at the door leading to the corridor; he had seen what he wanted—a kind of flicker in Lopke's eyes when he used the word "sick." So Lopke knew the lingo! Also he had recognised Gatling as a port detective when he landed at Southampton on an earlier visit. The ordinary traveller is not on the lookout for dicks.

Gatling explained: "Spies say they are sick when they can't operate because they are under observation."

Lopke showed annoyance for the first time. "I have told you that I have come over here on business and that I am going back to America as soon as it is done. Also I am an American citizen."

Gatling nodded; he was wondering. There had been cases where the passports of bona fide Americans had become mislaid in Germany and, after a little alteration, served for the entry of Germans into Britain. That was how Lody had got in. It would be clumsy on the part of the German Intelligence Service to use the same method with another naval officer. What counted most in Lopke's favour was the fact that he had admitted he was an ex-German officer.

"Did you have anything to do with the U-boats?" Gatling asked.

"I was in one."

Gatling looked at his companion's hard mouth and light grey eyes; the information did not surprise him, but it seemed more than ever fantastic that the man should be travelling through England now. He said, "Is it true that in the last war the German Government considered drowning civilians, including women, was justified because the British blockade was preventing German mothers and children from getting food?"

"I believe so," Lopke said.

"And your pilots may have the same view to-day—about bombing women and children, I mean?"

"I don't know what their views are," Lopke looked at his watch. "I shall turn in soon. Have you got a sleeper?"

"No," Gatling said.

"Wouldn't be much use to you, I suppose," Lopke smiled.

"I'm single-handed," Gatling admitted.

"Couldn't the guard let you know if I got out at one of the stations on the way up?"

"He would," Gatling said, "but I am not going to ask him. You have been frank with me so I will tell you something. Nobody has ordered me to follow you. I dare say the authorities know all about you and are perfectly content to allow you over here; they don't tell us everything. I'm doing this on my own responsibility."

"Don't you have to tell your superiors what you are doing?"

"All they ask for is results," Gatling said.

"Supposing you don't get any?"

"If I never got any, I should have to find another job."

Lopke stretched out his legs: "Supposing your suspicions were justified—they are not of course—don't you think I should be crazy to try to do anything, knowing I am being watched?"

"Or very brave," Gatling said.

"Do you think spies are brave?" Lopke asked.

"The ones that work in enemy countries must be," Gatling said: "they know it is certain death if they are captured. A soldier in the line has the chance of being wounded; so has a sailor."

"Not if he is in a submarine," Lopke said.

"I suppose death is certain in a submarine if things go wrong," Gatling said.

"Quite certain," Lopke's light grey eyes met the detective's. The fellow was unquestionably brave. Lody had been brave. Could this be another Lody? It was possible.

Lopke got up. "Well, I'm for bed. To save you any trouble when we get to Glasgow, I shall be staying at the Adelphi Hotel. Good night."

"Good night," Gatling said. Alone, he filled a pipe, which he sucked unlit as he always did when thinking. After a while he came to a decision.

The sleeping car attendant who brought Lopke his morning tea gave him a message. "The gentleman you were with last night asked me to tell you he had gone back to London and would you be so good as to ring up this number and ask for him when you get to your hotel."

Lopke took the piece of paper on which was written—"Victoria 5021."

"Where did he get out?" he asked.

"At York, sir. We stopped there during the night; he was able to catch the 2.48 back; gets into London 7.10."

"Thanks," Lopke said.

When he reached his hotel in Glasgow he put through the call. "Well, what happened?" Lopke asked.

"I gave up the chase. You don't believe that do you?"

"No."

"All right, please yourself. But when you come back to London if you care to look me up you'll find me at 21 Eccleston Street—a flat over a shop; you've got my telephone number. Good-bye, enjoy yourself."

"One minute," Lopke said. "Would you like me to report my arrival to the Glasgow police?"

"It won't be necessary."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it, they know you are there."

"I see, and of course if they want you you can come up by plane."

"Easily."

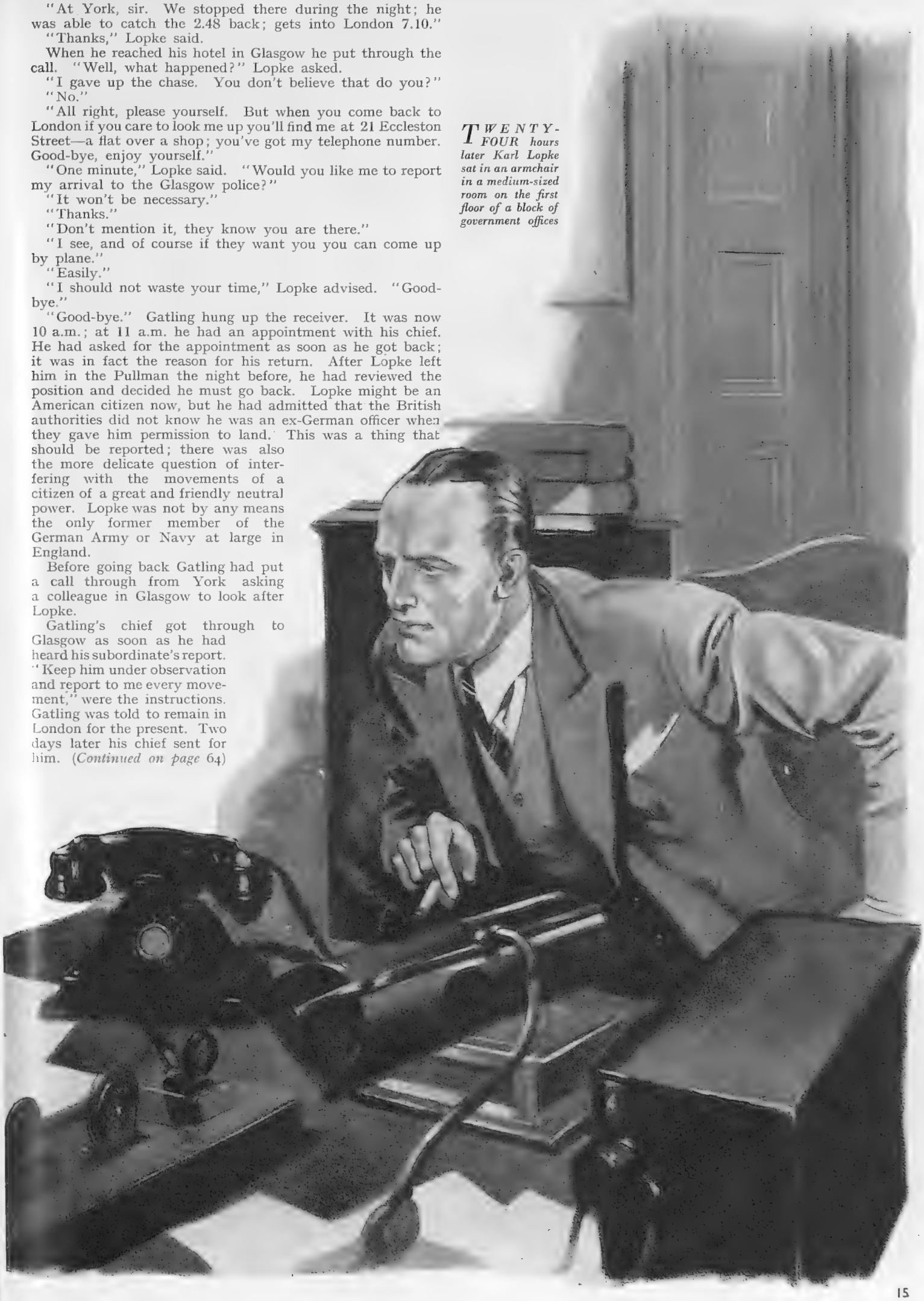
"I should not waste your time," Lopke advised. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye." Gatling hung up the receiver. It was now 10 a.m.; at 11 a.m. he had an appointment with his chief. He had asked for the appointment as soon as he got back; it was in fact the reason for his return. After Lopke left him in the Pullman the night before, he had reviewed the position and decided he must go back. Lopke might be an American citizen now, but he had admitted that the British authorities did not know he was an ex-German officer when they gave him permission to land. This was a thing that should be reported; there was also the more delicate question of interfering with the movements of a citizen of a great and friendly neutral power. Lopke was not by any means the only former member of the German Army or Navy at large in England.

Before going back Gatling had put a call through from York asking a colleague in Glasgow to look after Lopke.

Gatling's chief got through to Glasgow as soon as he had heard his subordinate's report. "Keep him under observation and report to me every movement," were the instructions. Gatling was told to remain in London for the present. Two days later his chief sent for him. (*Continued on page* 64)

TWENTY-FOUR hours later Karl Lopke sat in an armchair in a medium-sized room on the first floor of a block of government offices



The Channel Tunnel

A Jules Verne story that came true — all but the last chapter

By

Walter Shepherd

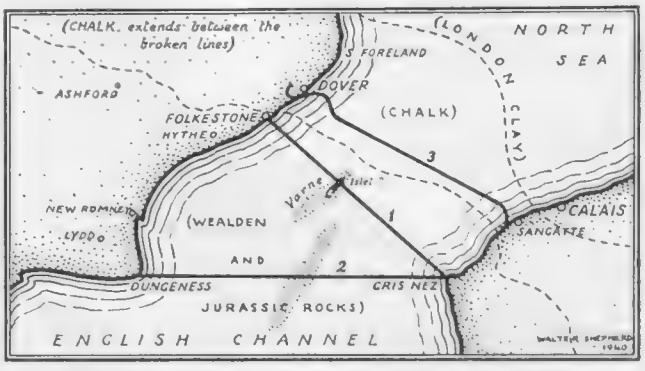
THE pioneering work on the Channel Tunnel has all been done, and were its fantastic story not true it might well have come from the pen of Jules Verne. The original conception, now almost one hundred and fifty years old, was itself a theme for a scientific romance, and the subsequent planning of the engineers has been as daring as anything imagined by a novelist.

Artificial islands, a gigantic bridge, a submarine railway station, a new type of engine looking like something belonging to H. G. Wells's Martians, a hand-to-hand fight with gigantic eels on the bed of the Channel—all these form chapters in the story.

The "Chunnel," as *Punch* called it in an inspired moment, is an essentially French idea, and the first proposals came from a M. Mathieu about 1800. He suggested sinking an iron tube to the bottom of the Strait of Dover, and by providing submarine stables at various points he reckoned the journey could be made by relays of galloping horses in about one hour.

The war with Napoleon put the idea out of court till 1834, when it was revived by M. Thomé de Gamond. In 1853 W. Austin published detailed plans for two iron tubes, one for horses and one for drainage, and de Gamond then suggested it would be better to drive a proper tunnel through the rocks beneath the sea bed.

He made a number of dives to the bottom of the Channel *without a diving dress*, in order to examine the bottom. He said it was too dark to see much, though when the sun was shining the water showed a milky, translucent green, and it was possible to make out white objects such as shells. On his last dive he was attacked by some enormous conger eels which did not release their hold till he was hauled to the surface. During his fifty-two seconds beneath the sea he was badly bitten about the head, but fortunately his throat was protected by a handkerchief. "It was a good job," he says in his report, "that I remembered to keep my mouth shut."



The Strait of Dover, showing the three chief routes proposed for the Channel Tunnel, and the artificial island

QUEEN VICTORIA was impressed by de Gamond's enthusiasm for the tunnel, and had an interview with him. "You may tell the French engineer," she said, "that if he can accomplish it I will give him my blessing in my own name, and in the name of all the ladies of England." The Prince Consort agreed with the Queen, but Lord Palmerston retorted rudely, "You would think quite differently if you had been born in this island!"

At that time the chief objection (long since abandoned) was fear of a military invasion, and the old Duke of Wellington hotly contested the scheme. But he had also objected to the London–Portsmouth railway on the same grounds, and had even expressed fears for the country's safety at the influx of foreign visitors to the Great Exhibition of 1851!

Most of the great politicians, from Cobden to Gladstone, were in favour of the tunnel, and the following words of Cobden are singularly apt at the present time: "... *good feeling ought to penetrate the masses of the two nations, and it is our duty to multiply all the means for an incessant contact, which will certainly put an end to superannuated prejudices.*"

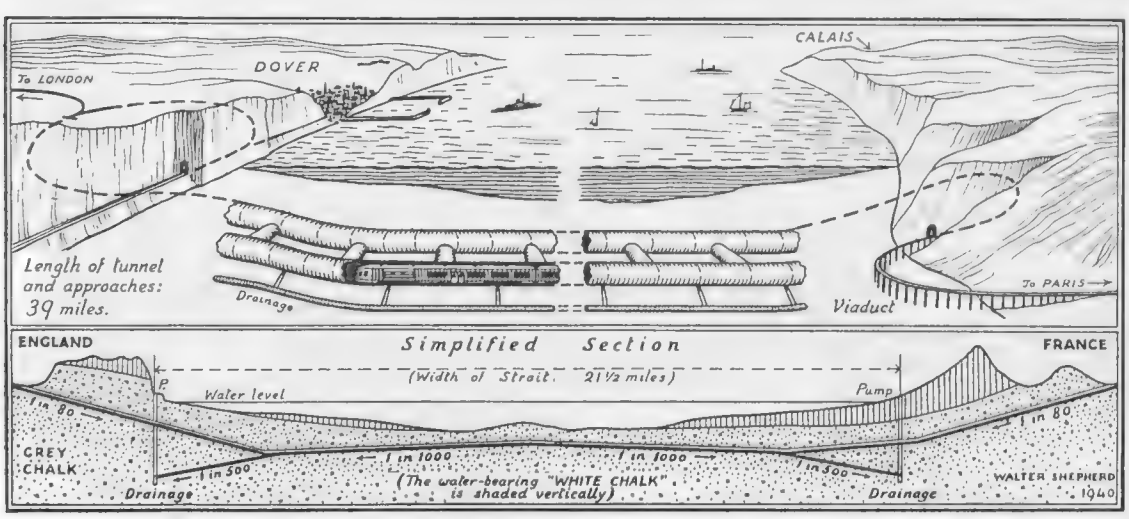
The pioneering work went on, but the difficulties of planning a tunnel without adequate knowledge of the geology of the sea bed were recognised, and Dr. Payerne came forward with plans for an enormous bridge. There are shoals in the Strait of Dover on which it was proposed to build gigantic towers to support the arches, but only the two shown in the map on the left offered real possibilities.

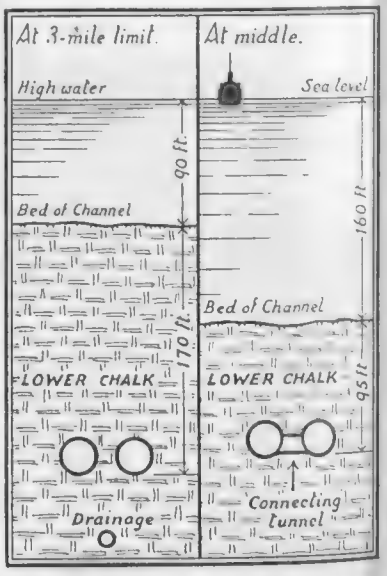
A curious type of steamboat was also being tried out at this time, and prophetic announcements were made regarding the advisability of carrying whole trains across to the Continent by boat. The train-ferry is now an accomplished fact, but ships of the *Castalia* and *Calais-Douvres* type, each of which was split lengthwise with paddle-wheels in the central gap, soon passed out of favour.

As far as France is concerned, the Emperor Napoleon III had always liked the tunnel idea, and in 1856 he had ordered a commission to examine the whole question. The results pleased him, and in 1868 he was approached by the English with an address signed by the Archbishop of York, eleven noblemen, two major-generals, one admiral, fifty M.P.s, and some hundred borough officials and business men. The Emperor said in his reply that he would be glad to see the tunnel made, and would instruct all his ministers to support the scheme.

A SPECIAL geological survey was made by E. Day in 1864, and information was collected from a number of deep wells on both sides of the Channel—one at Calais went down over 1,000 feet, and in 1866 a deep boring was begun at St. Margaret's Bay. Meanwhile, MM. Potier and de Lapparent made 7,672 soundings in the Strait, and secured 3,253 samples of the sea-floor.

As a result of this and subsequent geological exploration it was (*Continued on page* 68)





Above: Two sections across the proposed Channel Tunnel

Left: The top diagram shows a perspective view of the tunnel now under consideration, and the lower, a transverse section of a simpler tunnel proposed to run on approximately the same route

Comrades all. Gendarmes directing British soldiers and airmen in a Paris street near Notre Dame

Safety first. A traffic policeman in the Avenue des Champs Elysées. His staff is painted white and his helmet has a broad white band on it

Paris Streets in Wartime

The war has not in the least changed the Parisian's habits, but has intensified his devotion to his own quarter

By

Harry J. Greenwall

THE other day in a revue at the Casino de Paris, I heard Maurice Chevalier sing a song about "Paris, la plus belle ville du monde."

It is not often that one finds something so true in a trite song. Yet all of us who know Paris well agree that the capital is a lady. Paris is the eternal female—provocative, but not provoking; pert, but not a prude. It is a truism to say that the Parisians and the Parisiennes reflect in their vivacity the spirit of Paris. Therefore, when Paris goes to war, one sees the wartime spirit in Paris reflected in the changed activities of the inhabitants. And where should one go to find out how Paris has changed her habits rather than in the streets of the capital which, themselves, mirror what is known throughout the world as *la vie parisienne*.

A striking sign of the times is the man on leave who returns to his peace time job for the ten days of freedom which the army allows him. When France called, the man who used to sell me newspapers in the kiosk at the corner changed into uniform and handed over his pitch to his wife. Judge, then, of my surprise the other day when I found my friend back on the job. An overcoat hid whatever there may have been beneath; perhaps a khaki tunic or perhaps the pre-war coat and waistcoat, but whereas in the old days—eight months or so ago—the newspaper seller stood bareheaded, now he had an army cap perched perkily on the side of his head.

AT the corner of a long underground corridor which leads to the railway station beneath the Place de la Concorde, I found a cheapjack hard at work selling something to economise matches. For the price of three francs, one could purchase a mass of springs which, when one pressed a button, released a sort of miniature firework display. He, too, was in uniform. Then there is the *marchand de quatre saisons*, the French opposite number to our own costermonger. Sometimes he takes out the barrow alone for his ten days' "*perm*"; other times he may have his wife along with him. Passers-by who knew him before he joined up stop and shake his hand, and ask him how things are going "up there." When not selling cauliflowers and cabbages, which have somehow increased in an extraordinary way in price, the costermonger will have a few wisecracks to make about the strange war in which he plays the part of a cog.

I have recognised, too, a man who cleans the street shortly after dawn breaks across the river; he, for ten days, returned happily to his pre-war job; half of him is in khaki, half of him is not. Then there is the man who kept the little florist shop just on the corner. I saw him very happy, arranging great bunches of light and dark blue violets. He went outside and stood back to admire his handiwork; he returned again to the shop and laboriously wrote out a notice saying that he was back on leave: "So please buy my flowers." I hope many passers-by did as they were bid.

Well do I remember on the night of mobilisation seeing another little shopkeeper, closing his shop where he sold books, perhaps for the last time. Who knows? My little friend locked up, dropped the keys in his pocket, then, I solemnly swear, he patted the iron shutter a last farewell. Then he shrugged his shoulders and passed along up the street. His shop is still closed.

One morning, just a few days ago, I hailed a taxicab in the Rue de (*Continued on page* 86)

Friends meet again. The students of the Latin Quarter are all dispersed among the Forces. One may be an officer or a plain Poilu, but back in the streets of the old cité they are students again

On leave. A law student examining at a second-hand bookshop a book to study when off duty, so that he will not lose contact with his career

IT was early in the morning when Crystal got back to New York a free woman. She tingled with excitement as she stepped out of the plane. It was a very young feeling—as if she had again her whole life before her. Marie Hillier had been back two weeks so Alex was also free. Waiting for her. Crystal gave the taxi-driver her home address. The thought amused her—home. It was the limitation she was escaping from, but shelter for the next few days.

Creature of habit, the first thing Crystal did in her bedroom was sit down before the mirror. She was pleased with herself. The weeks in Nevada had cast a light tan over her pure skin and daily riding had slimmed her down. There was radiance too—extremely becoming. Alex Hillier was the most eligible of all the men she had loved—the best looking, the most charming, the most amusing—and the richest.

Now she reached for the telephone and dialled the number of Alex's hotel. She was not early enough. He had left for the office. But at the office she was too late. He had been in to look at his correspondence and gone out again. Crystal put down the phone irritated and disappointed. The surprise return by plane was not working as planned. It was a perfect autumn day. Bright and blue with high sailing white clouds. If she knew her Alex, he was on his way to the golf club.

There was no maid in the apartment. The Griffiths lived in one of the new East Side apartment hotels where the domestic service ran by magic. One had a whim any hour of the day or night, picked up the phone and the wish was realised.

Crystal stood up and looked vaguely out of the window at the phalanx of city towers and blue reaches of river. She was confused and uncertain what to do next for the first time since the whole affair began. She had expected to hear Alex's voice suddenly eager when he heard her own and realised she was back two days sooner. Then lunch at the Colony, and his boyish eyes telling her she was looking even more lovely. The thrilling discussion of plans. Perhaps a drive down town afterwards to get the licence at City Hall.

Crystal drummed on the window with her fingers and pursed her curved lips, skilfully painted to look fuller than they were. The apartment was full of her personal possessions. Gerard had moved to a hotel till her remarriage so that she could take her time and move them out when she was ready. She supposed she ought to begin packing. It was a boring alternative to the day she had counted on, and her fury with herself for not phoning Alex from Reno made her too restless.

She decided to kill time in the beauty salon. Back to the telephone. In a few minutes appointments for facial, manicure, foam bath, body massage and new hair-do were all arranged.

She changed her travelling suit, serenity restored. This was the more intelligent way after all. Let Alex see her after the separation at her dazzling best and never fall short of it before him. She could see now she had handled Gerard wrongly in her inexperience, put up with too much and made too many concessions. This time she would insist that only the best was good enough and she would keep his worship. Women got what they asked for.

CRYSTAL GRIFFITH was not a woman to expose her soul to the operatives of a beauty salon. The girls were accustomed to this and went ahead with their ministrations in silence. Relaxed in sybaritic enjoyment, Crystal relived the drama of the fateful summer vacation.

It had been due to her own unselfishness in giving up a luxury cruise in favour of a month rusticating in the mountains. She had expected to be bored utterly, unimpressed by the booklets advertising the sophisticated pleasures of the Forest Inn to attract the wives of campers, hunters and fishermen. But it turned out a wonderful month.

There was a dance floor laid in a clearing among the cloud-high pines. This was covered with tarpaulins when it rained and the dancers moved indoors. There was a first-rate dance band. There was an outdoor movie behind the inn, with a different picture showing every night. Those who preferred the stars in heaven could wander the mountain quite safely if they followed the trails marked with luminous arrows in the dark.

There were only a few guest rooms in the inn. But dozens of log cabins for individual privacy set among the trees. Simple, but modern enough even for Crystal. Simmons beds, make-up mirrors, showers, frigidaires, gas-rings, subdued wall radios, daily clean linen, constant hot water. Crystal had martyred herself in order to clear the way for a visit to Nassau at Christmas. She smiled now in her foam bath. Alex had been there because he, too, was unselfish. His wife had been ill. Her doctor had advised a quiet month among strangers, sunbathing, gentle walks, early bed and mountain air.

Crystal had not at first thought of actually *getting* Alex. She had encouraged him for the temporary thrill of a new flirtation. He had seen her dancing and cut in on her with the prevailing informality. They were natural partners, both tireless, ruled by rhythm, brimming with vitality and animal enjoyment. Alex had been honest in his characteristic way. "Thanks, I was longing for a dance. My wife is not available."

"Isn't she with you?"

"Yes. But she's convalescent. Not strong enough yet."

Then Gerard had cut in. Blind trusting

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

Gerard, annoying in his habit of taking her loyalty for granted. "You're so graceful, Crystal—so expert. It makes me proud thinking that's my wife."

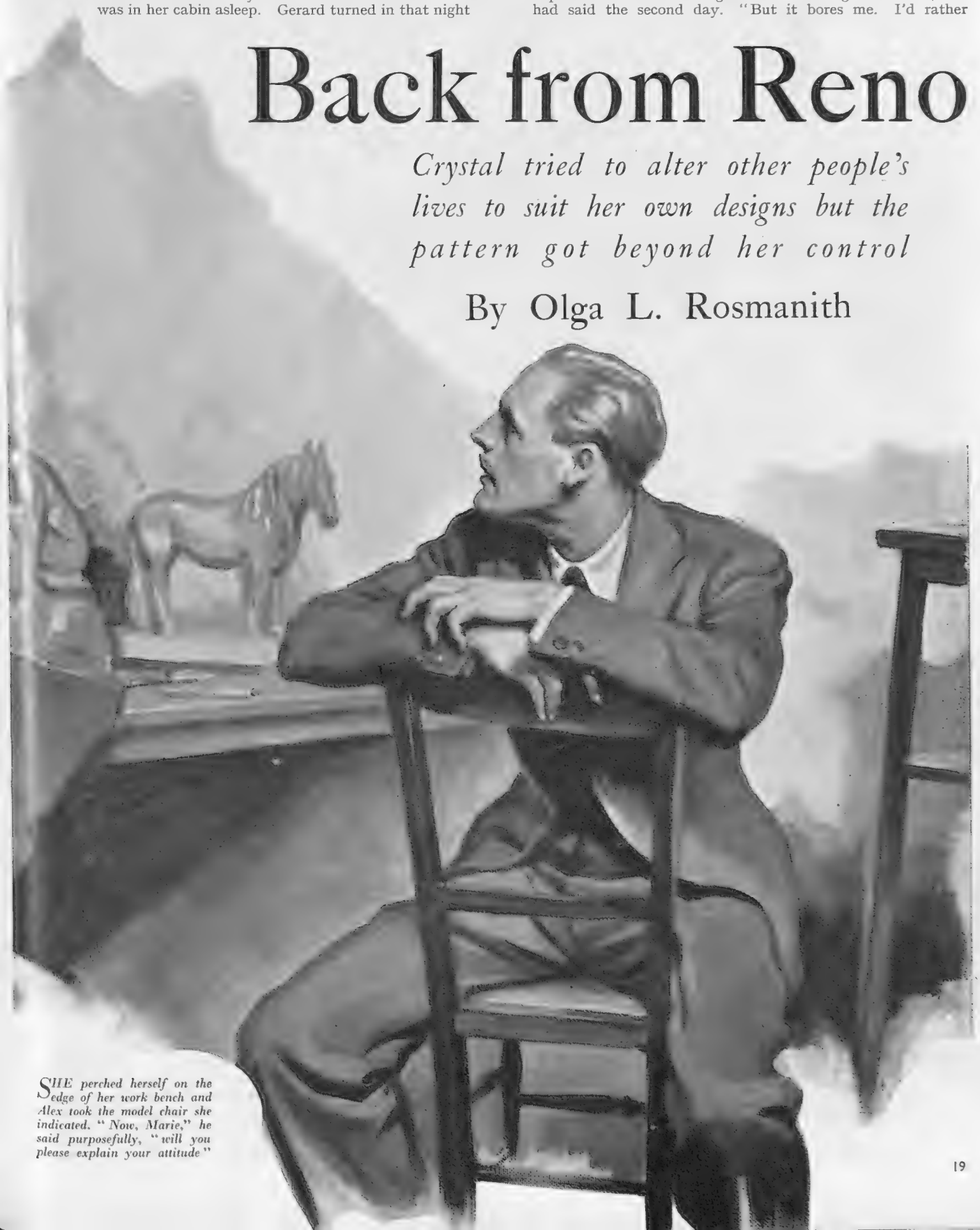
His assumption of ownership had irritated her violently. The black night with its high bright stars and the red glow of a camp fire silhouetting the serried ranks of the trees was too glamorous a dance setting to waste upon Gerard. She willed that the debonair blond stranger would come back. He did. And there was something in the way their steps went, their bodies fitted that fostered an instant unspoken intimacy. Alex admitted later that he had felt it, too. He was full of strength and exuberance, and his wife was dazed by the tonic mountain air. She was in her cabin asleep. Gerard turned in that night at ten-thirty. He had just won a long-drawn-out difficult case and was still feeling nervously exhausted. But Crystal and Alex were electrically alive. They had danced till the band gave up. They were two of a kind. She had met him swimming in the lake at seven the next morning.

After that it would have been natural for the two couples to make a foursome, but they had not. Gerard and Marie had been politely uninterested in each other. Marie went for short walks on the forest trails, resting on the pine needles every few minutes and reading the books she carried. Gerard had gone out on the links for the first day's golf Alex had suggested, but the wonderful form shown by her and the expert Alex had discouraged him. "You go with him," he had said the second day. "But it bores me. I'd rather

Back from Reno

Crystal tried to alter other people's lives to suit her own designs but the pattern got beyond her control

By Olga L. Rosmanith



SHE perched herself on the edge of her work bench and Alex took the model chair she indicated. "Now, Marie," he said purposefully, "will you please explain your attitude"

HE was looking at Irene curled in "She didn't want to spoil her

go fishing. I feel like a spell on the river."

Crystal had been pleased but she had not shown it. "That's childish! You don't like us to be better than you. So it bores you."

He had looked at her with disconcerting straightness. "I don't have the time that you have to practice. Golf is a difficult art as well as a pastime. It is not a wish occupation."

"I call that a nasty crack, Gerry. Don't complain later that you're being neglected. Remember I asked you."

GERARD had gone off with his fishing tackle in his hired canoe, and he had not complained, neither that day nor three weeks later when it came to the showdown. Marie Hillier had precipitated that. She had grown stronger as time went on, stronger than Alex suspected. She had made a long uphill hike by herself when she came upon Alex and Crystal resting on a fallen trunk, their arms about each other in a lonely clearing among the trees. She had stood there looking yellow with the pallor under her tan, mouth shaking, voice steady. She had ignored Crystal. "You'll have to choose, Alex. I won't stand in your way if you want

a big chair with young fluid grace. figure—but yours isn't spoilt any"

to go. But I won't share my husband with a predatory woman." Crystal could smile now while the girl rubbed her down. Marie Hillier must have been the most surprised woman in the world when Alex had taken her at her word. For, of course, she had been trying to bluff him.

Gerard had been very unlike himself—bitter and insulting. "I hope his money makes you happy when you get it."

"What do you mean—his money?" Crystal had stormed. "What do you know about him?"

"He's the Hillier that inherited his uncle's oil concessions. He works in his father's brokerage firm, but that's because he likes it. He's a gilt-edged investment for you."

"How do you know these things?" she had raged, but her heart had quickened with elation and a glowing sense of triumph.

Gerard had replied in his discussion-is-now-closed tone of voice. "Lawyers learn a lot more than is good for them."

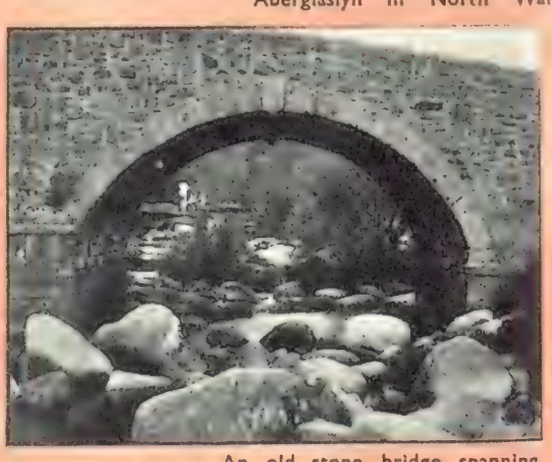
It was only then that Crystal began to apply her indomitable will power. Alex had been terribly shaken by his wife's proud resolute attitude. He had goaded Crystal almost to madness by his cowardly fear of hurting (*Continued on page* 89)

Beauty in Britain

Peace under the overhanging trees, on the closely wooded banks of the beautiful River Eden in Wetheral, Cumberland

Right: A tiny village with its stone-pier harbour, nestling at the foot of the Babbacombe Downs on the south coast of Devonshire

Right: Past tall fir trees, under beetling cliffs, this river races through the magnificent Pass of Aberglaslyn in North Wales

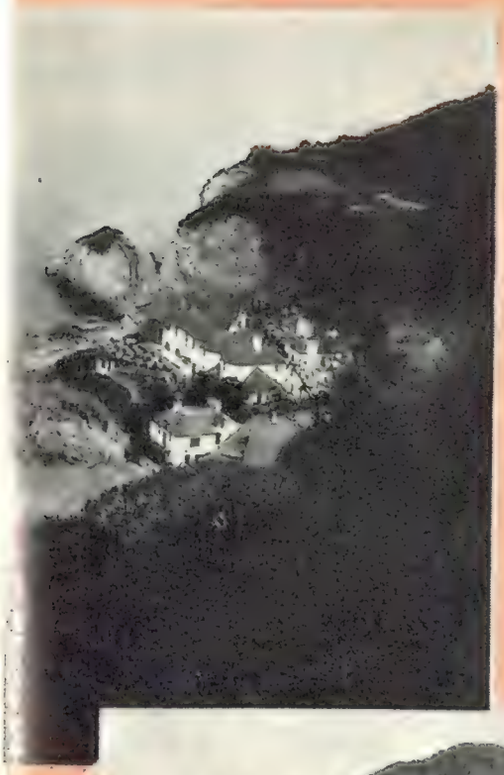


An old stone bridge spanning the boulder-strewn River Dart, at Dartmeet, Devon. Beyond can be seen an older slab-type bridge

A rock-framed beach and sunny paddling pool in one of the lovely sandy caves that face seawards in the Bristol Channel

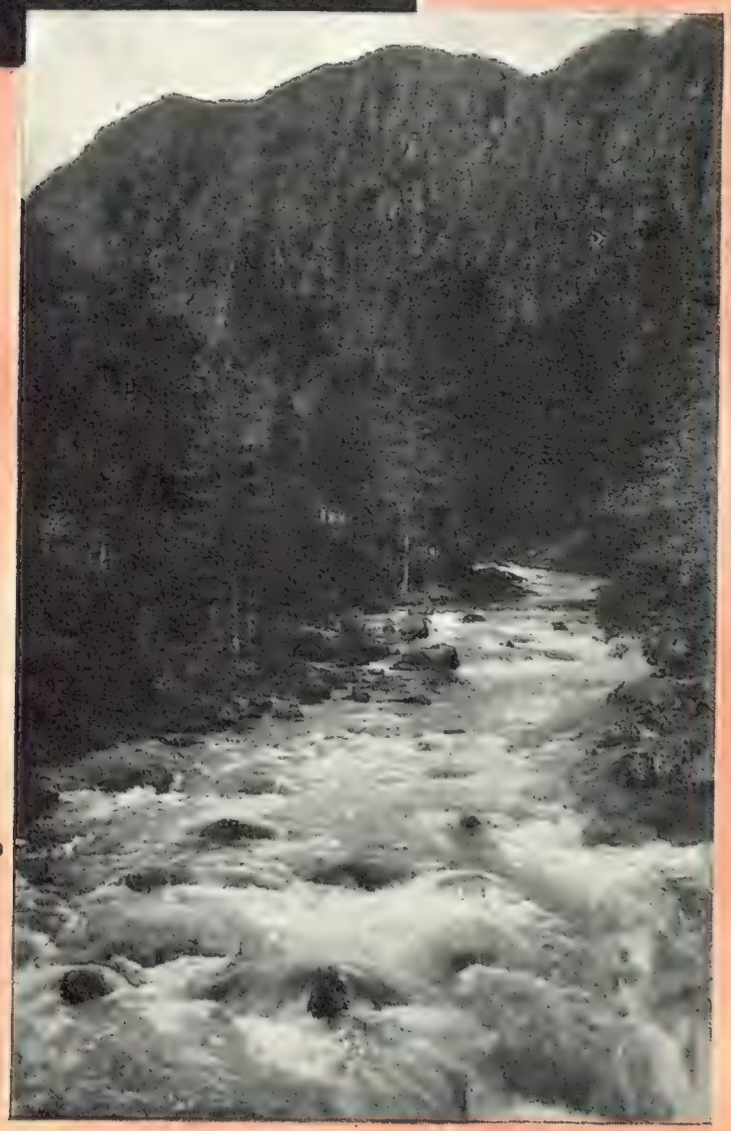
Right: Rugged cliffs and tiny bays along the coast of Guernsey. The view looking westwards from the Jerbourgh Point district

This summer Britain must be our playground and here are some picturesque views to help you choose a holiday off the beaten track



A panorama of the famous Lake District showing the River Leven flowing past Newby Bridge to Morecambe Bay

Right: A tributary wends its way from the hills beside Tarsis Moor to the Border River Esk. Here is Fairey's Leap, Gilnockie, Dumfriesshire



This at least can be said of the circumstances which have put an end to our excursions abroad this year, that to some the richness of our own land will be a new discovery. And what a discovery! Was ever such variety, such grandeur and such tender beauty, side by side?

It has been said of most townsmen that their home town is better known to the casual visitor and much the same can be said of the average Englishman in regard to his own land. What does he know of it? Too often only as much as he has read of or heard of from others.

No doubt the countryside will be more beautiful than ever this summer. Less traffic on the roads, for one thing, will give a quieter aspect to it all. The urgent need for respite from anxiety and stress will give a deeper meaning to solitude and a more eloquent voice to beauty. Among the mountains and the dales of Scotland or Wales, amidst the green pastures of Devon, holiday-makers will see the richness and the tenderness they are sacrificing to defend.

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own:
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent.

IT was the arrival of the French priest in hospital that first drew my attention to Anderson. The French, unlike ourselves, do not give padres in their army the rank of officer. Instead, they make them live with the men and wear the rough uniform of the poilu. But of course every one knows that they are priests, and if one goes sick or is wounded, his dossier is as elaborate as an officer's.

So when père Dubonnet came down the line from El Arish there was quite a bundle of flimsy papers, written rather illegibly in crabbed French, accompanying him.

Now a busy M.O. when he gets a train load of three hundred sick and wounded dumped on him late in the afternoon and knows that he will have to evacuate half of them next day to the base, has not too much time to read difficult documents. So I said to the quartermaster-sergeant:

"Quarter, have you got any one in the hospital who can read French easily?"

There is almost nothing a Q.M.S. in the R.A.M.C. cannot produce on demand, and I was not surprised therefore when he answered at once:

"Yessir. There's Corporal Anderson. He knows French."

"Send him along," I said.

I recognised him when I saw him at the entrance to my tent. I remembered that on parade recently I had thought he seemed more like a boy out of an O.T.C. than an ordinary Tommy. He looked smart. There was a bright alertness about him. He met one's eyes confidently. He was alive, and appeared to be enjoying life thoroughly. I liked him at once.

"You sent for me, major," he said, saluting smartly.

"Yes, Anderson. You read French I'm told. Can you decipher this stuff, and let me have a précis as soon as possible?"

Anderson took the documents, glanced through them rapidly, smiled and said:

"Yes, sir. I can give you a typed translation by five o'clock."

I took an interest in Anderson after

SUDDENLY his right arm shot up and he half raised himself on his left hand in bed

Desert Sand

How a murder was committed with all the devilish mystery of the East

By James Harpole

that; and I can remember quite well the very day when the chain of events that were to end so mysteriously for him first began. We had been having a quiet time at the front. It was mid-July and very hot. A great many sick were coming down, but very few wounded. So we followed the Egyptian fashion—got up early, stopped work at one o'clock, had a siesta from two to four, and then started again.

At four o'clock sharp Chalmers, my batman, came to my tent with tea. Chalmers was a very good batman. He always seemed to know what I wanted by instinct.

That afternoon he arranged tea on the small table beside my stretcher-bed with his usual care.

"Any train messages through, Chalmers?"

"Yessir. The Q.M.S. says the convoy from Belah is due at 5.30. Here's the wired numbers on the train and our bed-state at noon," he answered handing me the dockets.

He waited a moment while I glanced at them. I saw they were just ordinary routine movements calling for no thought, and laid them on the table beside me while I sipped my tea.

Instead of moving aside however, he stood blinking down at me for a moment. He had an odd habit of blinking which I had got used to. It was the result of having been buried by a shell the previous year.

"Could Corporal Anderson come and see you, sir, about some private affairs?" he said.

"All right, Chalmers. Get my things ready and my bath, and tell him I can see him at 4.30."

Anderson came sharp to the minute.

"I want to apply, sir, for a commission in the E.L.C. (Egyptian Labour Corps), and I should like to know if you would support the application," he said.

The Egyptian Labour Corps was an irregular army of natives (*fellâhîn*), recruited mainly in lower Egypt and employed by us in Sinai during the war to do heavy manual labour, camp building, camel transport, road making and railway construction. They were a magnificent body of men. They could work in a heat that prostrated Europeans; and they seemed not to mind being bombed by enemy planes. They carried no arms, but they wore a sort of khaki uniform. The N.C.O.'s or *ghaffirs* were natives, but the officers were all Europeans.

I looked at Anderson in surprise.

"I think you would make an excellent officer, Anderson; but can you speak Arabic? You know that's essential, don't you?" I said.

"Oh, yes, sir. I've been learning it for over a year; and I'm sure I could pass the test now, quite easily," he answered.

"Tell you what I'll do then. I'll see Captain Mayo of 'Intelligence.' I'll ask him to put you through your paces; and if he says your Arabic is sufficiently good I'll speak to the colonel about you."

"Thank you so much, sir. I'm most eternally grateful to you," he said fervently.

Poor devil. If he'd only known, or if I had known. But we don't know what the future has in store for us, and on the whole perhaps that is a good thing.

Anyhow, some months later Anderson passed the test triumphantly. He had a special gift for languages—Mayo told me he was astonishingly expert for a man who had been in Egypt such a short time—and he was ordered to report to Cairo to receive a month's training in his duties before being posted to his unit.

I think that month in Cairo did him no good. For the first time in his life he was drawing pay commensurate with his tastes. For the first time in his life he was able to spend money as he wished. Add to this that he was young and good-looking and now wore the uniform of an officer. The heady joy of sitting on the veranda of Shepheards or the Continental, being treated as one of the lords of the earth, was his by right of that uniform. Plump, glamorous Greek girls flirted with him. Veiled Egyptian women smiled at him in passing. What friendships he made during that time we tried to ferret out afterwards, with varying success.

AT the end of the month he was posted to the command of a company of men working on the "pipe line" which ran alongside the military railway we were building and carried the waters of the Nile through the desert into Palestine.

And that is why, one afternoon, Mr. Anderson stepped off the Port Said train at Kantara West in all the glory of his new Bryan Davies uniform, complete with Sam Browne belt, one pip on each shoulder strap, and E.L.C. in brass letters below the pip.

He had to report to the officer commanding the E.L.C. camp at Kantara East. But boyishly he could not resist showing himself off at our hospital as well. It pleased him to have his old Q.M.S. call him "sir," and the Q.M.S., to do him justice, saw the fun of it and did not mind in the least.

I was delighted to see him. We had a long talk. I gave him some advice on how to keep his men healthy, how to look out for malingering, and how to spot real illness when it came before him.

He was as keen as mustard. He took in all that I said to him, thanked me and departed to assume the charge of his section, determined to make a success of the job.

It was some weeks later that one morning Mayo rode into our lines to see me. He was looking very pleased with himself.

"Smart fellow, that lad Anderson of yours," he said. "He's just caught a man we've been wanting for eighteen months—a Cairene who disappeared in 1915."

"What was the fellow up to—a spy, I suppose?" I said.

"Well, yes. He was trying to blow up the pipe line."

"But why the pipe line?" I queried.

"You know," he answered, "that there is an old prophecy that if the waters of the Nile ever reach Palestine the rule of the Turk will then cease."

I nodded.

"Yes, I've heard it."

"Well, every one thought this impossible until we started the pipe line alongside the railway. Now every one realises that it will carry the Nile to Palestine, and so

the Turks are always trying to bomb it or blow it up."

"I see. But how did Anderson get the fellow?" I said.

"Well, you know it is the date-palm season now, and a certain number of bedouin owning groves in Sinai have been given permits to visit them."

"But why does the C.-in-C. give them these permits?"

"Because only the female palms bear dates, and if they are not fertilised from the male palms each spring there is no crop. So it is important the owners should be there to do the fertilisation, and collect the crop. That's why they are given permits.

"Anderson found three men in a *hod* (small oasis) near his company hiding in one of the old Roman underground *harabas* (cisterns) near the El Arish. Naturally he asked for their passes. They hadn't got any, so they tried to bribe his interpreter. He was pretty clever there, for he pretended not to know Arabic, and listened to their talk. They gave themselves away. So he arrested them and sent for Arbuthnot of our bureau."

"What did you do with them?" I said.

"Oh, we shot them," he answered grimly. "We found detonators in the *haraba* they were hiding in. That was enough. You don't need detonators to fertilise date palms."

"INTELLIGENCE" was immensely pleased with this coup of Anderson's. And it probably was on account of it that he was granted an unexpected week's leave some months later.

He called to see me on the way down, looking thin, brown and very fit. I offered him some iced lager in the mess tent.

"This is nectar," he exclaimed. "I've tasted nothing but warm whisky and chlorinated water for centuries. And the smell of camel or petroleum clings to everything I eat. Sometimes I've wished I was back in the hospital again. A fellow gets a bit lonely with nobody except niggers for company. Gosh, when I get to Cairo, and meet some of the lads of the village, won't I hit it."

Later we said good-bye, and he went off jauntily to the ferry-boat across the canal to catch the evening train for Cairo and the flesh pots of Egypt.

It was a phone message from the Railway Transport Officer that first told me of the trouble. The R.T.O. said he had a young officer very drunk or very ill, he did not quite know which, at the station and would we please send an ambulance to collect.

When I got the message from the office I said:

"Drunks are not quite in our line, sergeant-major, but I think you'd better run over yourself with an ambulance and see. Bring him along in either case. If he's ill this is the place for him. If he's drunk it isn't quite the thing for a British officer to be the laughing stock of natives on a railway station. So we'll sober him up, and keep him out of the clutches of the A.P.M. if we can."

"Very good, sir," said the sergeant-major.

The officer was Anderson returning from leave. He was very delirious, very ill, when we got him into bed in the officers' quarters. He failed to recognise me, even after an hour in the quiet of the tent. He absolutely reeked of alcohol. Obviously he had been drinking hard.

But there was more in it than that. His temperature was 104 degrees F., and no amount of alcohol would produce that. He tossed about restlessly, muttering in a mixture of English, French and Arabic. I ordered him a sedative, and put the best orderly I had in charge of him. They had been corporals and friends together.

"Send for me, Milligan, if he shows any signs of coming round," I said as I left the tent.

Nothing happened during the afternoon, but on my ward inspection before dinner I went into his tent. He was lying quite still staring at the roof. The orderly watching him rose quietly and stood.

"He's just round, sir," he said softly.

At the sound of the voice Anderson turned his head slowly and stared. His brows wrinkled faintly.

"How are you, old chap?" I said.

His eyes now turned towards me, and I saw that the pupils were still widely dilated. In a far away voice he said slowly, staring all the time at the roof of the tent:

"They—told—me—I—should—never—be—able—to—shut—out—the—light—from—my—eyes—again——"

The orderly looked at me.

"He's said that several times, sir."

"Who told you you couldn't shut out the light?" I whispered, leaning over him.

"Yusuf Ibn Adham and Fifi."

"When did they say so?" I continued gently.

"After—I—let him touch my eyes with a magic silver pin."

"Why did you let him do it?"

"Because he said I could read people's minds—it was an age-old secret, the secret of Osiris."

Suddenly his right arm shot up and he half raised himself on his left hand in bed.

"Fifi, why did you let him?" he cried, reproachfully. Then suddenly changing : "Curse him, curse him," he shouted, "it's true. The horror of it—never to be able to shut out the light, never to be able to rest. I didn't know that it meant that. I didn't know. Fifi, why did you?"

The orderly made a movement to hold him. But it was only a momentary spurt of energy. He fell back exhausted at once. I looked at his eyes carefully with a flashlight and except that his pupils were still sluggish and dilated I could see nothing abnormal. Each cornea was absolutely clear and bright. The whole story must therefore be imaginary, the result of acute delirium due to some unknown cause.

I left the tent puzzled. I knew I was dealing with none of the recognised diseases. The symptoms did not fit. And yet there was nothing we could go on, nothing to substantiate his wild statements about magic rites.

His eyes were perfect. And yet I wondered. . . .

MAYO of the Intelligence Department was dining in our mess that night. He had lived in the East for twenty years, and I asked him if he knew of any drug that could be introduced into the eye and cause delirium.

"Belladonna," he answered promptly.

"No, that's familiar to me. This case isn't belladonna or atropine. The symptoms are too severe."

"What case?" he asked.

I thought rapidly and took a sudden resolution. One does not talk about patients' secrets to a layman. But I felt this was something beyond me, something sinister, something possibly

Illustrated by M. Mackinlay

FIFI took one look at the photographs, stared closer, her eyes dilated. She turned ghastly pale. Then suddenly she swung round and stared at Yusuf

that Mayo ought to know. The colonel had risen by now, and we were free to leave.

"Look here," I said. "Come round to my tent. I want to talk to you."

In the privacy of my quarters I told him the story.

"What did you say the fellow's name was?" he asked sharply.

"Yusuf Ibn Adham."

"Is he by any chance a howling dervish?"

"Dunno."

Mayo struck his hand on his knee excitedly.

"Harpole, I believe we're on to something. Can I come round with you to see him?" he said eagerly. (*Continued on page 70*)

Finishing School

Nature Study. This entails the earnest study of the species around you and puts a check on the young girl instinct for copying those types you first admire. For instance, the chameleon, the woman who is at ease with everybody, a good mixer at any kind of party, Chelsea, Mayfair or Leicestershire, the one who marches herself into different backgrounds, changing to red when out with a Communist, to blue with an intellectual, to a fresh young green with the squire. But what happens to a chameleon when it has to match into tartan?

The aquarium type is well known to influence sensitive young ladies. Recognise it as a long, sea green gauzy woman with large-round eyes, standing in an interrogative curve like a fish on its tail. It will hold out a languid fin and deal with Walt Whitman, Confucius and the Other Ego; it will drink in chamber music and orange pekoe tea. It is effective, very. But remember, fish have cold fun.

As for the spider in her web, her power to catch and trap is enviable, but the flies don't adore her, in spite of their prostrate attitudes. The cat is easily recognised. So are the black wet seals who lie on sofas. Try not to emulate them.

Dangerous among the males, is the llama,

A woolly sort of fleecy hairy goat,
With an indolent expression and an undulating throat
Like an unsuccessful literary man.

The word to remember is *unsuccessful.* And the Dandy Lion, or Hostess's Pride—the well dressed, *successful* literary man. The thing to remember about him is that he's *always* married.

Languages. The more a person knows of a language, the less she sprinkles it about. Facile linguists don't go around saying good morning, ça va ? and coute que coute. Tant mieux, tant miaou.

German words have a certain topicality value. Blitzkrieg, as a word, is a joy. And we could hardly get on now without lebensraum and ersatz. Schadenfreude is permissible, too, since there is no English equivalent. But beware the Latin tag, the worn out rag.

If tag she must, the young lady might try an occasional literal translation instead of the original phrase—under the rose, to the foot of the letter, stomach to earth.

American slang is more live and kicking than English, but people never give you credit for having picked it up there, but for going to the flicks three times a week. Avoid last year's and the year before's slang and pet adjectives. If you don't know this year's, keep away from adjectives.

Painting. A study of the different schools of painting should be a preliminary to deciding upon your own make-up. The Primitives? Burne Jones, burnt umber, stained glass windows, Madonna faces? The Impressionists, dash, splash, take it or leave it, like it or hate it? The Renaissance?—you won't need that yet. The Pre-Raphaelites, Tuck or Titian? The Chocolate-boxites? The Cubists with the rouge?—no.

Make up your mind, and then go forward boldly. Timid cosmetic experimentation never wins the battle. And when you have created your picture, don't spoil it by the frame. A hard frame of flat smooth hair is murder to an aquatint; a prettily embossed gilt frame is gaga to a rich oil painting.

Deportment. So many wear trousers so much nowadays that they forget when they are not wearing them. Don't forget. Cross the legs at the ankle, not the knee, and—strange that it should be necessary to mention it at this late hour—get out of the schoolgirl habit of pulling down your girdle as you rise.

Since floating down stairs, as in novels, is a physical impossibility, legs being what they are, practise walking down stairs gracefully—head up and eyes up.

Look at the other people as you walk through a restaurant, and you will see that they are not, as you thought, all looking at you. When standing about in vestibules and on platforms, don't put all your weight on one leg like a horse. It doesn't make you look at your ease, as you imagine, but makes you look at your worst.

Social Science. Lesson one in social science is to guard against becoming a pair in people's minds. You must not party in pairs, not even with your twin sister, not, certainly not, with your younger sister. Nor with a girl friend or with a faithful young man.

A lot of noise will not pass as animation. Narrow souled people are known to have a similarity to narrow necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out. On the other hand, sitting silently and then suddenly throwing in a javelin in the shape of an epigram to kill the conversation is not to be

for young ladies

The young girl cries "I'm out," casting off her chrysalis, kicking over the blackboard, cutting free of the red tape. "I'm sophisticated, I know all there is to know, I'm permed, I'm poised." She hesitates. Is she so poised and sure? She's "out," but does she know the world she's out in? Perhaps she shouldn't have shut the schoolroom door with such a bang. There are still some subjects to be mugged up if she's going to pass with credit. Here are some of them.

recommended. It does not make for general popularity, especially if the epigram is a platitude.

Talent in dramatic art can be helpful in social science, but don't act a pose—the misunderstood pose, the intellectually starved pose, the æsthetic pose, the little-girl pose. To be an individual you must be yourself.

Economics. Take care of your bus fares, and your taxi fares will take care of themselves. Be aware of your expenses.

Make them come out into the open by adding up the standard weekly payments—rent, lunches, fares, hairdressing, income tax, cigarettes, etceteras. Draw out this essential sum each week, and leave the rest in the bank for clothes and big items. There *is* no rest? Then it is very bad economics and you will have to do something about the standard expenses.

But remember that good food is less expensive than medicine. Remember, too, that a stingy tip at the end of a meal is the surest thing to give you nervous indigestion —before and after.

Elocution. There are moments, said to be always at twenty past or twenty to the hour, when a sudden silence falls on the company, due, the authorities say, to an angel passing over the house. Is yours the voice left shrilly echoing round the ceiling? The voice that has gone up and against the roar of conversation? A professional lecturer on charm advocates always speaking "as low as you can without growling," but it would be wise to try that out on your young brother first.

Never mumble, nor die away at the end of sentences. Don't talk in italics, it is tiring, nor end on a giggle, it is maddening. Be temperate in gesticulation. It gets more and more an unconscious habit until Italian restaurateurs aren't in it. At a party recently they tied a well-known vivacious talker's arms behind her back, and she found that she simply could not utter a word.

Husbandry. Few people get husbands without a little unobtrusive tilling of the soil. Romance doesn't flower without opportunity combined with certain fertilisers—beauty, sympathy, freshness, charm, capability, intelligence, clothes, domestic skill. Not all these fertilisers are necessary for each subject, that's why a careful analysis of the soil is needed before setting to work.

Always plough a straight furrow. The well-worn tricks are not worth risking—pretending to be in love with someone else; pretending half a dozen people to be in love with you; pretending to be the kind of person you're not because it's the kind of person you think he'd like.

Be honest with your emotions. The man who considers a kiss to be a proposal is a magnificent anachronism, unlikely to be met anywhere these days. The ordinary modern mortal comes to it by stages. So help him on the way—unless, of course, he's only got ten days leave. Then hurry him on the way.

By Alison Haig

Gilt-Edged Invest

Angela risked her small legacy, and more, in a bid for a memory

By Donald Macardle

MR. FELIX WILLMOTT looked across the broad expanse of desk and frowned at his visitor. He did not approve of her, and he did not in the least mind showing it.

He didn't approve of Angela Selby for a number of reasons. In the first place, she was seventeen years old, a tiresome age. Secondly, she was extravagantly pretty, and therefore a menace to young men whose thoughts ought not to be distracted from such important things as conveyancing, executorships, and the law of bankruptcy. Thirdly, she displayed a reprehensible lack of sobriety in wearing a cherry-coloured dress with an exceedingly short skirt when calling upon a firm with the traditions and dignity of Willmott, Price, and Willmott. And, finally, she had the effrontery to disregard his professional advice.

So Mr. Willmott made a clucking noise to indicate annoyance, adjusted his pince-nez, and fingered the four fifty-pound notes so that they crackled.

"If you would give me some indication, Miss Selby, as to what use you propose to make of this—er—quite considerable sum, I admit I should feel happier."

The child had the impudence to laugh. As though he'd said something amusing!

"But I've told you, Mr. Willmott. I propose to indulge a whim."

"Hardly a reassuring statement."

"If it would make you happier, I *could* call it an investment."

"You refuse to disclose the nature of this—er—transaction?"

Angela looked at him with an expression which Mr. Willmott afterwards described to Mrs. Willmott as "positively roguish." "It wouldn't be fair to make you an accessory before the fact," she answered.

This was dreadful! What mischief could the minx be planning? All very unorthodox, very disturbing. As executor to her aunt's estate, he felt responsibility—but the two hundred had been left to her absolutely; he had no power to withhold it.

"Have you reflected what displeasure any—er—extravagance would have given your poor aunt? Undoubtedly Miss Langton intended this sum as a reserve against misfortune—sickness—marriage. Your annuity of one hundred and thirty will not allow much margin for—er—contingencies. And *that* capital, Miss Selby, is in trust. I shall allow no anticipation. None." He added emphasis by making the Bank of England notes crack like a pistol shot.

Angela smiled at him and held out her hand. A small hand, with pale pink nails; it stayed half-way across the desk, palm upwards—waiting. Mr. Willmott glared at her, but she still smiled, and the hand did not even waver. With a vicious grunt he put the notes into it and rose majestically.

"You are a minor, Miss Selby. An orphan, and, I gather, friendless. You are not well acquainted with this city. London has many temptations, many dangers for the young and inexperienced. I should have expected you to value my guidance. I should have recommended a sound gilt-edged investment. As you withhold your confidence I can only hope you will make no frivolous use of your legacy."

Angela said gravely: "The—investment I spoke of—is gilt-edged."

But the twinkle in her blue eyes caused Mr. Willmott to fear she was not being strictly truthful.

It was a relief to escape from the dim sobriety of the solicitor's office into the warm June sunshine and the bustle of the Strand. A taxi, Angela decided, would be an excusable extravagance—the auction was at three, and the dreary old man had been so long-winded it was twenty-to-three already; by bus it would take a good half-hour to Queen's Gate Terrace. She signalled a cab, and, sitting back luxuriously, opened her bag and examined the impressive notes.

Odd, that four pieces of thin paper should have such magic power! They'd take her round the world, she could live on them for two whole years. There was irony in the thought that if they did the one thing that she asked of them they'd just slip back into Aunt Hester's estate and go with the rest of it to the Home for Stray Domestic Pets.

"Criminal folly" Aunt Hester would call it; well, it certainly was crazy, any one would say so. But there was nobody to know. Being all alone in the world wasn't very pleasant, but it had its compensations.

It was no good even trying to feel sorry about Aunt Hester. The strict schools, the hostels in the holidays, the pound note at Christmas, the twice-yearly dinner at Queen's Gate Terrace and the sermon afterwards, the legacy—they'd sprung from a cold, resentful sense of duty. She hadn't wanted love, she wouldn't expect tears.

With a shudder Angela recalled the phrase Mr. Willmott had read from Aunt Hester's letter to him: "It is my duty to make provision for this child of my profligate brother's discarded mistress, but she must never use the name of Langton. You must draw my will so that her annuity ceases if she does do."

A grim farewell, from a grim old lady.

The stiff Victorian house looked even more dismal than

ment

THE woman next to Angela was also standing, waiting for him to pass to the vacant chair five paces along the row

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

usual. The windows were naked and dirty, a "lease for sale" board jutted out from the portico, and tattered posters on the railings advertised the sale by auction of the contents.

Angela had always dreaded her visits to this house. She could just remember being brought to it after her mother's death—vast and forbidding, it had seemed to the four-year-old child. The long journey from Italy with the strange, silent woman who said to call her "aunt" had left her stunned with grief and loneliness; the frigid servants and gloomy, sunless rooms had terrified her. In the few weeks before she was sent to the nursery school in Wales she'd come to believe the house itself despised and hated her. She'd never shaken off that feeling, and as she went up the steps and into the hall she thanked heaven it was for the last time.

AUNT HESTER was dead, the frigid servants had all gone, but Angela found herself still treading softly, as though the slightest noise might yet call forth a sharp rebuke. Strange men in bowler hats and crumpled raincoats filled the house—they, too, moved quietly as they examined labels and scribbled in their notebooks. The solid, handsome furniture stood ranged against the walls; dusty, barren of accustomed ornaments, but proud and stubborn still. The Worcester china and Waterford glass were piled on a kitchen table, rubbing shoulders with copper pots and pans. Angela had always admired the dinner-service in royal-blue and gold—but now she barely glanced at it. There was one thing only in this house she coveted, it had been kept in the tiny sewing-room on the half-landing, among discarded furniture and garden tools. She went quickly through the morning-room and up the service stairs. The door of the sewing-room was locked, but the key had not been taken; she turned it and went in.

She saw at once that it had gone. A faded square over the mantelpiece marked the place where it had hung.

Angela gazed stupidly at the dingy (*Continued on page* 96)

SURPLUS

Every time she looks in the mirror she sees so much more than she wants to. Superfluous hairs down her upper lip—superfluous weight downs her spirit. She has more chins than she cares to count, and unnecessary bags under her eyes. There is a mole on her nose. "If only," she sighs, "I could wave a wand and get rid of all these tiny defects that mount into one ruining whole—red veins, pimples, blackheads." Even on her nails she has surplus skin, commonly known as unruly cuticle. Poor woman, useless to dream of waving a wand; there is only one thing for her to do, get busy and pare down the superfluities, quickly, before they get her down. Here's how.

Superfluous Hairs. If they are isolated facial hairs, tweeze them out and instantly daub the spot with root-killing lotion. If they are heavy-down, remove them with a magic wax, and use a bleaching and hair weakening soap to discourage any return of hair. If the down is not too obvious, this soap may solve the trouble without use of the removing wax. For hairs on the legs get the habit of waxing the hair off occasionally. If you can visit a London salon, have the treatment done for you. It's worth it.

Superfluous Weight. Summer is here and a healthy diet can be a thinning one, but if you feel incapable of controlling your appetite and keeping your temper, take a health-giving slimming herbal tonic; this will deal with general overweight. If the surplus fat is localised and you cannot visit a London salon for massage and exercise treatment, use a really good slimming lotion—don't be sparing with the application or the massaging of it in. It will work away the bumps that annoy you.

Blackheads. The skin responds to normal health rules, so keep your body clean internally. Six glasses of water a day between meals, a special effervescing salts in the morning, fresh fruit, green vegetables and salads all help to improve skin defects, including blackheads. Keep your skin well cleansed with a soothing herbal cleansing cream at night, and before applying new make-up during the day, cleanse the face with a penetrating cleansing milk. Use a mask that will take your blackheads away with it when removed. Apply an anti-acid lotion to your face before putting on make-up.

Pimples. The same health rules apply to your treatment of pimples. Avoid eating too many sweets, pastries and rich foods. Take a special skin-clearing pill, this is especially helpful to young people. As a skin food, use one specially prepared to stimulate as well as nourish the skin. This will prevent any sluggishness that may allow acidity and secretions to remain in the skin. Cleanse the face regularly with an anti-acid cleansing cream and if your skin is too bad for these light home treatments visit a London salon that will undertake to rid you of any acne disfigurements with a course of skin revitalising and healthifying treatments.

Double Chins. First get the habit of doing neck and chin exercises for a few minutes every day, while you are waiting for your breakfast, your news session, your bath, any time when you are alone. Don't get over enthusiastic and do it in the bus, because they should be idiotic head rollings, feather-in-the-air blowings and muscle-tense noddings. After your night bath (or a hot water soaking) massage a slimming cream into that extra chin and leave it on all night. In the morning after your bath slap the offending surplus chin with astringent lotion. It won't worry you for long.

Bags Under the Eyes. First make sure that this is not caused by any internal condition. Your doctor can tell you this; or your occulist. If it is not one of Nature's danger signals, take it in hand immediately with pads soaked in a particular astringent lotion. Bathe the eyes regularly night and morning with an eye lotion that is created from a herbal recipe; and use herbal eye-pads soaked in hot water on your eyes while resting. This is excellent if you have had a busy day and can rest before the evening activities. At night an astringent cream will keep the skin firm and yet nourished. Don't apply skin food indiscriminately.

Cuticles. Start by treating yourself to a really good manicure, even if it is not your habit, and then lay out 10s. 6d. on a preparation that will keep your cuticles in order for a year or more. A tiny smear of this once a week will do the trick. In addition, take a pride in your lack of cuticles, press them down gently after you have washed your hands. Occasionally soak your nails in hot olive oil. If you do not want to spend so much in one outlay, use a good cuticle training cream to wash your nails with every day, it is inexpensive and will last you for a few weeks.

Dandruff. Dandruff is contagious, therefore be careful that no one uses your brushes. Once having cured the condition, make sure that your brushes have been sterilized with a good disinfectant before using them again. You should disinfect your brushes every time you wash them. There is a pomade that should be massaged into the scalp for four nights in succession—on the fourth night soak the scalp in this ointment—shampoo it off in the morning with a (Continued on page 81)

Long Eyelashes. Brush your eyelashes regularly night and morning. Do not hesitate to use a mascara—you can use a light-brown shade if you don't want to look made-up. How many women use lip-rouge and yet don't even bother to remove the dusting of powder from their lashes? There is a good non-smudge mascara that costs very little. At night use an eyelash and eyebrow tonic that will grow lashes if used patiently and regularly. Occasionally brush the lashes with castor oil. There is a lash-growing liquid mascara that you can use if you are really determined to grow them to great lengths.

Firm Breasts. This depends on the size of your breasts to start with. If they are small, it is simple to nourish, enlarge, and firm them with some specialised preparations that have been created for this purpose. If they are hanging, the treatment has to be more stringent, and the only thing that will really get them back to normal is a course of preparations, plus a glass bell that should be used for a few minutes three or four times a day—it works with a vacuum action and the preparations are chosen for your individual requirements.

Healthy Nails. Take the polish off your nails and, after two days' rest, look them over carefully. If they are ragged, unshiny and inclined to break, you must treat them immediately with a special nail-strengthening preparation. Soak them in olive oil regularly. Roll the tips of your fingers of your left hand one by one in the tips of the fingers of your right hand. This stimulates and helps the shape of your finger-tips. At least once a day brush your nails with a nail-cleansing and strengthening ointment when washing. Never clean your nails with a sharp file or metal cleaner. Always wash your nails thoroughly after removing polish.

Perfect Skin. This is a matter of internal health and external beauty routine. Cleanse every night without fail, nourish at least once a week—twice, thrice and even more times, dependent on the condition of your skin and your age. Stimulate with a skin tonic in the morning before make-up, and use cosmetics that improve rather than hinder the health of your skin. There is a foundation lotion with a base of calamine that is definitely beautifying to blemished skins. A foundation of pure calamine used for a fortnight will help to give a smooth beauty to the skin; after that the calamine-based lotion should be your habit. For dry skin, use a Foundation Skin Food.

FULLER PARTICULARS OF ANY OF THE PRODUCTS MENTIONED ON THESE PAGES WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATION TO THE EDITOR, WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT, "BRITANNIA AND EVE," 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. PLEASE MARK YOUR ENVELOPE "SURPLUS WANTED"

Beautiful Hands. Paint your nails—even if it is only a pale dusty rose shade—at least once a week. It makes you pleasantly conscious of your hands, flatters them. Then, realise just how much treatment you need for them. Wear gloves at night sometimes—yes, even in the summer. Cream your hands at night whenever you remember, sometimes using lemon cleansing cream, sometimes a nourishing hand cream. Get the habit of using a really marvellous hand-nourishing and whitening cream every time you wash—you just massage it into the hands and it is absolutely absorbed, leaving the hands greaseless and visibly smoother and whiter.

Clear Eyes. Obey the general health rules—of water-drinking and healthy eating—given in the treatment for skin defects. If your eyes are inclined to be yellow instead of white and sparkling, take a liver-cleansing saline in the morning. If your eyes are bloodshot from overwork, smoky room, or general fatigue, use the herbal eye-pads prescribed for bags under the eyes, and then drop a sparkle-producing eye lotion into each eye.

Young Neck. A very famous beauty specialist has prescribed a set of exercises and a routine for necks that is incomparable. If you want the chart we shall send you one—it gives you the exercises (very simple ones) and the necessary preparations. In addition, you should use the stimulating moulder or massage-disc suggested. The trouble with necks is that they are neglected, seldom treated with the care of the face and yet, unmade-up, they suffer from the ravages of climate and exposure more than any other part of the body. Keep your neck stimulated and nourished and it will keep as young as you could wish.

White Teeth. Start with a visit to the dentist. Get your teeth overhauled and thoroughly cleansed of tartar. Then clean regularly with a scientific effervescing tooth-powder that stimulates the gums and keeps the enamel in good condition. Occasionally give your teeth a good cleansing with a fifty-fifty mixture of salt and bicarbonate of soda. Eat an apple every day. Unless you have been advised by your dentist that your teeth are weak, you should exercise them daily by chewing something good and tough. (Continued on page 81)

WANTED

Beauty is wanted. Every woman desires all the physical embellishments that give even the plainest an air of attraction. Item: sweeping eyelashes to add deep mystery to eyes. Item: sparkle in eyes to flash attraction. Item: smooth healthy skin giving a self-confidence that even the finest make-up can only supply temporarily. Items: shining hair, actress's hands, débutante's neck. . . . This woman has them all, because she uses intelligence in her beauty care. She has patience and does not neglect a treatment because one month has failed to bring astounding results—she has persevered until her everyday routine, being a habit, has brought its own reward. Here's how.

BOOKS: Reviewed by Trevor Allen

DURING these crisis years we have been served remarkably well by roving correspondents on the Trouble Fronts. Negley Farson, Vincent Sheean, John Gunther, Douglas Reed, Philip Jordan, Pierre van Paasen have given us the first-hand reactions of reasoning minds to movements of violent unreason in a world turned topsy-turvy.

Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy lines up with that competent company in a vivid survey of Allied leaders, *Twelve Lances for Liberty* (Nicholson and Watson ; 12s. 6d.), which tells us, with impressionistic skill and intuitive dash, all he knows about them from personal contact and reliable report.

Subject to reshufflings while the book was in the press, two are politicians—M. Daladier and Mr. Winston Churchill—the remainder Service chiefs : Admirals Pound and Chatfield ; Lord Gort and Sir Edmund Ironside ; Air Chief Marshal Newall ; Generals Gamelin, Georges, Noguès, and Vuillemin ; Admiral Darlan. M. Paul Reynaud gets full recognition in the Daladier chapter, so the collection, with small modifications, remains Stop Press, notwithstanding Mr. Tuohy's plea that " authors who set themselves to writing of war-lords and leaders while the conflict is yet engaged operate on shifting sands."

He reveals the intimate as well as formal side. We learn, for instance, of Gamelin's phenomenal memory which enables him to quote every one of Napoleon's orders, to whom it was given, and on what occasion, and to address by name every regular officer down to colonel in the French army and many below it.

We hear his casual dicta : " Those who think the Maginot Line is merely a wall of shelter are under a delusion. It is planned to be a wall at our backs, not a wall to hide behind " ; and when a friend a year ago asked him if, in the event of war, he contemplated an early drive on the German lines : " What ! I do not propose to start the war by a battle of Verdun ! "

Mr. Tuohy's appreciation of Mr. Churchill as The Man Who Was Right, shows his forthright style : " The Nazis knew this fellow who took bloody steaks and No. 1 Bass for *petit déjeuner* was up to most of their tricks before they played them. . . . Hitler had to be answered by somebody as adventurous and vigorous as himself. Hitler ! To compare that neurotic, teetotal, cream-guzzling, almost haunted creature, Wagner and ' The Merry Widow ' his only relaxations, with an artist in life like Winston ! . . ."

These Lances for Liberty are sharp and shining bright. Mr. Tuohy acquits himself well as literary armourer, and here and there tilts one himself with telling effect. An encouraging book because it shows the Allies' directive strength.

The Book of the Month

" A Lion in the Garden." By G. B. Stern. (Cassell ; 8s. 3d.)

YOU see, it was this way : Norman Pascoe, odd-job man who looked after boats Up-Thames, met in his garden an escaped show-lion about as man-eating as a Hollywood one. He said " Pretty puss . . ." when he heard it purring behind him, then " Good girlie, good girlie," and later to his wife and ma-in-law : " I 've put a lion in the kitchen, you 'd better not go in."

The exploit got him into the papers, and ever after there was a streak of yearning heroism in this mild odd-job Norman. When he joined up in the war his mates called him (with raspberries) Bill-the-Lion-Tamer. He got a job at the Zoo to be near lions, but it was mostly cleaning up this and that and didn't last long.

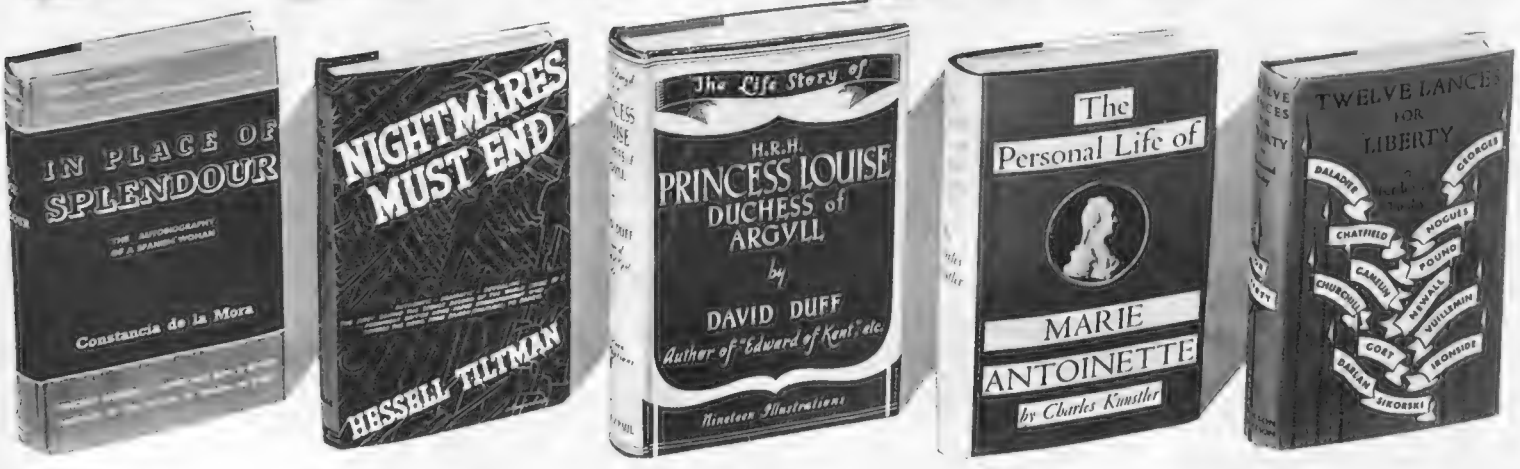
His odd-jobbing took him to a house, still sylvanly Up-Thames, where there was perky housemaid Polly Brooks. He had his problems on the island, what with " the Position " next door—neighbourly complications, so to speak—and Polly was a bit of a problem, too, especially when she went off to Monte to blow a small legacy at the tables, instead of staying to see him do his lion stuff if ever another wild beast came his way.

Norman uses—and misuses—big words. Polly is a priceless Tweeny gem, a dyed-in-the-flannelette-below-stairs personage.

You begin to get it ? A faint, delicious, nostalgic echo of *Mr. Kipps* and *Mr. Polly* and Gissing at his best ? That indefinable something which charms laughter and kindliness out of commonplace lives and leaves one, as Norman is left at a stage in the book, " with a cricket cheerfulness " ?

This is the perfect cure for war blues. It should sell big right through the holiday season, for its spirit is of the sun.

ANOTHER expert chronicler is Mr. Hessell Tiltman in *Nightmares Must End* (Jarrolds ; 12s. 6d.), who writes of the " plot against peace " as foreign correspondent on the Chinese battle-fronts, 1937-38 ; in Franco's front lines during the final drive against Barcelona, 1938-39 ; with (Continued on page 77.)



Old Tales Re-told

After a successful battle against the Assyrians the army of Cyrus was collecting the booty and classifying it for distribution

Love—the Taskmaster

Araspes, disbeliever in love, little dreamed he would suffer from the torture of his own passion for Panthea the Unattainable.

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

NO reading is more fascinating than that of ancient history, particularly when the writer was an eye-witness of the scenes he describes or is in possession of specially interesting and detailed information.

Amongst writers whose style does not leave much to the imagination, Xenophon undoubtedly holds first place. There is not a vague line in any of his writings, and every character who appears in the narrative is a living figure presented with all the colourfulness of his original personality.

Xenophon, a Greek by birth, lived four centuries before the Christian era. He received an extensive education, to which Socrates added the finishing touches. In 401 B.C. he began his adventurous career by joining Cyrus the Younger, and took part in the disastrous battle wherein Cyrus was killed and his army defeated. After which Xenophon undertook the famous task of leading the ten thousand Greeks back to their country — an episode most powerfully described in the "Anabasis."

Our story deals with an episode related in another of his works, called the "Cyropædeia," which concerns Cyrus the Great, conqueror of Babylonia and of practically the whole of Asia, and founder of the Persian Empire.

After a successful battle against the Assyrians the army of Cyrus was collecting the booty and classifying it for distribution among themselves.

It was customary among Asiatic peoples of twenty-four centuries ago to take with them when they went to war almost all they possessed, including their wives and concubines. Owing to this custom the difficulty of maintaining an army in the field was aggravated by the problem of feeding a subsidiary army of servants and relatives almost equal in numbers to the fighting forces themselves. It was considered that by virtue of having with them all that man holds most dear, the soldiers would be inspired by the need of defending them, and would therefore fight more strenuously.

Xenophon's personal idea, however, on the matter is that when a man's precious possessions happen to be beautiful wives and concubines, his reason for wishing to keep them beside him has nothing whatever to do with fighting.

THIS nomad population at the tail of an army was equipped according to the social status of the individual. Many chiefs took with them hundreds of servants, gold plate, costly furniture, carpets, animals and chariots. The royal tents and kitchens were staffed by countless servants and officials. This peculiar state of affairs existed on both sides, and once one of the armies was defeated the entire camp of the loser became so much

booty to the conqueror, including wives, concubines, children and servants. A kind of inventory was made after the victory and the more valuable items were distributed among the most deserving of the warriors.

In order that Cyrus should be able to pursue his ambitious plans, it was necessary for him to increase the personnel of his army. For this reason he was always eager to display his magnanimity and grandeur. He adopted a friendly attitude even towards the prisoners. The division of the booty was a great opportunity for showing his generosity.

The Median officers charged with the task of dividing and distributing always chose first, according to custom, the gift to be offered to the gods in thanksgiving for victory. Then came the share for Cyrus himself. For him they set aside a magnificent pavilion which had belonged to Abradatus, King of the Susians, an Assyrian who at the time of the battle was absent on a diplomatic mission. Inside this pavilion was the wife of Abradatus, with her maids, singers, dancers, servants, eunuchs and other possessions.

WHEN Cyrus was informed of what had been done he summoned Araspes, a man he had befriended since boyhood, and allotted to him the task of taking charge of the pavilion, the Princess, and all her retinue.

Panthea lost no opportunity of showing her gratitude to Araspes, and frequently he was invited to dine with her, and was entertained by her dancers and musicians

Araspes, rather overwhelmed by the weight of such responsibility, asked Cyrus if he had seen the woman whom he wished to place in his charge. Cyrus replied in the negative. Immediately Araspes understood the reason for Cyrus's matter-of-fact acceptance of his share of the booty. At this point we cannot do better than repeat the actual dialogue between the two men as recorded by Xenophon.

Araspes said, "I saw her when we made the selection for you. At first glance when we entered the pavilion we did not notice anything about her, as she was dressed in exactly the same way as the other women, but a second glance soon enabled us to distinguish her superiority to the others. We told her to stand up. She rose, and with her all her maids. There she stood, divinely tall, most dignified in her expression, young, vigorous and graceful. She was weeping and tears were streaming hopelessly down her cheeks. The older ones among us tried to comfort her, informing her that although she had belonged to a brave and handsome Prince, she was now to become the property of a man who in appearance, strength and valour was second to none—the great Cyrus himself. On hearing this she tore her veil and sobbed bitterly. All the other women joined her, and there was a chorus of wailing. We observed, however, that the rent in her veil exposed her head and neck down to the shoulders. We were all agreed that such amazing beauty had never before been seen in Asia. It did not seem possible that she had been born from mortal parents. Go to see her, and I am sure that you will agree."

"No, Araspes, I shall do nothing of the sort," replied Cyrus. "The more you tell me of her beauty, the more I shall keep away from her. I have very little time for pleasure. If your description were justified, I might be in danger of losing my head and wasting my time in dalliance instead of attending to my duties."

Araspes laughed in a knowing way. He asked: "Do you honestly believe that the mere sight of beauty can overcome a strong man to the extent of making him disobey his convictions? If the sight of a beautiful woman were automatically to produce such an effect, it would do it to anyone who gazed upon her. Like fire, whose nature is to burn, it scorches everything that comes in contact with it. Instead, beauty may attract one and not another. This proves that love is a voluntary emotion. A man does not fall in love with his sister, however beautiful she may be, nor with his daughter. Moral considerations are strong enough to prevent a man from taking a road he should not follow."

Cyrus listened attentively. Then in his turn he asked: "If it is as you say, can you explain why people cannot refrain from loving? I have seen numbers of men and women stricken with grief as a result of love. Some, used to being served like kings, have themselves become humble slaves of the object of their devotion. Others give away things that they need greatly. Yet others pray to the gods to release them from their infatuations, just as if they had been seized by a mortal distemper, though there are not many who even try to avoid suffering in this way."

Araspes could not deny that this was so, but he said that people who acted in that way were people of weak character, and added: "Why do you condone those weaklings who are unable to refrain from loving and you punish those who are unable to refrain from stealing? If the sight of a valuable object does not necessarily induce a man to steal, surely the sight of a beautiful woman should not compel a man to fall in love. You may be sure that those so-called victims of love are only good for nothing, unable to restrain their incontinence or master their appetites. They only seek to make their shortcomings with the excuse of love. I myself am an example. The Susian woman appeared to me to be as beautiful as a goddess, yet I am not in love with her, because the thought that she belonged to you is sufficient to restrain me."

"That may be," answered Cyrus, "but remember that you have not been with her very long. You mention fire. Well, I can assure you that woman is a worse danger, because if you want to get burned you need to touch the fire, while a beautiful woman can burn you from a distance."

Each remained of his own opinion, but when they parted Araspes repeated his assertion: "Nothing can make me fall in love if I do not wish to do so."

ARASPES hastened to the pavilion to take charge of his noble captive. Introducing himself to her, he explained that from that day onward he was responsible for her comfort and welfare. In expressing her satisfaction and gratitude at this arrangement, she confessed that when she was taken prisoner she had fears of being forced to unspeakable violence. But Araspes assured her that nothing of what she feared was likely to take place.

As time went on, Araspes became more and more interested in his beautiful charge. They had long conversations, during which they discovered plenty of grounds for mutual admiration. Gradually Araspes' frivolous outlook changed. He became serious and pensive. Often he carried out his duties mechanically, as though his mind was not on his work.

Panthea, for that was her name, lost no opportunity of showing her gratitude to her guardian. Frequently he was invited to dine and was entertained by her dancers and musicians.

One day Araspes fell ill with the fever that confined him to his bed. Panthea spontaneously offered to take charge

of the patient and nurse him back to health again. Only those who have experienced it know the sweetness of being attended by the being who is uppermost in one's mind—however great one's physical suffering the interlude of illness becomes a romantic dream of heaven.

ARASPES was in process of realising that he, strong man and master of his will, conqueror of his own emotions, was drifting day by day more deeply into the most profound infatuation that could ever throw a man off his balance. The position was the more upsetting in that it was entirely one-sided. Panthea had never uttered a single word that belonged outside the category of pure friendship. Incessantly she talked about her husband and the love she felt for him.

During all this time Cyrus had never laid a finger on this new property of his; but Araspes still considered Panthea to be a sacred trust. In plain words, Araspes was in the grip of the divine malady, without hope of consolation.

It so happened that amongst the young women in Panthea's retinue were two girls gifted with beautiful voices. One of Cyrus's officers, who was a lover of music, asked Cyrus if he would bestow one of the girls upon him. Without the least hesitation Cyrus complied with the request.

The willingness with which Cyrus had given away one of the maids of the Susian pavilion encouraged Araspes to break his silence, and in the most ardent terms he confessed his love to Panthea. She, however, made it plain that she was in love with her husband, and that no other man could take his place in her heart. At the same time, for the sake of the friendship that existed between them, she took good care that no hint of what had happened should reach the ears of Cyrus. But unfortunately Araspes was already so enslaved that he was almost out of his mind. He swore that he would get by violence what she would not give of her own free will.

Panthea was deeply offended by being treated like a common slave girl and sent one of her eunuchs to Cyrus, informing him of the behaviour of her errant guardian. When Cyrus heard the story he burst into hearty laughter. He well remembered Araspes' lectures on love and strength of will. Now here was the strong man bemoaning his love like an infatuated schoolboy!

He sent a message to Araspes by one of his friends: "Cyrus forgives Araspes for having fallen in love with Panthea, but forbids the use of violence on her person. If by fair means he is clever enough to persuade the woman in his favour, he may have her."

The friend who brought the message to Araspes rated him severely for betraying so generous a master. Araspes felt stricken by shame and finally gave way to tears. The proud man was humiliated and defeated by the unconquerable god of love.

LATER Cyrus had a heart-to-heart talk with Araspes. He tried to console him because it was all his fault for having put his friend in contact with such temptation, remarking that even the gods of Olympus were frequently trapped in the same net.

Araspes, overwhelmed by Cyrus's generosity, stated that even his best friends were torturing him with criticism and reproach, and suggested that he should go away and disappear for ever.

Cyrus replied to this, "I have an idea by which you may still render great service to me and your country. You will feign fear of the punishment that I might inflict upon you, flee, and desert to the enemy. (Continued on page 83)

As the signal to advance was given, Panthea was seen to place a last kiss on the door of Abradatus' chariot

On Duty—*and* Off

THE War has made us all so much nicer, which I dare say is a good thing, although for myself I would much prefer to be less nice and far more carefree.

The fact remains that women do seem to improve with worry, and goodness knows they have had enough worries during the last few months. I watched a number of them having supper with husbands and sons at different tables at Quaglino's the night before a certain battalion was off to "an unknown destination." Every single wife and mother wore that hundred per cent. cheerful expression you see at hunt balls.

The only people who looked a little strained were the fathers. Nor shall I forget in a hurry the face of a girl who had just heard the news that her fiancé would almost certainly be going abroad on highly active service forty-eight hours before their wedding day. She was about nineteen or twenty and she looked so calmly miserable that I felt inclined to cry for her.

The nicest of all are the older women. Even those who seemed a little intolerant, unreasonable, tiresome or nervy before the War have now opened a kind of mental store-cupboard filled with good, strong common sense and plenty of sympathy spiced with a sense of humour.

Whenever you are feeling a trifle nervy or sorry for yourself, have a talk with an older woman, and I am prepared to bet that she will give you back your self-confidence in next to no time.

Jane Gordon

FOR years I have known that nurses are shamefully underpaid, and now, since I have been doing weeks of concentrated spring-cleaning at hospital, I am beginning to suspect that housemaids and charladies should by rights command the very highest of wages. If you wish to exercise your muscles, let me assure you that scrubbing and polishing are far more efficient and a good deal more interesting than the daily dozen, expensive massage or exercise classes.

MY own housemaid has given me any number of tips which have made the work easier. She taught me that half a cupful of vinegar added to a basin of water is a grand thing to use for washing writing-desks and wooden furniture before you put the polish on.

The vinegar-water will help get comparatively fresh ink-stains off the writing-table, and it will take all the stickiness out of dusty, dirty furniture.

She introduced me to Hudson's soap-powder, and I discovered that if you beat up a little of this in a basin of warm water you can deal with china electric-light shades and bulbs, hard, glossy walls, tiles, mackintosh sheets, and radiators in next to no time, and the dirt rolls off them with the greatest of ease.

On Duty

Off Duty

NOW is the time to invest in thick cartridge-paper to re-line shelves, dressing-table and writing-table drawers, because this is going to be very difficult to come by in the future, and the thick variety does repay you in wear.

In order to prevent the corners curling up I was taught the simple trick of turning in a good hem of the cartridge-paper all the way round.

THERE is a thick paste soap called "Gumption," which would be a godsend if it could be provided to the nursing staffs of hospitals and other institutions. It rolls the dirt off white paint, enamelled trolleys and enamelled instrument cupboards, tiles and baths with delightful ease.

The best polish I have yet come across for furniture is Min Cream, and it really is fun to use because it puts a shine on wooden furniture and imitation leather with less effort than you would imagine possible. Moreover, it has a nice, clean smell, which I am sure would be most repulsive to the moth and its offspring.

IF you have to get up good and early in the morning and go straight on duty, you will have discovered that you need an entirely different set of cosmetics than those you need at home. For myself, I (Continued on page 81)

IF anyone wanted to introduce a really useful beauty service, they would open a beauty parlour for older women where every assistant could be specially trained for this particular work.

There are any number of treatments intended for older women, but very often these women do not know where to look for them, and it would be an excellent thing if the various methods could be collected together in one establishment.

For instance, there is the Rose Laird method, which is particularly good for the face which is beginning to lose its contour. She recommends a pinching exercise and knuckle massage, which tones up the muscles of the face and neck in the most efficient manner.

She also recommends three of the best facial exercises I know, called "The Huff and Puff," "The Bee Chaser," and "The Prima Donna." All these are described with diagrams in her booklet.

OLDER women are often shy about their hair problems. They would like to know where they can get sound advice when they are faced with the question of hair tints or accessory hair, and yet they are too sensitive to ask for the information they need.

Accessory hair may be anything from one small curl to a postiche or toupée. D. H. Evans have a very large department for all types of accessory hair. European hair only, of the best quality and naturally wavy, is used, and they have an enormous range of postiches and toupées. To give you an idea of the prices: a semi-transformation of white waved hair is about eight guineas; a toupée for the front about seven guineas, and a full transformation with a parting about twelve guineas. A switch of white hair is three guineas, and brown hair two guineas. White hair is, of course, more expensive than coloured hair.

They charge 5/- for cleaning and re-dressing postiches, 3/6 for small toupées, 2/6 for switches or chignons. Cleaning and re-dressing should be done about every six weeks.

VASCO also specialise in the most up-to-date fashions for accessory hair, and Chaventre is world-famous for this kind of work. They know the subject from A to Z, and their clientèle includes a vast number of men.

If I had my way there would be an enquiry bureau set up where women could get the fullest information concerning every type of hair tint and hair bleach. The advantages and disadvantages of all the well-known bleaches and tints should be clearly and fully explained to any woman who is considering the problem of having her hair dyed. (Continued on page 81)

Are you Satisfied with your Face?

This Girl Is

She uses Coty's Magnet Lipstick—true to name; and Magnet Cream Rouge. Magnet is a clear, rich red, flattering to every skin, blending harmoniously with the gay colours of this summer. The lipstick is a honey, it stays on.

Her shade of air-spun powder is Brunat, because she is dark with a creamy skin—but there are ten other shades to choose from. For a quick day-cleanse and re-make up, she uses the superb Avocado Beauly Milk. It does pore-deep cleansing and leaves the face matt and ready for new make up. Because her skin is average, her make-up foundation is day cream No. 1. Her sister, with a dry skin, uses No. 2.

Coty also have a special foundation cream which hides blemishes and ensures the loveliest finish. At night she prepares her skin with Liquefying Cream, for Coty's Tissue Skin Food. The result—well, judge for yourselves.

Sit before the mirror with a comb, beauty-aids, make-up, and time. Examine your face. Does it satisfy you? If not, where does it fail?

Is the shortcoming due to make-up, faulty colouring, health condition, sallow skin, worry-pouches, fag-lines or just the lack of interesting line? All three contribute equally to personality, and are so closely interlocked it may be difficult to separate them.

A fresh hair-style will effect the quickest change. Do as you please with your comb, take the hair up or down, try something new.

The next point is to decide on your feature and spotlight it. That is the secret of Hollywood technique, so successful we may as well emulate it. However many your assets, subordinate them all to one. It is impossible to rivet attention on gorgeous eyes, a lovely mouth, luxuriant hair, if all are fighting to be looked at. Prune down to eyes or lips, whichever is going to make your face most haunting. Greta Garbo's high cheek-bones, severe jaw-lines and marvellous brow fix her face on the memory. The eyes are wonderful, but secondary. The shape of her face is first remembered. Yet when she first went to America, her photographs showed an abundance of everything, and her comparative charm was negligible.

Elimination is the secret. So, sharpen down to one feature. That will express your personality.

Now for your skin. Whether you are old or young, an emptying beauty treatment can do no harm. Seborrhea, a secretion which silts up the pores, is the prime cause of disfigurement. In the young it engenders pimples. In older women a different form of seborrhea cockles the skin into wrinkles.

A night-mask to clear the skin can be applied as a home treatment, but a skin-emptying course under a specialist is advised for a kick-off. Skin-transparency, whatever your features, can only result in beauty.

For the rest, the three inescapable rules are: cleanse, feed, stimulate.

The question of balance is all-important. Treatment should be insidious. If it is not insidious it will do more harm than good, because of the violent reaction. It should also be regular, as regular in abstention as in application. There is no point in saturating the skin-cells to insensibility with any preparation.

And a word now over the way you put on your cream. So much harm can be done by cheek-slapping, massaging under the eyes, and generally pulling the face.

Once a week puff your cheeks, work your face-muscles, pat your jaw briskly. On other occasions skin-food should be applied with a firm but tender, unflurried and upward sweep, from chin to temples, taking care only to butterfly-print it in under the eyes, to press the nose gently and preciously form the shape of the lips.

Err on doing too little rather than too much. Beauty aids should creep in.

If your eyes are deep-set, a sharp but narrow streak of eye-shadow along the roots of the lashes will enlarge and bring them out. Contrarily, if you wish to give them depth, pass eye-shadow over the entire lid.

Mascara the lashes, brushing upward, of course, then let them dry and clean the brush on a tissue. Repeat this. If you want a really heavy mascara-ed effect, repeat it again, and yet again. But always wait for the lashes to dry, and clean the brush between each application.

Outline the shape of your mouth first with a lip-pencil, then fill it in with lipstick. Blot your lips on a tissue, fill it in again, blot again.

By Chrysis

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Summer is the season in which Nature supplies every remedy to build up your health. These remedies occur in their most palatable and digestible form—vegetables. Include the right ones in your meals every day and you will work a substantial cure.

YOU SUFFER FROM NERVES. Your body lacks phosphorus, calcium. Eat plenty of asparagus which contains calcium, and beans or peas which also contain phosphorus. Salads should be of mustard and cress and dandelion leaves. All these are rich in Vitamin B, which acts directly on the nerve tissue.

YOU SUFFER FROM BAD BLOOD. Your body lacks iodine. Eat salads, which should be of iron rich watercress and tomato. Eat spinach and carrots which contain iodine and iron. All abound in Vitamins A and G. A resists infection, G promotes healthy skin. Both lengthen life.

YOU SUFFER FROM LACK OF STAMINA. Your body lacks iron, phosphorus, calcium, iodine, chlorine. Eat all the vegetables above, and add much lettuce, also beet leaves, raw spinach and carrots. Eat plenty of berries also from the beginning of the raspberry season.

Feet always seem to be a source of bother in the summer. When we cease with chilblains they swell and burn in the hot weather. Bathe them in a gallon of warm water containing half-pound of rough crystalline Epsom-salt. Keep this in a bucket and it can be re-heated whenever required. A possible alternative is half pint of vinegar.

Unless you wish to be crippled, never walk in sandals without socks—powder these, the soles of your feet and between your toes with boracic before setting out. Boracic absorbs and sweetens heat. An occasional rub with methylated spirits will harden off the feet, and keep them free of corns and bunions.

The sun needs as much dressing against as the snow. Sunburn—unless you are properly prepared for it—can shock and poison the system as much as any scald or other kind of burn. A man with a white woollen sweater slung about his shoulders will stand a midday trek better than a woman in a cool cotton frock, because he has the proper armour, violet rays won't reach his spine so fast.

A heat wave calls for as much nourishment, unless it's going to knock you prostrate, as a cold spell. But the foods are different. Knock out flour puddings, thick soups and sauces. Make for cucumber, chives, tomatoes, onions, dandelion, lettuce.

Eat as much raw fruit as possible. Take Eno's Fruit Salts as a fizz drink for elevenses. Iced drinks are a mistake until after sundown. They do not revive as much as warm tea or coffee. Only cream, milk and solids should be iced.

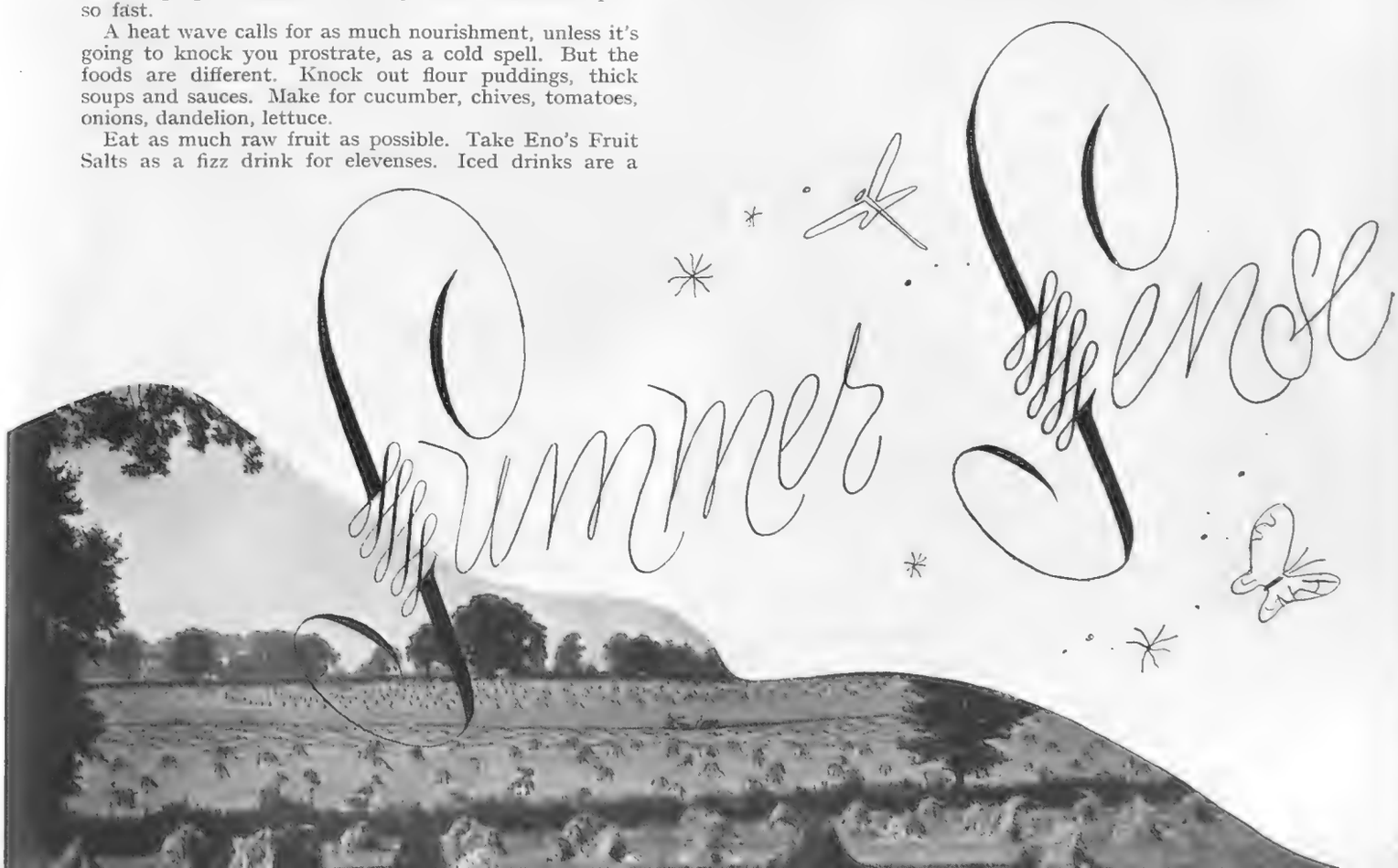
Lettuce should be placed in a glass-cloth in the refrigerator. Cold meat should be eaten with masses of cold mixed vegetables without salad dressing. See box at the side for those which tingle with vitamins.

Among painful complaints are midsummer attacks of gout and rheumatism. They are both sharp and protracted. Well, you can take the waters at home, providing they are of barley—only a sprinkling—and three quarts daily. Do this for three weeks, sipping throughout the day, and you won't have an attack next year. It is only that perspiration causes a lack of fluid in your body and acid secretions pile up in your joints.

Rashes, boils, carbuncles are among other outbreaks. Eno's and either boracic powder or calamine lotion will settle the first, which may be due to fruit. The other two are more difficult. A boil should be constantly fomented with swabs of cotton wool; a carbuncle should have an antiseptic carbolic or di-oxygen dressing.

Both will throb and be painful. Neither should be pressed. A carbuncle sometimes has several heads, and, while a boil is generally blind at the start, a carbuncle has a pin-point that turns green. This green point and a great deal more will come away at the end of eight days, but don't attempt to express it till then.

Take Stanoxyl or Uleron. No more than three a day of the latter, and while you are taking them, no eggs, purges, alcohol or onions. Uleron belongs (Continued on page 80)



"I must have a dog

It is the wrong time to be adding to my responsibilities. There is a war on and I ought to be travelling light. I should remember that I live in a city, eight floors up, that anything can happen, and that all helpless things are a liability, yet the longing persists. I must have a dog again.

The fact is I am lonely. In a world teeming with nice people, friendly people, people ready to give me companionship and affection, I still want a dog again.

I love dogs and I'm not ashamed of saying so. I don't understand this tendency to apologise, as people do, for their affection and their need of an animal's love. I am astounded when somebody says, as somebody is always saying, "I know it's absurd, but I should be upset if I lost this dog." Absurd, indeed. Just as though it were eccentric to respond to affection and loyalty of a quality that human beings find so hard to emulate.

They say that there were thousands and thousands of dogs destroyed in the first week of this war. Fifty thousand loyal, affectionate and perhaps gallant spirits wafted into the limbo. It is a disturbing thought in a world of human beings just now preoccupied with hatred and massacre and self-interest.

It was inevitable, of course, just another penalty of the civilisation we higher animals have devised. Many people parted with their animals out of love for them. Few can have done it without some grief and a little shame.

I am thankful that it wasn't the war that parted me from my dog. I came out of my room one morning and found him there, close against my door. I knew he had wanted to be near me at the last, but scorned to make a sound. That was his way.

It seemed then that I could never replace him. It still does, but somewhere there must be a puppy who is willing to live with me and to be a daily reminder of my dog's sweetness.

He must be a rather special sort of dog, sentimental enough to love me and not to mind showing it. A demonstrative animal and yet a creature of reserve. Not a slobberer. I want him to be tough as well as gentle. Not one to fight for fighting's sake, but an amicable fellow who will battle to the very last ditch if somebody starts a row.

You notice I refer to "him." I like a man around the house. No pernickety women for me. They tell me that bitches are soft and gentle, easy to manage, but I don't want that. I know she would never wander off and disgrace me with wicked exploits in the neighbourhood. I know she would never want to show her independence; she would smother me with affection and obey me promptly. She would bore me to tears. I don't want a yes-dog. Give me a personality in my household.

It will be grand to hear that impatient snuffling on the other side of the front door as I fit my key into the lock. No matter what time I come home, in what mood, there will never be that emptiness again.

Dogs make you selfish. There is no doubt about that. They give so much and ask so little. They flatter you with their adoration and by publicising the fact that you are the only human being worth a dime. They pander to your vanity by being at one moment utterly dependent upon your protection and the next moment protecting you.

You have to be very careful that you are not keeping a dog just because you enjoy playing these parts, forgetting you are in a partnership. You can cultivate a dog's intelligence by communing with him, by treating him justly and kindly. Kindness, mark you, isn't pampering. He is an animal and you cannot reasonably expect to impose civilised habits upon him or to judge him by human standards. He is your friend and your companion, but he is a dog, and it is not to his advantage or yours to treat him otherwise.

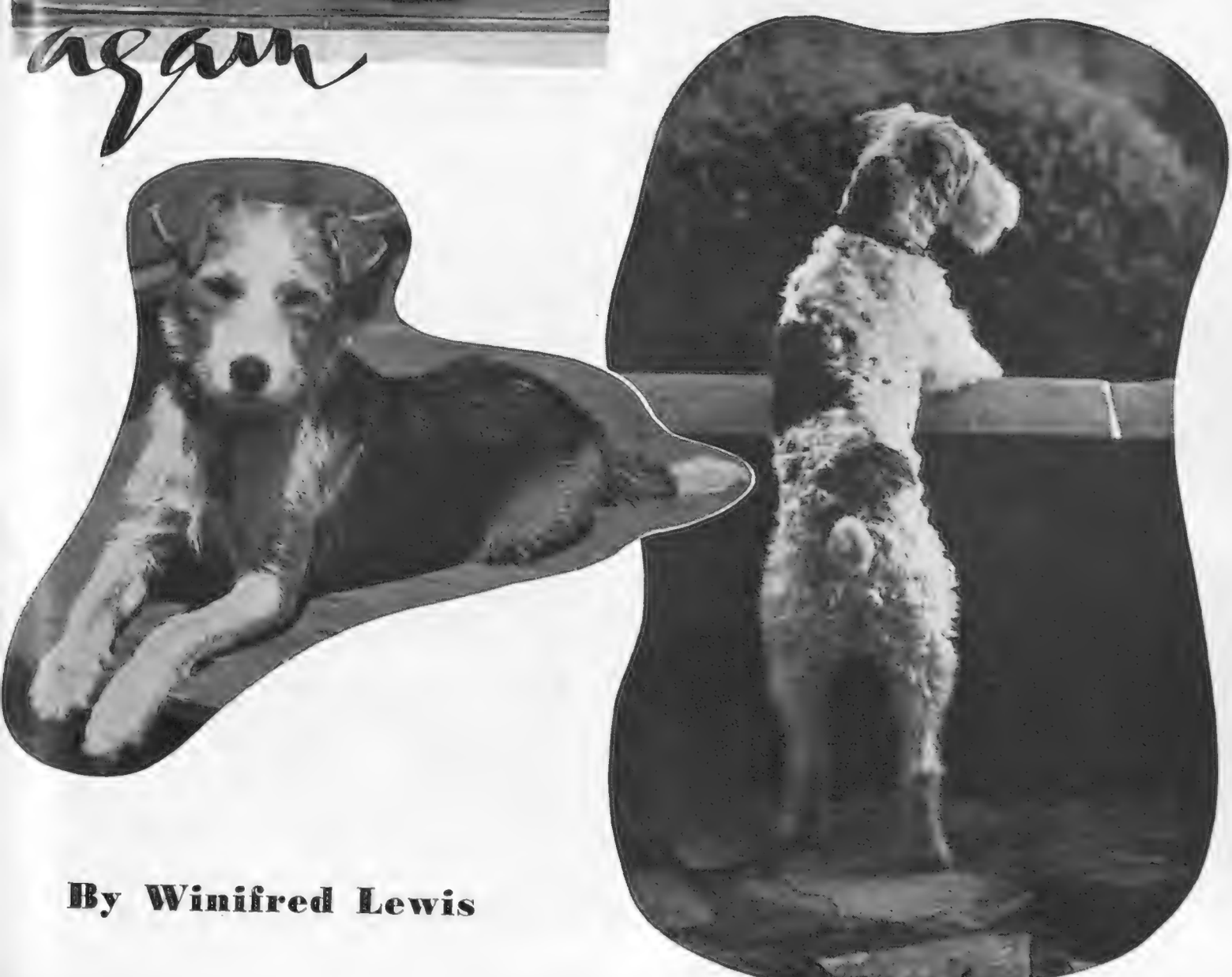
I shall look for a dog whose habits and whose tastes are reasonably in tune with my own. How else can we get along? Appearances are deceptive, and I know that some cuddlesome puppy may win me for the moment and tempt me to adopt a fellow who later on will make demands upon me to which I cannot respond. Then we shall both be disappointed.

Mastiffs appeal to me. Big, handsome creatures that look grand when we go walking together, but it would be foolish to have one. I can't exercise him as he needs to be exercised. I can't give him the country and the freedom that is his right by all the standards of health and kindness. I know I haven't even got the personality to master such a creature. We wouldn't mix.

I may fall for a lap dog, but that would be fatal, too. When his puppy prettiness has passed, I should tire of his clinging habits and he would be baffled by my impatience.

No, I think he'll be a mongrel again. Blue blood makes no appeal to me. Beauty, yes; manners, yes. But both leavened with a nice touch of the guttersnipe. He will be a gentleman by training. I know he will be a lion heart by instinct, and I hope he will be a friend by courtesy of our mutual confidence.

again



By Winifred Lewis

The war has brought its problems to us all but to none more so than the women left alone for the first time with no advisers. Here we deal with only a few problems. They typify the difficulties that women are meeting and solving every day.

We have recently re-opened our house after six months, during which time I have been with the two children in the country. Though I am happy that we are all united again, all my values seem to have changed. The house that I liked seems unimportant. I find I prefer the country to the suburbs. All the things we used to do and to enjoy now seem superficial. I am so afraid of becoming irritable and discontented. Is it a phase, or what can have happened to me?

A little bit of war neurosis, perhaps, a little of the inevitable result of change. Circumstances forced you to break with a well-established habit of living. You probably resented it at first, but once the new mode of life had taken hold, you encounter the same reluctance to let go again.

It is nothing to be greatly alarmed at. Once you have negotiated the transition again, you will find the old life taking hold of your affections. *Make* yourself content until the end of the war and other problems clear the way to a re-shaping of your affairs. Remember that it is terribly easy to think too much about oneself in such a situation and too little of the other people involved.

My husband has been called up for military service and goes in two weeks. We have another year to run on the lease of our flat, and apart from the fact that my means will not permit me to support the rent in my husband's absence, I should object to living on my own.

The owners do not take a sympathetic view of the situation, yet we feel we are not to blame for this unlooked-for development in our affairs. What is our position in this matter?

There is at present no regulation in regard to this matter, but the decision is left to the discretion of the magistrates.

If your landlords press the case to such an issue, it is unlikely that the court would uphold their claim, so long as it could be proved that you have been deprived of the means of paying.

If, however, they award you an amnesty, it is possible that you may be called upon to pay after the war as and when you are in a position to do so.

The war has reduced our income considerably, and if things continue as they are, will do so more. We are obliged to practise economies. I have cut down on the housekeeping, we have exchanged our big car for a small one.

There is need for still more scaling, and my husband regards it as inevitable that we should spend less money on our clothes and on our entertaining. Surely, it is an essential factor of success that appearances should keep up a high standard?

Anyway, his method is so shattering to the morale.

You are about eighty per cent right about the need for good appearances. More especially if you are engaged upon a business in which it pays to appear prosperous. At the same time, you can still keep up your appearance and your morale and spend less money.

By careful organisation, you can probably look as well dressed with much fewer clothes. Plan your ensembles. Make hats and shoes and accessories go with more than one dress or suit. While you are doing this, buy good things. It really is more economical than having a large number of cheaper ones.

Much the same goes for entertaining. People don't necessarily enjoy themselves more at a party where the liquor flows like Niagara, than they do at one where there is good simple food, adequate drinks and an intelligent and hospitable hostess.

Our house is in need of decoration and repair this spring. We have hitherto taken great pride in keeping it up to scratch.

If we neglect this attitude during the war, all our former solicitude seems to have been wasted. On the other hand, the future is hazardous and if my husband has to join the army I shall need every penny we have. Where is the best place for our money—in the house or in the bank?

Split the difference and give the house enough attention to ensure against any serious depreciation in its value or the possibility of heavy reconditioning expense later on.

The policy of holding back on expenditure is one of the greatest dangers this country has to face. Life must go on and industry must thrive. It is in all our interests that this should be so. But, naturally, we look to the future and are justified in reasonable caution.

Take an inventory of those things which vitally need doing and have them done. It may be possible by careful inquiry and management to do the work at a lower cost than before. Outside repairs cannot safely be shelved. Indoor decorations can be simpler than formerly, but just as effective if cleverly thought out. Don't neglect your house. . . . Compromise.

I am worried in case any increasing shortage of meat and fats will react unfavourably upon the health of my two children, who are of the thin nervous type, rather pernickety feeders and exceptionally prone to colds, which I endeavour to combat with a nourishing diet.

We are all rather big meat eaters and I have encouraged the children in this since they dislike done-up things.

What adjustments of diet can you suggest to solve the problem of deficiency in fat and meat?

The chances are that the children will suffer no ill effects. On the contrary. I doubt if so much meat is at all good for them, more especially as they are of the type described. A heavy diet is not necessarily the best for thin people.

Good bone and vegetable soups will partly take the place of meat, and quantities of milk will make up for the deficiency of fat, if any. Give them a daily ration of cream and, to increase the vitamin content of their diet, one teaspoonful of pure olive oil well mixed in with their green vegetables.

Sunshine is the best of all insurances against infection, and we hope not to be rationed with that this summer, so cash in.

CUPBOARD LOVE

Some women are born with a love for neat and pretty cupboards, others acquire it. Primping up cupboards can be quite a fascinating business, and an important one in the decorative scheme.

When you open a cupboard door to reveal a pretty interior instead of the untidy hotch-potch that so often meets the eye, the whole room benefits.

Have a look at the cupboards around your house and see what you can do to get full value out of them, both in the practical and the decorative sense. Begin with the most practical of them. Are you making all possible use of the space at your command?

Take a look at the lighting. It is the simplest thing in the world to have a cupboard fitted with a light point so that you can see to clean and tidy it as well as to find what you want at a moment's notice. It is not expensive and there need be no waste of current since a simple gadget arranges that the light switches on and off automatically as the door is opened and shut.

Good lighting in your cupboards demands that you should keep them neat and pretty. Put cupboard clearing down on your weekly schedule of household tasks.

Inside the linen and the china cupboards post up inventories of everything they contain. This helps you to keep a check on breakages and losses at the laundry. It helps you to know just how your stocks of linen and china stand, where and when they need replenishment.

When you decorate a room, carry the scheme right through into the cupboards. A lining colour which contrasts effectively with the room outside is charming. Cupboards lined with a gay flowered wallpaper in a room with plain walls are amusing and pretty, too. So are shelves brightly painted to contrast with the lining of the cupboard itself.

Coloured frilling tacked to the edges of lingerie and blouse shelves is a charming idea for the bedroom. For smaller cupboards, a lining of figured oilsilk in bright colours is effective and easy to keep clean.

In the smaller room, particularly the bachelor bed-sitting-room, sliding panel doors are an obvious improvement upon those which open outward and use up precious space.

In some cases the roller shutter type of door can be fitted quite easily, and where neither of these types are suitable, doors that flap downwards offer a good alternative.

If you are short of drawer space, utilise the inside of a cupboard door for fitments which serve the same purpose and, when the cupboard is closed, conceal themselves comfortably in the space between each shelf. The illustration on this page shows how this can be done.

Stockings, gloves, and in the case of a man's cupboard, collars and ties, can be accommodated in these receptacles and all are easily accessible. A carpenter could fit your bedroom cupboard with these in an hour or two.

Make the appearance of your cupboards a matter of pride and their arrangement a matter of efficiency.

(1) This is a clever way of supplementing drawer space by fitting box shelves inside a cupboard door. When the door is closed the boxes fit neatly between the cupboard shelves. **(2)** Built-in cupboards along one wall of this bedroom provide all the necessary accommodation for clothes, and one of them is used to conceal the wash basin, never a decorative feature of the bedroom. **(3)** Specially designed for the one-room bachelor flat, this cupboard is divided into three sections—one for china, another for culinary utensils, and the third for books. The chest at the head of the bed opens at the top and conceals spare blankets and rugs. **(4)** Pipes, metres and a fuse board are concealed in this cupboard, but the rest of the space is utilised for storing preserves and drinks. **(5)** America invented the idea of lining cupboards with coloured silk or cretonne. The cotton material used for this one cost sixpence a yard and is finished with a contrasting frilling.

LET THEM DO THE WORK

Your pocket and your individual needs will decide for you which of the appliances on this page are most likely to lighten your work. We have chosen them because they make a general appeal and because we feel that in a general way women are not making nearly enough use of electricity as the cleanest, most economical and efficient means of lightening the household task.

1 Groping in dark cellars and out-of-the-way cupboards is something that most of us do most of the time. Extending the electrical supply to these outposts is obviously the best remedy, but before you get around to that, here is a self-contained wall light unit that will save you from all kinds of fumbling annoyances.

The whole thing fitted with a Drydex battery is 5s., refills 7d. each.

Worth remembering is the fact that in the event of the main electrical supply being suspended by an air raid this little wall light would come in useful.

2 Here is a small electric fan to cool the kitchen while you are cooking this summer. It is no ordinary fan because it cools you when you want cooling and when you are cool already it will do a *volte-face*, and warm you instead, just at the touch of a switch.

Quite apart from personal comfort you would appreciate it for drying hair and clothes indoors. Where there is a baby's washing to be done it proves a real boon. The price is £2. 18s. 6d., and you can run it for fifty minutes at the cost of one penny. It is only suitable for alternating current.

3 This is called the Wonder Brush and very aptly named. All of us have wished at some time for a light, easily handled appliance that will do some of the tasks of a suction cleaner, a smaller thing that you can get around with easily.

Here it is, a motor-driven revolving brush which removes the stubborn lint and clinging hairs from the pile of any material, upholstery, curtains, beds, small rugs.

With current at one penny a unit it costs only a penny to use this brush for an hour. The price of it is £5. 5s. cash, or 7s. 6d. deposit and twelve monthly payments of 9s.

4 Women who do their personal ironing in bed-sitting-rooms and bachelor flats, even women who do it in their own well-fitted kitchens, will see the value of this electric iron which has a light in the handle, the beams of which are thrown directly upon the work.

Fitting up an ironing board wherever there happens to be space frequently means standing with your back to the light, but that is a detail if you are using the Creda iron.

Otherwise the iron is of streamline design and very good at its work.

5 Roasting the meal on the table sounds a pretty complicated business but not if you use the excellent and quite decorative appliance in the picture.

Meat and two vegetables—enough for six—are first of all prepared and placed in the separate compartments of the roaster. Then the current is switched on and after an appropriate interval you lift the lid and the dinner is prepared ready for serving, right on to the plates.

Nothing could be simpler, cleaner or easier to handle, and since everything in the roaster is cooked from one source of current, the maintenance cost is low.

FLOWERS IN THE DÉCOR

Sweet williams, daisies and a variety of garden flowers make up a colourful arrangement conjured here to give height to low furniture

Some women can take a few garden flowers and arrange them so that they look like a million dollars' worth of glamour. Probably they don't know themselves exactly how they do it. It is an instinct. But skill in flower arranging can be acquired.

A point that is so often missed about flower decorations is this: they must be part and parcel of the *décor*. You should never introduce flower arrangements as if they were strangers to the decorative scheme. They should be part of it. They should enhance it and blend with it.

It is not difficult to work out simple, beautiful flower decorations. The illustrations on this page, every one of which is made up with garden flowers and foliage, are proof of this.

If you are a gardener, there is practically no excuse for the flower arrangements in your home not to be impressive and beautiful. You can grow the flowers you want. You can concentrate on the colours and the forms and the combinations of colouring which will give the best effect.

Before you work out flower schemes, take a view of the whole room. Where will flowers be seen to their best advantage? Where will they give the finest colour effect or the most point to the arrangement of furniture and accessories?

Perhaps there is a high cabinet or tallboy in the room. On this some low spreading arrangement will stand out in charming relief against the walls. Tall groups of flowers are not often good on a high piece of furniture.

On the other hand, a low table asks for a slender vessel, holding willowy branches of leaves and flowers.

Try mixing colours. Flower colours are so friendly to each other. They never clash. Mix deep pink lupins with tall blue delphiniums. Add some white branches of syringa. Use all the foliage you can to soften and fill up the arrangement. Don't stint yourself with flower vases. Keep a stock of them in every shape and colour, if you can. The vessel is just as important as the flowers in achieving a graceful and balanced effect.

There is scarcely a flower in the garden that will not look lovely somewhere in the house, but use a lot of them, in a suitable setting, especially (Continued on page 82)

Black-eyed daisies and Michaelmas daisies in a white trough make a shapely and colourful arrangement for this table set against a window

(*Left*) A spreading arrangement of dark foliage against rose satin curtains make a colour contrast and give balanced height to the piano

JERSEY

High-necked, ribbed, shapely and threaded with contrast strands

MATERIALS

8 oz. Femina 4-ply botany fingering in white; 1 oz. in a contrast colour; 1 pair of No. 8 and 1 pair of No. 10 needles; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Bust, 34 ins.; length, 19 ins.; sleeve seam, 6½ ins.

TENSION

With No. 8 needles, 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Cast on 92 sts. with No. 10 needles. Work the following 6 rows throughout:

1st row.—P. 4, * k. 3, p. 6; rep. from * ending p. 4.

2nd row.—K. 4, * p. 1 sl. 1, p. 1, k. 6; rep. from * ending k. 4.

3rd row.—P. 4, * k. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p. 6; rep. from * ending p. 4.

4th row.—K. 4, * p. 3, k. 6; rep. from * ending k. 4.

5th row.—As 3rd. **6th row.**—As 2nd.

When 4 ins. are worked change to No. 8 needles. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 110 sts. Work on in this width until side seam measures 12 ins. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 92 sts. Work on in this width until armhole measures 8 ins. round curve. Now cast off 3 sts. at beg. of every row 14 times, leaving 50 sts. Change to No. 10 needles and work stocking stitch, working a p. row on right side of work, for 2 ins. Cast off. (Continued on page 85)

CARDIGAN

Thick wool effect obtained by knitting two 3-plys together

MATERIALS

14 oz. Femina 3-ply botany fingering; 1 pair of No. 6 needles; 5 button moulds.

MEASUREMENTS

Length, 20 ins.; bust, 36 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION.—5 sts. and 6 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Using the wool doubled throughout, cast on 81 sts. Work the following patt.:

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 1.

2nd row.—* P. 1, k. 3; rep. from * to end of row.

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of 6th row and every 4th row after until there are 71 sts. Work 1 in. straight. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 4th row after until there are 91 sts. Work a row or so to make side seam measure 12 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 67 sts. Work on in this width until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every row 6 times, leaving 43 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 47 sts. Work the patt. on first 37 sts., and k. 1, p. 1 rib all up on other edge on last 10 sts. (Continued on page 85)

SWIM SUIT

Bras and pants recommended for slender figures only

Materials.—8 oz. 4-ply wool ; 5 buttons ; 1 pair of No. 11 needles ; medium-sized crochet-hook.

Measurements.—Bras : 34-in. bust. Pants : front length to top of gusset, 11 in. ; back length to top of gusset, 13 in. ; across widest part, 18 in

Tension.—8 sts. to 1 inch.

BRAS

Strap.—With No. 11 pins, cast on 9 sts. Work 26 in. in moss st. (1 k., 1 p.). Cast off.

Ties.—(Make two.) With No. 11 pins, cast on 7 sts., and work 24 in. in moss st. Cast off.

Left Inset.—With No. 11 pins, cast on 2 sts. Work in stocking st. (1 row k., 1 row p.), increasing 1 st. each end of every row, until 12 sts. Then inc. 1 st. each row at one edge only, until 44 sts. Work 6 rows on these sts. without shaping. Then at the same edge as inc., dec. 1 st. every row, until 27 sts. remain. Then every alternate row, until 6 sts. remain. Then every 4th row, until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

Right Inset.—Work as for the left inset, with shapings at opposite edge.

PANTS—THE FRONT

**With No. 11 pins, cast on 60 sts. Work 3 rows moss st. Continue now in stocking st. as follows :

1st row.—Work 4 sts. Turn. Work back.

2nd row.—Work 8 sts. Turn. Work back.

Continue in this way, working 4 more sts. each time, until all sts. have been worked on to one pin. Work 1 in. without further shaping. Break off wool. Leave on spare pin. Work another piece with shaping at opposite edges. Now work across both sets of sts. (120 sts. now). Be sure to place *long* edges to centre. Work until side edges measure 4½ in. Now dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row following, until 100 sts. remain, and side edges measure 12 in.**

Next row.—* k. 8, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end (90 sts.). **Next row.**—k. twice into 1st st. to make 91 sts., and continue in moss st. for 1½ in. Cast off.

BACK

Work as for the front from ** to **.

SHAPE TOP

1st row—Work to last 4 sts. Turn. Work to last 4 sts. Turn. **3rd row**—Work to last 8 sts. Turn. Work to last 8 sts. Turn. Continue in this way 4 more sts., each row, until 27 sts. remain in the centre. Turn, work to end.

Next row—* k. 8, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end. Work 1½ in. moss st. Cast off.

GUSSET

With No. 11 pins, cast on 2 sts. Work in stocking st., increasing 1 st. at each end of every alternate row, until 32 sts. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row, until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

UNDERWRAPS (Make two)

With No. 11 pins, cast on 7 sts., work 3 in. moss st. Cast off. (Continued on p. 85)

Abbreviations : k.=knit ; p.=purl ; inc.=increase ; dec.=decrease; beg.=beginning ; tog.=together ; in.=inches ; m.=make ; s. = slip ; st. = stitch or stitches ; patt.=pattern.

Difficult skins usually mean those skins which are greasy yet have dry patches. And *are* they difficult? The sufferer usually ends by giving up creams because they are too greasy, and lotions because they are too dry, and then doing nothing. The truth is that the dry-greasy skin needs a very special treatment. Some of these, however, are so complicated that busy women cannot be bothered with them.

I was interested, then, to hear that the makers of a new series of beauty preparations have given special thought to the problem. And they seem to have solved it by the simplest method. It consists of two creams, to be used on alternate nights. One contains real turtle oil, and takes care of the dry, sensitive feeling: the other stimulates the pores and regulates the oily condition. Apart from this, all that is necessary is to keep the skin clean, using cleansing cream at night, and soap and lukewarm water in the morning.

Because there is a war on and it is patriotic to do manual labour of some kind, there is no need to let the hands grow gnarled and ugly in the service of one's country. The trouble, of course, is that the more one uses one's hands for hard work, the coarser gets the grain and the easier it is for dirt to work into the pores.

Prevention being better than cure, it is wise to protect the hands before starting on the job. And I don't mean wearing gloves, which, for many kinds of work, are impracticable. I mean rubbing in a cream which forms a protective, non-greasy, non-sticky film over the skin. Job finished, off comes dirt and film, leaving the hands in perfect condition. I have tested it after potato-digging, so I can vouch for its efficacy. The cream is available in two types: one for dry, one for greasy skin. Trial size, post free, is 6d. Large size, post free, 1s. 3d.

Women who are troubled with excessive perspiration in summer will be interested to know about a dress-shield combined with a smart, cool-to-wear uplift brassière. Light as a feather, the bras is made of peach net with easy back fastening and ribbon ties in front, to allow adjustment to various bust contours. The dress-shield carries a guarantee of protection, and the specially treated material of which it is made actually deodorises in wear.

To the woman who suffers agonies of self-consciousness over her affliction (for excessive perspiration certainly is an affliction), here is a garment that will set her mind at rest as well as filling her need for a delicate yet easily laundered garment. Price 4s. 11d.

The sun-bathing season will soon be with us again; let's hope unrationed. So here is news of a preparation sponsored by a famous skin-food manufacturer. Not an oil, not a cream, it is an emulsion of incredible suavity which quickly disappears, leaving behind it a chiffon-like texture instead of the oily surface which so often mars the appearance of the happy sun-bather. It is recommended, too, as an after-bath rub, especially if the water is hard, for it will counteract any drying tendency and thoroughly clean the pores.

I commend the emulsion to week-enders and for holiday use, for besides guarding the skin against harmful sun-rays, it is a grand cleanser, nourisher and soother: in fact, it does the work of three or four preparations. The price is 1s. 3d. a bottle. Larger size, 2s.

I never can see why pots and pans, and cooking utensils generally, cannot be as gay and colourful as china. Certainly bright kitchens help a lot in the task of getting to grips with rationing problems, while the humblest stew looks and tastes better if it is served up in an attractive dish.

New cooking utensils made in finest cast-iron come in charming pastel colours. They are beautifully designed, with smooth, easy-to-clean contours and convenient handles, and are intended to go straight from oven or hot-plate to table. There are three types—round or oval casserole, and flat open pan for breakfast dishes. Busy housewives will appreciate the saving in washing-up and also the saving in space effected where the cooker is small. Prices are most moderate. Casseroles are 6s. and 8s. 9d., the open dish 2s. 6d.

Now, after the strictly utilitarian findings I have been talking about this month, what about a whisper of Glamour? I once vowed never to write that word again, yet there really is no other adjective with which to describe the new skin perfume I have lately had given me. More than a toilet water, and less than the costly concentrated perfume, this delicious preparation is meant to be used on the body only. It clings to the skin and lingerie with a haunting perfume that makes it unnecessary to use any other scent.

Here, then, is a money-saver, as well as a most subtle way of making your presence felt. Use it after the bath or as a quick refresher when you feel tired. Just a spot rubbed well into the arms and throat is enough. The price of the attractive square bottle is 6s. 6d.

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride St., London, E.C.4. I shall be happy to send any information

Short, casually wavy. The thinned back hair is brushed up high, then swept across

Sides are brushed well back and up, fluffily. The back hair ends in soft nape curls

Slicked front and sides, rolled curls at crown and nape present a formal hair arrangement

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

Despite all the prophets, despite war-work, only one woman in a hundred wears short hair. The ninety-nine, piling curls on top, or pushing them forward on the brow, keep neat nape curls, loosely fluffed or formally rolled as in the pictures at left. The very young favour a shoulder-length Hollywood mane, which saves hairdressing money, but demands nagging attention. Generally, hair, long or short, is worn less stylised. It has a just-been-brushed look.

Prints, high-lighting the summer scene, are small, neat or vividly flowered, but occasional splashes into fantasy occur, such as white mice scrambling across a brown ground (designed to annoy young brothers), or a honeymoon couple adoring Venice in a gondola (designed for nostalgia wallowers). Oysters, aspidistra leaves, feathers, wall-papery magnolia prints make jacket-dress suits. Little fitting jackets, taffeta-lined for more body, are often faced with gros grain on revers and pockets. Plain ones in the predominant colour of the print have printed revers. A change from the sleek diaphragm fit is the jacket which blouses slightly over the belted waist. Afternoon frocks are discreetly gay. A ruffle down the front of a bodice will be lined with broderie anglaise. A ruffling will cross the bosom and continue across the short sleeves. The apron line has a place in the sun. Outfit for a blonde: A black and white butterfly-printed dress, with tulle yoke and shoulders, appliquéd with the cut-out butterflies, a long black velveteen coat.

Full evening dress is still eclipsed by the dinner dress. Choose between a long-skirted shirt dress, a full skirt with suspender straps over a broderie anglaise blouse, a princess line, slightly puckered about the waist, with a round Empire neck. Prints are extensively used, but occasionally you see a gingham check in a faille or a narrow-striped lamé. There is a new grey brown; cherry abounds, so does peacock blue, vivid green, and combines of ice blue and black, pinky mauve and black.

WAISTS AND MEANS

. . . Tightening the belt pulls in the waist but puts the bulges above and below. Narrow your torso by exercises, right eating, correct posture, and if your purse has narrowed itself, as most people's have, you can still look chic and have the tonic of new clothes by careful and ingenuous planning, selective and imaginative buying. Explore the big stores, use your imagination, wield your needle, give your dressmaker ideas. These summer outfits show you how. Names and addresses of the shops where the fabrics and clothes sketched can be obtained on application to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4

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(1) Make this belt in felt, slipper satin or suede cloth. It has a straight, plain back, a gathered front, zips together. Wear it with the dinner outfit drawn to the right below. (2) A plain dark frock can be heartened with five strings of multi-coloured glass beads twisted together, tied with a velvet bow. (3) Five checked glass cloths (washed and softened) will make this gathered skirt, using the plain borders for hem, braces and bands. (4) Patchwork waistcoat, assembled with pieces of satin and brocade. (Turn all edges, mount them, overlapping, on a muslin waistcoat foundation. Buttonhole-stitch the patches down and all edges.) Wear it over the pebble crepe dress (see small sketch on facing page), which can be bought for two-and-a-half guineas, and comes in black, navy and all pastels. (5) A dotted Swiss muslin blouse trimmed with self frills costs thirteen shillings and eleven, looks equally at home with the check braced skirt and with the floor-length, gathered flounced skirt in navy organdie with a white embroidered dot. (This costs 3/6 a yard, 36 inches wide.) (6) Trim a three-and-elevenpenny sailor with a big dotted tulle bow, a band of ribbon and a bunch of daisies. (Other hat-trim ideas are shown on the two full-length walking figures.) (7) Black crochet gloves, one-and-eleven, elegant enough for every summer occasion. (8) A blouse in white piqué printed with blue rope and ships, buttons on to a skirt in blue piqué, printed with white rope and ships. Make this both in the white and the blue, interchange and have four outfits. The stuff is 2/11 a yard, 36 inches wide. (9) A blazer from the boys' outfitting department of most big stores costs about one guinea. Dart the back to fit your waist. Try for a scarlet, with white binds, to go over a white shirtmaker dress, or a grey with crimson or green binds. (10) A horsy waistcoat in yellow and red check woollen with gold buttons would enliven an old country suit or look spry with a dark shirt and slacks. (11) Your old (or new) sports shoes cheered up with brightly coloured laces, one-and-sixpence, in a dozen colours.

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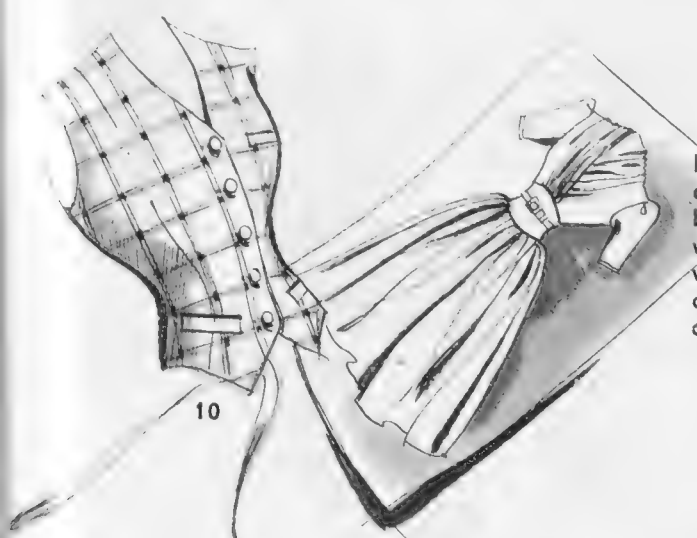

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Nothing so good has occurred to feet as the development of the English shoe made on the American last. With the alliance of British craftsmanship and American fittings, perfect shoe comfort and elegance combine.

The wedge heel, modified, in many cases, into graceful back-shaping this year, grows in popularity and often appears in contrast colours to the rest of the shoe. An up-and-coming heel is the peasant heel, two inches high, tapering slightly. In the more frivolous feminine high-heeled sphere, black faille and antelope appear together, vamps are all lattice work, perforations are popular. Cherry and wine red are favoured colours; backless sandals, with a tiny slice cut out of the toe, march with summer dresses.

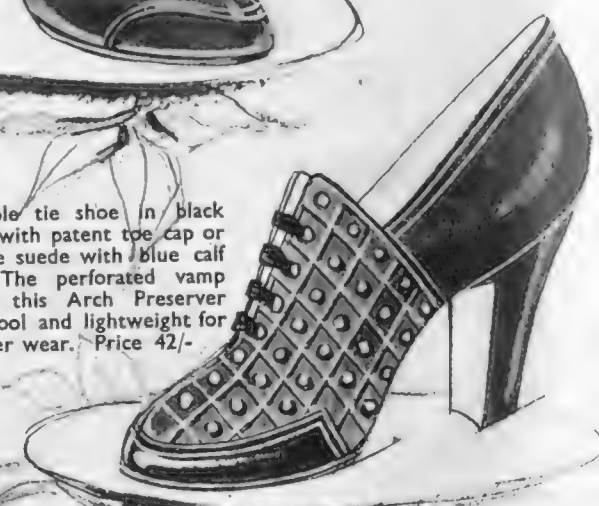
Arch Preserver court shoe with patent leather trimming on the tab. In black and brown kid, black or navy suede. Price 42/-

Black, brown or blue suede with a kid saddle and decorative stitching on the toe. A Vani-tred shoe made by a foremost British manufacturer from a pattern styled in America. Price 32/9

Another Vani-tred, for slightly heavier wear. In brown calf with 1¾-inch leather heel. This shoe is named Bramble, and costs 32/9

Seven-hole tie shoe with decoration at the side and toe. An Arch Preserver shoe, built for perfect support, in black, brown, or blue suede with covered heel. Price 42/-

Five-hole tie shoe in black suede with patent toe cap or in blue suede with blue calf cap. The perforated vamp makes this Arch Preserver shoe cool and lightweight for summer wear. Price 42/-



Flexible blue or brown calf makes this superbly comfortable Vani-tred shoe for country wear. Obtainable in many fittings. Price 32/9

SHOE TREE

Aspworth

BRUSH FOR BEAUTY

You can brush yourself into being a good-looking woman. A woman with shining hair, white teeth, a clear, glowing skin, and long eyelashes, well groomed and *soignée*, is more than half-way towards good looks, whatever her faults. And I honestly claim that a battery of brushes, intelligently used, can produce all this.

Start at the top, with hair-brushes. You are probably sick to death of hearing that you should brush your hair every day. You say it doesn't improve your hair, that it ruins your permanent wave. Maybe you are right, for maybe you are using the wrong kind of brush and wielding it the wrong way.

The prettily-backed brush from your dressing-table set is no good at all for honest-to-goodness brushing. A really stiff brush which penetrates right to the scalp is essential. Rubber-cushioned brushes, such as Mason Pearson and Hindes's "Very," wake up sluggish hair cells, stimulate the circulation, and produce a gloss that no brilliantine can hope to achieve.

The way you wield the brush is important. Never do it downwards. This is hard on any wave, and the idea isn't to flatten your hair but to give it air and get at the scalp. Brush always upwards, but do it with your head down, if possible. This encourages the blood to go to the head, and that is what keeps hair healthy.

Have you ever tried brushing your face? Probably not. We have become so namby-pamby with our faces lately that we hardly dare to touch the poor, fragile flowers. The result is that most women's faces are suffering from sluggish circulation, which causes clogged pores, white-heads and a general look of lifelessness.

If the June sun is showing up your skin in a poor light, and you have to admit that the only word to describe it is "dirty," stir it up by a great attack with a shaving-brush and a good skin soap. Work up a terrific lather, carrying it right up to your hair-line, where the dark lining of your forward-perched hats have no doubt left traces of murk.

Use a shaving-brush, too, for your neck, now and again. The present craze for gilt necklaces is responsible for many a schoolboy neck which escapes attention.

The Innoxa people are so mad on this idea of stimulation by brushing that they have evolved a whole home treatment based on it. You brush your skin for five minutes a day with a special soft brush, changing to a stiffer type when the skin has become used to it. The face tingles pleasantly, the blood-stream is stimulated, and the skin texture is refined.

The same brush can be used, if you don't feel like investing in yet another, for brushing off surplus powder. This is certainly the most satisfactory method of making up. Apply far too much powder, with a flat puff, pressing it into the skin. Then brush off the surplus with a soft complexion-brush. The result is beautifully matt, and it stays that way for far longer than if you powdered in the old dab-dab way.

Spots on the back are some women's beauty bane; so are blackheads in the same inaccessible place. Both will be less troublesome if you scrub your back with a long-handled brush in your bath. The nicest variety has a detachable handle, so that the brush can be used for an all-over scrub. There is nothing like it if you suffer from the kind of poor circulation which produces goose-flesh and that mauve look which is so humiliating in a swim-suit.

Long eyelashes carry a girl further along the road to beauty than almost any other single feature. It takes determination to coax them to grow, but this, too, can be done by brushing. An eyelash-grower helps, but it seems that it is the gentle stimulation of the roots by nightly brushing and daily brushing, with or without mascara, which does the trick. And don't forget that though mad plucking is a back-number now, eyebrows should look sleek and flat and groomed, never woolly.

The best way to achieve this is to brush them straight upwards with a stiff eyelash-brush, then coax them into an interesting line. Do this after making up, using a touch of brilliantine on the brush, and it will give them a fine gloss, removing any stray grains of powder.

Another Hollywood trick, if you are really interested in getting a perfect make-up, is to paint on your lipstick with a special camel-hair brush, after first defining the outline with a lip-pencil. It takes time, but it gives a lovely result, which stays that way for hours, come what may.

So much for brushes and your body. Clothes-brushes are just as important.

Get a really stiff one—I am partial to the whisk shape, as it has the additional charm of being narrow enough to poke into the crevices of hats.

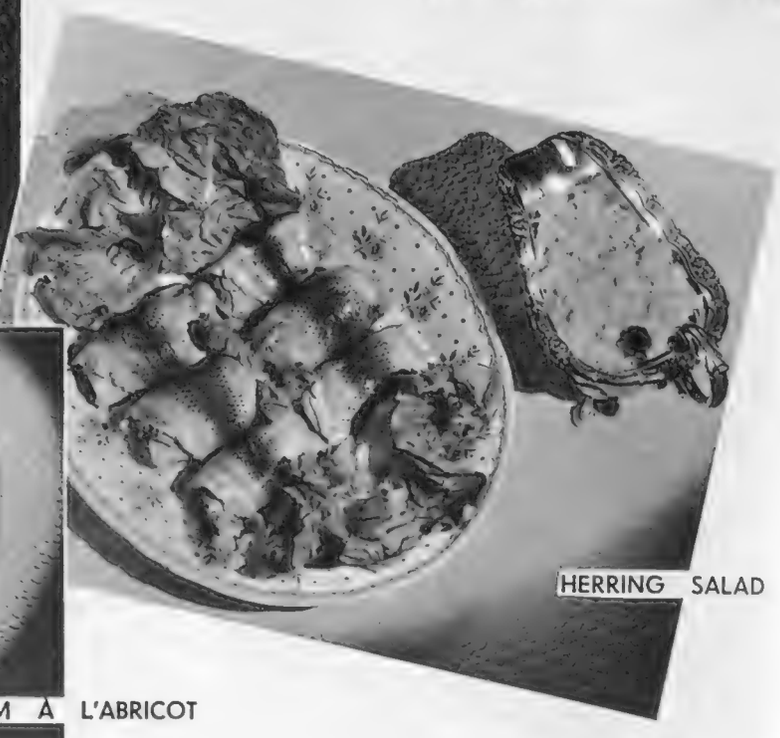
Inveterate powder-spillers and pet-owners will find that a rubber sponge is even better than a brush for getting powder and dog and cat hairs off dark clothes.

If you wear suede shoes, you already have a rubber brush, but have you tried using it for your suede gloves and handbags? It does ward off that maddening shine for quite a time.

Brushes are good friends which repay care. Wash them in warm water, rinse in cold. If the bristles have become flabby, soak in cold salt water. Never stand a brush on its bristles to dry—it bends them. The perfect plan is to slip a piece of string round the handle and hang the brush in the sun and air to dry.

Vere Denning

PRAWN COCKTAILS



HERRING SALAD

HAM À L'ABRICOT

By Harriet Muir

MENUS FOR A Week in JUNE

Spinach Pancakes

Wash 1½ lb. of spinach and throw into boiling salted water. Cook ten minutes, drain, and chop finely. Return to saucepan, stir in 1½ tablespoonfuls margarine, season with salt, pepper, and grated cheese ; keep hot.

Beat two eggs, mix in two tablespoonfuls flour, add milk to right consistency, and season with salt. Make five pancakes.

Put on serving-dish alternate layers of pancake and spinach, finishing with pancake. Cut squares of fat from two rashers, brown a little, and pour over pancake. Garnish with spinach and quarters of a hard-boiled egg.

Cold Tomato Soup

Cook 1 lb. tomatoes in ½ pint water (less if tomatoes are soft). Add when cooked, ¼ oz. gelatine. Strain through hair sieve, season and chill in the refrigerator.

Sorrel Omelette

A handful of fresh sorrel, washed and torn from the midribs, is added to omelette before folding. Use chopped chives if preferred.

Jellied Cutlets

Divide left-over best-end neck (Sunday's braised neck) into cutlets. Mix one gill thick mint sauce with ½ pint aspic jelly. Dip cutlets in mixture. When set, place round a mound of left-over green peas. Dress with French dressing.

Ham à l'Abricot

Take slices of cooked ham and a can of Del Monte apricots. Drain the apricots and place slices of ham in a baking-tin. Surround with fruit, cover with liquor from the can, and heat thoroughly in the oven.

Fish with Beetroot

Chop one small cooked beetroot finely. Cover with malt vinegar and leave for one hour. Bone and flake ½ lb. left-over fish. Flavour ½ pint rather thick white sauce with tarragon vinegar.

Grease a fireproof dish, and put in it the fish, drained beetroot and sauce in layers until it is full, finishing with sauce. Cover with breadcrumbs, add dabs of margarine and bake in a fairly quick oven for about twenty minutes until browned.

Petits Pois Flamande

Scrape ½ lb. young carrots and place in just enough boiling water to cover, with ½ oz. salt, one tablespoonful sugar, and 1 oz. margarine. Cook until liquid is reduced by a third. Add 1 pint shelled peas, and cook until liquid becomes a syrup. Take from fire, add 1 oz. margarine and serve.

Tomato Eggs

Shell one hard-boiled egg per person and rub through sieve. Mix Heinz Mayonnaise and Tomato Sauce, using less of the tomato sauce. Add to eggs enough sauce mixture to make stiff paste. Put mixture into individual moulds, and leave until cold and firm. Turn out on slices of tomato. Pour mayonnaise over and garnish with lettuce leaves.

Prawn Cocktail

Line each glass with inside leaves of lettuce. Put five prawns (bottled or fresh) in each. In a bowl mix six tablespoonfuls Heinz Tomato Sauce and two tablespoonfuls Lea and Perrins Worcester Sauce with a little lemon-juice. Salt and pepper. Add one teacupful of Heinz Mayonnaise gradually and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Pour this mixture over each glass. This dish can be made with oysters, crabs, lobster, langouste, crayfish tails, turbot, cooked scallops, chopped tongue or ham.

	Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
SUN.	Stewed Figs Soft Roes on Toast	Spinach Pancakes Junket and Cream	Cold Tomato Soup Braised Neck of Lamb, Peas, Rissolées Potatoes with Mint Fresh Fruit
MON.	Orange Juice Fried Bananas and Bacon	Sorrel Omelette Jellied Cutlets	Fresh Haddock, baked in gravy with Carrots and Potatoes Summer Pudding Cheese Savoury
TUES.	Cereal Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes	Ham à l'Abricot Cos Lettuce Salad with Herbs	Fish with Beetroot, Rissolées Potatoes Petits Pois Flamande Frozen Cream Cheese and Hot Biscuits
WED.	Grapefruit Bacon and Prunes	Tomato Eggs Risotto (made with onions and cheese)	Prawn Cocktail Chicken Johnson, with Lettuce Salad, New Potatoes Gooseberry and Apple Fool
THURS.	Apple Juice Smoked Haddock	Cucumber, Cold Rice and Prawn hors d'œuvre Asparagus délice	Chicken Consommé Kidney Sauté, Broad Beans, New Potatoes Iced Cherries
FRI.	Cereal Eggs en cocotte with Kidney	Herring Salad Prune Compôte	Cream of Chicken Soup Rabbit with Apricots, Bean and Watercress Salad, New Potatoes Gooseberry Tart with Bird's Custard
SAT.	Stewed Gooseberries Grilled Mackerel	Rabbit Ramekins Vegetable Curry	Vegetable hors d'œuvre Breast of Veal Provençale with Tomatoes, Sauté Potatoes, Spinach en branches Strawberries Vinaigrette

Chicken Johnson

Cut up 2 lb. onions, 1 lb. carrots, and simmer, with one large boiling fowl in enough water to cover, for four hours.

In a saucepan, melt ¼ lb. margarine. Add half cupful of flour, blending smoothly. Then, slowly, put in ¼ pint milk (boiling) and ¼ pint liquor from chicken.

Take out the chicken and place on serving dish. Cover with the sauce and scatter chopped parsley over.

Chicken Consommé

On four slices of fried bread put pieces of chicken, then a layer of cooked asparagus. Cover all with 1 pint cheese sauce, and grill until brown.

Asparagus Délice

Blend one dessertspoonful curry powder into 1 quart bouillon from chicken cooked previous day. Strain through a muslin, add one cup of diced chicken, salt and pepper, and put into the refrigerator. Serve after about four hours. It should be a liquid jelly.

Herring Salad

Clean and fillet six fresh herrings. Roll up (roes included) and tie with cotton. Grease a fireproof dish, place the rolls in it and sprinkle a little vinegar on each. Add enough cold water to come half-way up the rolls. Bake thirty minutes in moderate oven. Cool.

For the sauce, mix three tablespoonfuls grated horse-radish, half teaspoon salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, a pinch each of dry mustard and sugar. Stir in one dessertspoonful unsweetened condensed milk. Add one teaspoonful tarragon vinegar and one and a half tablespoonfuls ordinary vinegar. Stir well.

Arrange herrings on dish with border of lettuce. Serve sauce in a boat.

Rabbit with Apricots

Merinade rabbit (jointed) for twelve hours in one part vinegar, two parts cider, with herbs, salt, pepper. Drain, brown in margarine with onion; put in casserole with ½ lb. soaked, dried apricots. Thicken margarine in which rabbit was fried with two tablespoonfuls flour, Mix with water, boil, and pour this and the merinade over rabbit. Simmer until tender. Add one tablespoonful gooseberry jelly.

Curried Vegetables

One Torox cube, ¾ oz. flour, 2 oz. margarine, one tablespoonful curry powder, two carrots, ½ lb. onions, four raw potatoes, two tomatoes, one breakfastcup shelled peas, one small head cauliflower, one pint water.

Melt 2 oz. margarine, add ¾ oz. flour, and cook without browning. Add one tablespoonful curry powder and two tomatoes, chopped. Dissolve one Torox cube in 1 pint hot water, add, and simmer to reduce by half. Rub through a sieve and keep hot.

Cook one small head cauliflower, two carrots, ½ lb. onions four potatoes separately. The carrots and potatoes should be cut into convenient slices and the cauliflower broken into flowerets. The vegetables should be just undercooked. Save some for hors d'œuvre.

Turn rest of vegetables into the curry sauce, and cook all together for a few minutes.

Arrange vegetables saved from curry in small heaps round plate. Dress with french dressing.

Strawberries Vinaigrette

Hull strawberries. Scatter over them two tablespoonfuls vinegar and leave for at least two hours. Add, if liked, a glass of red wine. Serve with brown bread and butter.

BIRTH OF THE WAR BABIES

The first war babies are here, the babies who were conceived in those dark days of early September as a hostage against the future, born to carry forward a living fragment of the past in which their parents met and loved and built their dreams. Soon there will be many thousands more. And there can be no mother who does not sometimes wonder whether her child will for ever be overshadowed by the sombreness in which its spark of life was lit.

Famous gynæcologists say no. The period of pregnancy should be the time of greatest joy and happiness in a woman's life. Her physical health is at its best, and her emotions and feelings are directed towards the fulfilment of the great purpose of her being.

Nature sees to it that for every normal woman procreation is an occupation so completely absorbing that she exists in a world of her own, withdrawn, omnipotent. That, and the fact that it starts with the enormous advantage of having been ardently desired, is the baby's supreme safeguard.

Gynæcologists agree that the pre-natal thoughts of the mother do affect the child, not because, as is so often believed, they influence its future mental or physical development, but indirectly.

So far as your baby is concerned, your thoughts are psychologically important because they determine your attitude towards it *after* it is born. By this attitude the child is profoundly affected. Doctors are convinced that there is no real reason to worry about the mythical influence of the mother's mind upon the baby before it is born, providing it receives unbounded love and gentleness afterwards. This can completely counteract the effect of any anxieties, hopes and fears that may have ravaged the mother's heart during the waiting months.

As to the best place to have the baby, that is a thing that every mother must decide for herself. Assuming that you engage a monthly nurse, there is very little difference in the cost of having it in your own home or in a nursing home; but if you do decide to have it at home, you must make up your mind to be very firm with the nurse should she show the slightest sign of spoiling the baby. In the maternity ward of a hospital, of course, it is realised that a child can be trained from the earliest hours of its life. Never do they give in to it, no matter how great the temptation.

Three rules you must observe from the very beginning. Never let the baby sleep in the same room as yourself; it is far better off in a room of its own, even if the room is small. Never feed it except at the proper times. Never let anybody nurse it; you are only building up trouble for yourself and your child if you do. Money looms so large in all our thoughts at times like these that there is always the danger of a mother insisting that every penny is allocated to the baby, to her own detriment, forgetting that there are certain things she owes herself. Chief of these are special corsets and a flattering and comfortable maternity dress.

Less than £3 is a small price to pay for the continuance of social life, and the newest figure-concealing frocks are as pretty as the gayest of summer dresses. Supremely fashion conscious, they have moved right away from the old cross-over styles that so plainly proclaimed their mission. Instead, they are designed scientifically, they are slipped on in a moment, and adjustment is easy.

If necessary, save a little on the layette, but see that you have one or two outfits which make you feel really pleased with yourself.

For the rest, make all your preparations in good time and then be content to trust the future. You are doing the finest thing you can for it. Your high trust, and your proud privilege, is to give your child courage and optimism that he may enjoy the future in his time and make it worth while.

Olive Randall

The Treasure Cot Company, those specialists whose instinctive knowledge of the wants of mothers and babies is a comforting mixture of sympathy and experience, give this as a minimum layette: 3 flannel binders or 1 norvic bandage, 4 vests, 4 long flannels, 3 day gowns, 2 doz. Turkish squares, 2 doz. gauze squares, 2 wool coatees, 4 nightgowns, 2 petticoats, 1 carrying shawl, 1 house shawl, 2 head shawls, 1 silk bonnet, 2 pairs of bootees. The most practical wartime cradle is a cane or raffia one, with a small hood and handles at the sides so that it can be easily carried. Baby can then be tucked up snugly and taken from room to room, or even for excursions outdoors. Back in his bedroom the cradle rests in a high stand. Line it inside if you like, but forgo frills outside. They only make unnecessary work.

A travelling case of his own is an excellent idea, and if you choose the right sort of god-parents you might drop them a hint that the Treasure Cot Company have a super affair at a remarkably low price. It is enchanting to look at, and it holds a flask, a bottle, a powder box, a soap box and a puff box; a brush and comb, flannel, safety-pins, cleaner and funnel for the flask and bottle.

* THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE * THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE *

Summer

The days lengthen: Spring ripens into Summer: your skin itself takes on a warmer, softer glow . . . If tanning suits you and you tan healthily and natura'ly, Elizabeth Arden recommends her famous SUN TAN OIL in Honey or Café shades. If your skin is fair and you are inclined to burn, SUNPRUF CREAM will enable you, according to the amount you use, to regulate your tan to the exact shade you have decided is most becoming. If you wish to prevent tanning altogether, you need Elizabeth Arden's PROTECTA LOTION. Complete your Summer make-up with an Elizabeth Arden lipstick. For the untanned, there is her delicate Spring-like "Primula": for tanned beauties, "Burnt Sugar" or vivid "Chariot."

Sun Tan Oil 3/6 ★ *Sunpruf Cream 3/6* ★ *Protecta Lotion 6/6* ★ *Lipstick 6/6*

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CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

Do you like a light, delicate fragrance for daytime wear, something that is not too obtrusive to wear at the office or on practical occasions? If you do, Bouquet Lenthéric was made for you. There is a Bouquet echoing each of the famous Lenthéric perfumes. It is lighter, less costly than ordinary perfumes, so can be used more generously.

Bouquet Lenthéric-Tweed is a delicate echo of the Tweed perfume. There is also the Bouquet Numéro 12, Shanghai and others. Each costs 5s. 6d., 9s. 6d., or 16s. 6d. Lenthéric Bath Essences sell at 6s. and 10s. They are gorgeous.

Atkinsons of Old Bond Street who have produced eau-de-Cologne since that delicate toilet water was first introduced into this country one hundred and fifty years ago, have lately come across with a neat case, specially designed to fit into a travelling bag or the drawer of a desk so that women can carry a bottle of Cologne wherever they go.

The case costs 1s. 9d., and is a great comfort in the summer when a few drops of Cologne sprinkled on the handkerchief or a touch on the temples is so refreshing and restorative.

Freshettes which are also made by Atkinsons, are little pads upon which a few drops of eau-de-Cologne will keep their reviving and restorative properties for hours. Freshettes are not expensive. You can get them at most chemists.

So long as people wear shoes there will be foot troubles. Shoes that are too short, too thin and shoes that fail to give support where it is needed are responsible for minor deformities of the feet which inevitably finish in pain and discomfort.

Perfectly fitting shoes are the best insurance against these troubles, but where neglect in the past has already brought on such troubles as corns, nothing could be better for alleviating the pain and correcting pressure than the little soft, antiseptic adhesive pads made by Dr. Scholl.

These corn pads are now very much improved. They are thinner, made in a new shape and a new material. Another very important development is the scalloped edge, which allows the pad to mould itself better to the contour of the toe. Zino-pads are sold at all chemists at 1s. 3d. a packet.

Every woman will want to keep on the kitchen shelf cookery recipes written with a mind to rationing problems.

In a unique wartime cookery book called *A Kitchen Goes to War*, there are one hundred and fifty recipes, many of them new and interesting, and each contributed by some famous personality. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Hermione Baddeley, Margaret Bondfield, *chef de cuisine*, Berkeley Hotel, *chef de cuisine*, Claridge's, are just a few of the outstanding names among the contributors.

The directions have been made as simple as possible, and none of the recipes is extravagant. Neither is the book. It costs 6d., and is published by John Miles.

Colour harmony between complexion, clothes and lipstick is one of the essentials of a good appearance, but not always easy to achieve.

Tangee makes the whole thing simple by its amazing quality of colour selectivity. No other lipstick has quite the same unerring power of adapting itself to individual colouring.

Rub a little Tangee on your own hand, then try it on someone elses. You will find that the colouring takes on quite a different shade for each of you according to your types, blends with and subtly accents your own skin tone.

Tangee lipsticks cost 1s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. at all chemists.

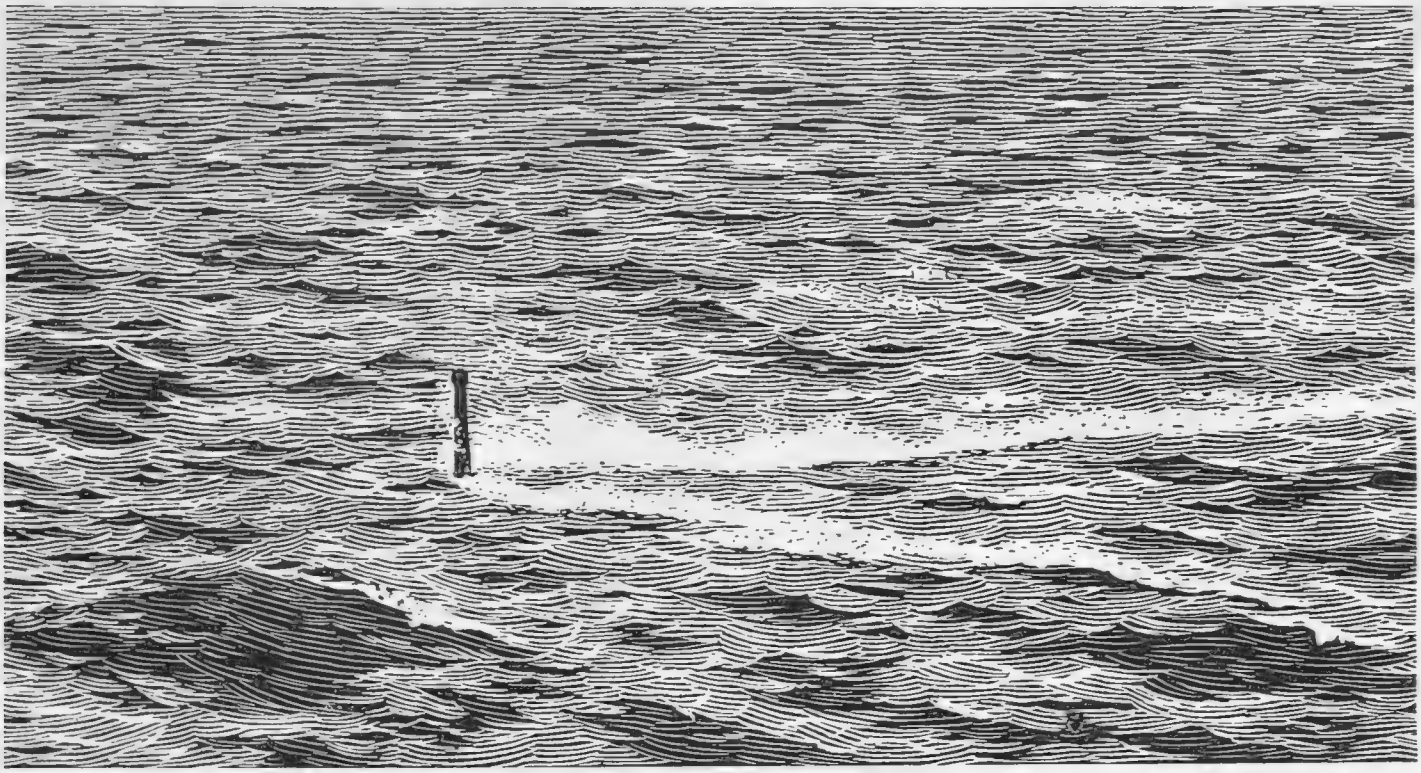
Many cosmetics accomplish the miracles they claim, some accomplish only a part. But women are ready to be persuaded that a cream or a lotion or a powder has the power to transform them overnight into glamorous beauties. Too often the illusion is based upon nothing more substantial than a charming perfume or a pretty box.

There is really more in the cosmetic business than this. Miracles are performed, daily, but only by the very best, and the most scientifically perfect preparations. The manufacture of these is a fine and delicate art with every phase watched and skilfully controlled by experts.

It may seem of little importance to you that a powder is hand made, yet it is so. Vitally important.

Jennifer Graham cosmetics achieved perfection partly because they are made by hand. Her powder is particularly good. Delicate and of the finest possible texture, it is obtainable in ten shades.

You can match a Jennifer Graham powder to every known type of skin. The medium size non-spill box is 5s. 6d. The large size non-spill box, to hold two shades is 12s. 6d.



TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO!

Let us look back—

It is 1917, and Britain is fighting its most desperate battle of that War.

In men and money the cost is high already, and is rising. But in 1917 a new crisis looms—over the horizon of the high seas.

The U-boats are at their deadly task !

Will Britain's food supplies be sapped—and throttled? Must Britain starve?

"Grow more food!" becomes the cry. Yes, but how? What will draw the plough? *Britain has few horses for the job. . . .*

Into that dark hour come the Fordson tractors like a great and friendly army.

Our Board of Agriculture seizes at once the salvation brought by this tough and tireless iron horse, only just then perfected by Ford.

"Five thousand completed Fordsons at once!" is the Government demand. And the tractors are made.

Across the length and breadth of England the brown furrows creep. The harvest comes!

More than 50,000 Fordson tractors are at work to-day among the plains and meadows of our land. Besides helping to save Britain in that emergency, the Fordson Tractor continues to bring new happiness and prosperity to farmers everywhere.

The Fordson carries no gun, it bears no bomb. Its path is that of peace. By it, Ford have given us something that has been described as "one of the greatest blessings invented for mankind."

More and more Fordsons are leaving the great Dagenham factory every day.

SO . . . FORD MARCHES ON . . .

A VALUABLE INVESTMENT

Even if you pay little attention to its maintenance, your Rover will keep on running smoothly and sweetly for months on end. But like all precision machinery a Rover car repays its owner in the long run for those minor inspections and adjustments which are so easily overlooked. In times like these a good car is a valuable asset which, with reasonable care, may even appreciate in value. So if you are too busy yourself, let your local Rover dealer run over the car for you at regular intervals. It will be well worth your while.

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A Trial run by
A. Percy Bradley

THE Ford Motor Company Limited must be given full credit for producing in wartime a new model. It is known as the "Anglia" and takes the place of the previous 8 h.p. model. Like most motorists when this new car was announced I thought the makers must have had something really good to put on the market, otherwise they would never have ventured to carry out their intention of dropping an old car and putting a new one in its place under what must be considered very difficult conditions. Having driven one of these new Ford "Anglia's" for over 200 miles I am able to appreciate now that the makers knew they were on a good thing when they launched the car on the market just as other manufacturers were far more timid.

I defy almost any one, if they were without previous knowledge, to guess when first looking at an "Anglia" that it has only an engine with a cubic capacity of 933 c.c. The car must surely be one of the largest in the 8 h.p. class and I must confess that when I first took up my position in the driver's seat I thought the centrally-placed gear lever would have many frequent and hasty movements given it by me. Such was not the case for the "Anglia" engine has far more power than its dimensions would indicate. I have driven a number of small cars recently and I find that many of them shy very badly at an ordinary main road gradient. Bearing in mind the generous proportions of the Ford I anticipated that the first hill I encountered would compel me to change down but I found that the engine was quite capable of taking the car up to the top of Hindhead on the main Portsmouth road from the Guildford side at a speed which never dropped below 38 m.p.h. with top gear engaged. Most of the way up the incline the speedometer needle was past the forty mark and the engine did not appear to be straining itself.

IN the days when I used to drive large cars I frequently found that if I slackened my speed momentarily a Ford "Eight" was almost certain to overtake me. I used to think that the drivers of such Fords were having a very uncomfortable time at such speeds and that before many miles had been covered the engines of their cars would start to complain. Now, having driven an "Anglia," I can understand that the drivers I have mentioned, although on older models, were driving quite within the normal capabilities of their vehicles and that the mechanism was not likely to be any the worse for a burst of speed. Another surprising thing about the engine is that it gives off its phenomenal power in a thoroughly smooth, refined manner. It gave me the impression, too, that the whole power unit was robust and rigid and these characteristics were also possessed by the entire transmission system. The clutch was delightful to operate, taking up the drive smoothly and progressively without any trace whatever of shudder, shake or hesitation.

The gear box, too, was well behaved and pleasant. It is controlled by a comparatively short but definitely rigid lever and the movements which had to be given to it in order to engage the various gears were of short travel. The indirect gears were quiet and I found the ratios chosen were satisfactory.

The steering appeared to me to be much higher geared than usually found on Ford cars. Personally, I prefer the quicker control it gives to the front wheels, principally because I have always been accustomed to drive cars the steering on which has conformed with what I might call orthodox British design. The suspension is carried out by means of the usual two transverse semi-elliptic springs. Certainly the car went over unpleasantly rough roads and transmitted very few of the shocks to the passengers. As the car could easily travel between fifty and sixty miles per hour I was naturally interested in the brakes. These I am glad to say are definitely good and inspired me with the utmost confidence.

The model I drove is known as the de Luxe Saloon, now selling at £140. Under war conditions I would not expect to find much refinement in a car selling at such a reasonable price but the makers by some miracle have showered, what I might almost term, luxuries as well as refinements on the owners of the "Anglia." It is a long time since I have driven a small car which is fitted with a petrol gauge and in these days when petrol is so precious the gauge on the Ford is a very welcome instrument. This de Luxe Saloon is provided with a sun vizor, and a blind for the rear window can be operated by the driver from his seat and incidentally this window has generous dimensions which facilitate reversing.

I CANNOT conclude my remarks regarding the "Anglia" without mentioning that the car is provided with very generous accommodation for luggage. The compartment is totally enclosed and the suitcases can be put into it by opening a large cover at the back of the car. The spare wheel and tools are carried at the bottom of this locker but there is a floor above them on which the luggage can rest quite separately. The finish of the car appears to be really good and the appearance is most impressive and pleasing.

The Ford "Anglia" is one of the largest in the 8 h.p. class. The de luxe saloon shown is now selling at £140. There is ample room for luggage

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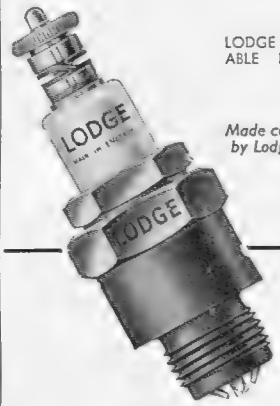

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CP/DU 3

Neutral (*Continued from page 15*)

"You are going to Glasgow on the night train," he was told. "I expect you will have to bring Lopke back with you."

"Has he been caught doing anything, sir?"

"No, he has been playing golf."

Gatling remembered Lopke had taken a bag of golf clubs with him.

The chief's eyes twinkled. "He is making quite a golfing tour—going round to all the best courses, Gullane, Musselburgh—both nice and close to the Firth of Forth, Prestwick, Turnberry. Do you play the idiotic game?"

"A little, sir."

"All right, take your clubs. Give me that Bradshaw." Gatling's chief turned over the pages. "That will do very well," he said, talking to himself; then to Gatling. "You will get to Troon in time for lunch; take a room at the Golf Hotel and stick around. Lopke will turn up in the afternoon, he generally drives straight to the club house, arriving about three, plays a round, has a drink, and goes back to Glasgow; he does not seem to be short of petrol."

"Is he sure to play to-morrow?" Gatling asked.

"He has booked a caddie and asked the steward to get him a game. What's on your mind?" the chief saw Gatling looked perplexed.

"I was wondering what you suspect he is doing, sir?"

Gatling's chief smiled. "It's your idea he is doing anything. You may be right. A Heinkel flew pretty low over Gullane yesterday afternoon when our friend was out on the course."

"Surely if the plane had dropped anything it would have been seen, sir."

"Do you think any one would have noticed if the pilot had dropped a golf ball?" the chief laughed as he saw his junior's face. "You know, Gatling, the basis of all good espionage is constant change of method. Secret ink belongs to the days when guns were drawn by horses. Go on up to Troon and you may get something."

When the chief spoke like that Gatling knew he had special information. "Has anything come out about his passport, sir?"

"Nothing, we are still making inquiries, but at the moment we have not a scrap of evidence against him. I am not sure there ever will be any. A lot of people go to Scotland because they like golf. By the way what's your handicap?"

"Six, sir."

"Good; you'll be able to give Lopke a game."

"Am I to play with him?"

"Certainly. What did you think I wanted you to do, crawl about on your hands and knees and watch from behind a bush?" The chief shook his head. "No, Gatling, modern espionage requires modern methods to combat. You will be suitably provided with these methods and instructed in their use. Let me remind you Lopke knows he is being watched; if he does anything it will have to be in the open and he will be a brave man."

"I think he is brave," Gatling said.

GATLING was standing outside the Troon club house when Lopke drove up.

"Good afternoon," he said.

Lopke got out of his car; he walked slowly towards the detective. "What has brought you here?"

"I thought I'd like to play golf."

"You are following me! Can't your Glasgow men do that?"

Gatling noticed a tautness in Lopke's manner that had not been there when they had been on the train. He said: "The Steward said you wanted a game. Shall we play together?"

"Play with you!" The tenseness in the voice was unmistakable.

"Do you mind? You asked the steward to find you a partner."

"I came here to get some relaxation this afternoon. I don't think playing golf with you could be called that."

"Please yourself," Gatling said.

"I shall." Lopke walked to the bar. "Steward, will you ring through to the professional's shop and ask if the assistant can give me a game." He spoke with a more definite American accent than he had used hitherto. His indignation seemed to Gatling to be genuine.

The steward made the call and reported that the assistant was free.

"Now?" Lopke asked.

"Yes, sir."

Lopke walked out of the club house without looking at Gatling; the latter went to a window from which he could see the first tee. He watched Lopke drive off, noting his swing with the interest of a fellow golfer. The American's style was laboured; he brought his club up and down several times before striking the ball, and finally made a poor shot. The Scottish steward who had arranged for Gatling to be Lopke's partner said: "Are you no going to play with the gentleman?"

"He said he wanted to go out with the pro," Gatling explained.

"Aye, it'll do him more guid," said the steward, beginning to wipe a glass.

Gatling allowed the pair a start before he followed. It was a pleasant afternoon with little wind; on the right the sea came up to the edge of the course. No ships were to be seen.

Walking some distance behind the players, Gatling looked up at the sky; his chief had told him that a Heinkel had passed over the course while Lopke had been playing the day before. Remembering his chief's suggestion that a message might have been dropped in a golf ball Gatling decided to find out who had caddied for Lopke at Gullane and question the lad. The caddie might not have seen the ball drop but he was likely to have observed a player pick one up that did not belong to him. Gatling's personal opinion was that his chief's idea was fantastic, nor did he expect much result from his task that afternoon. What information could an enemy agent obtain by playing golf on a deserted Scottish links? He could have understood if Lopke's visit had been made at a time when part of the British Fleet lay off the coast, but there was not a vessel to be seen. It was possible he had found something to interest him when playing on the courses overlooking the Firth of Forth, though that was not certain.

Feeling rather bored with his assignment Gatling looked to see how the players were faring. They were coming away from a green, walking back towards a tee. He decided to join them; it was dull walking alone; he would talk to the assistant professional and Lopke could suffer his company.

The assistant pro had just driven. Lopke's caddie was teeing his ball. Lopke stood with his driver in his hand, he looked up when Gatling approached but gave no greeting. Looking at the German-American's face the detective's trained eye told him that Lopke was palpably strung up; the tense look he had first noticed was more pronounced. In his plain clothes days Gatling had seen the same look on the face of a lorry driver leaving a yard with goods during a strike. Why was Lopke so grim? What was he expecting? Another aeroplane that would drop a message to him while the detective was there?

The caddie had by now teed the ball and Lopke took up his stance. He raised the club in his queer awkward way to the height of his shoulder once, then again, and a third time; finally he hit the ball badly. Walking up to the shot he took an iron club from his caddie, raised the club once to his shoulder, then gave three shorter waggles and struck with rather better result.

He turned to Gatling. "I was taking too long over it."

"Yes, I think you were," Gatling said, puzzled that Lopke should have spoken to him.

The third shot was played more quickly still—only one waggle and one longer swing. It was the fourth shot that opened Gatling's eyes. Lopke reversed the style of the third stroke, he made first a long swing then a waggle and struck. Now no golfer would change his style four different times in four successive strokes. Gatling tried to work back. The last stroke had been a sweep to the elbow and one waggle—dash—dot—in Morse, the letter N. The stroke before, a waggle and a sweep—dot—dash—A. Then he could not remember, but on the tee Lopke had made three sweeps to the height of his elbow—dash—dash—dash—O.

So the letters were O—A—N. There was one letter he did not know—the second. Gatling took another look at Lopke who had holed out and was driving from the next tee; he found if difficult to believe what he saw. Lopke was bringing his club up to elbow height, once, twice, three times; his next stroke was once to the elbow and three waggles; yes, that was the missing letter, dash—dot—dot—dot—B. O-B-A-N—a Scottish harbour!

Lopke was now repeating the word with a detective looking on! The persistence of the man! the pig-headedness! and the bravery!

Gatling remembered what his chief had said. "The basis of all good espionage is constant change of method." Lopke had certainly found a new way of signalling; it would be hard to prove that the long and short waggles a player made before striking a golf ball were done deliberately to send a message in Morse code. He got busy, then looked out to sea. In that empty bay it was impossible to tell if a submarine lay submerged with periscope just showing. Later Gatling returned to the club house and put through a priority call to his chief.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later Karl Lopke sat in an armchair in a medium-sized room on the first floor of a block of government offices.

Mata Hari had sat in the same chair; so had Lody, so had Sir Roger Casement. The room itself was different from those days as was the man sitting facing Lopke behind a flat desk holding a pencil poised over a sheaf of papers.

"I am sorry you had to interrupt your golfing holiday, Mr. Lopke," the chief began.

"So am I," said Lopke, sitting back easily in the armchair. "May I smoke?"

The chief offered his cigarette case. "Match?" He struck a match and held it out.

"Before we begin, Mr. Lopke, I want to be certain you understand that you are here of your own free will. If you wish to get up and leave the building you are at liberty to do so at any moment."

"You mean I have not been arrested?" Lopke said.

"Precisely. I have simply invited you to come and discuss one or two incidents that happened while you were in Scotland."

"I got the invitation," Lopke crossed his legs and put his hand to his forehead, throwing his eyes in shadow.

The chief consulted a batch of documents. "Your name is Karl Lopke, you are a naturalised American of German parentage. In the last war you served in the Imperial German Navy as a lieutenant in the submarine service. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"You did not disclose that you were an ex-German naval officer when you applied for permission to enter this country."

"I gave my present occupation—electrical engineer," Lopke said.

"Quite," the chief nodded. "The object of your visit to this country was to obtain orders for a certain type of battery that is manufactured by your firm in America; you did obtain several orders?"

"Four firms have given me contracts," Lopke said.

The chief looked (*Continued on page 66*)

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at his papers again. "That is quite correct. I have a record of the people you have been to see. We now come to your last business trip—the one to Glasgow. On this occasion you took golf clubs with you. You played on five courses—Musselburgh, Gullane, Prestwick, Turnberry and Troon?"

"I did."

"In the evenings you went back to Glasgow? When you were playing at Musselburgh and Gullane would it not have been simpler to stay the night and saved your petrol?"

"I had to get back; I had business in Glasgow."

"Business!" the chief repeated. He could put an intonation into a word in a way that had broken down many a suspect"

"That is so."

The chief leaned back in his chair. "Mr. Lopke, there is no need for me to tell you that Glasgow is not far from the Clyde. Those who know where to go, that is to say to the right bars, or restaurants, or hotel lobbies, will be able to meet sea-faring folk."

"Perhaps," Lopke said. "I never talked to any myself."

"I'm not suggesting you talked to any. Let me put it this way. Supposing a certain man, whose home is in Glasgow, is the chief engineer on a certain ship; he goes every evening to his favourite pub for a glass of beer. One evening he is not there. If he is not sick, which his friends would probably mention, the inference is that he has gone to sea. Now the ship of which he is engineer happens to be rather new and rather big—a fine target for a submarine in fact. We will imagine that Mr. X, who is interested in the movements of this big new ship, finds out in this way when she has sailed and further the name of a British port at which she is to call. If he can communicate with an enemy submarine that will be the end of the big new ship. As an ex-submarine officer you will agree with me?"

"I do," said Lopke.

The chief tapped the papers in front of him. "Mr. Lopke I have evidence that you obtained this information and communicated it to a German submarine commander. These are the details:

"On the 16th you learnt that the *Princess Royal*, a newly built vessel, had left the Clyde and was proceeding to Oban to pick up personnel before putting to sea. On the 17th you went to Gullane where a Heinkel bomber flew low and communicated to you by some means unknown to us that a German submarine would be at a certain point at 3.30 the next afternoon; you proceeded to Troon to the agreed point and signalled to the submarine the name of the port for which the *Princess Royal* was bound. Your signal was intercepted and communicated to the British naval authorities who located and destroyed the submarine off Oban. I think you will agree the story fits together perfectly. Can you give any reason why I should not put you under arrest?"

"You have no evidence that I received a message from a German aeroplane?"

"None."

"Or asked questions about shipping in Glasgow?"

"No; only that you frequented places where such information might be obtained."

"You can't try me for that. You would have to prove that I knew the ship was going to Oban."

"We certainly should."

"And signalled this information to a submarine."

"That we can do," the chief said.

"How did I signal?"

"With your golf club, you signalled in Morse, a detective saw you."

"I knew about him, he walked round with me. Do you suggest I sent signals with a golf club under his eyes?"

"Yes. It was your method of addressing the ball. You sent the letters O B A N twice."

Lopke laughed. "I don't think you will get a British court to convict me of waggling a golf club in such a way as to send letters in Morse. You could never prove it."

The chief got up. "Come with me, Mr. Lopke."

"This is our little cinema," the chief said. "Carry on," he said to the operator.

Lights were lowered; a camera flashed on the screen a picture of Lopke addressing a golf ball. It showed him playing four shots in his curious cramped style.

"Mr. Gatling took that with a pocket ciné-kodak," the chief said.

Lopke laughed. "A lot of players waggle their clubs differently for different shots. That picture won't prove to a jury that I was deliberately signalling Morse."

The chief turned to the operator. "Show the letters being sent in slow motion."

END

Women in Uniform (*Continued from page* 11)

woman, in Tanganyika. Noted down was every contact that the German Colonial Women's Guild had had with her.

The propaganda possibilities of such an active, extensive, net-work; the pressure which could be brought to bear upon any German family which was considered to be weakening in its Nazi ardour; the political blackmail which could be levied under this apparently philanthropic organisation, were incalculable.

Scotland Yard would have commended the thoroughness of these *dossiers*. And, aside from being one hundred per cent complete as a mailing list (kept up to date by the German Consul General at Nairobi), each communication from the Colonial Women's Guild made a direct bull's-eye in the heart of some German woman.

Whether she was pleased to get it or not is, for the moment, beside the point.

Baroness Oenhausen was a capable woman. And, as the talk took on tensity that morning, she showed herself to be a much more violent Nazi than her distinguished husband. She was a passionate anti-Semite. It was not possible in that short time to plumb her knowledge of current events; but, living in the rain forest of Mufindi since 1927, she was quite unshakable in her belief that England's real intention was to destroy Germany and Nazi progress. She was a good England-hater.

NOW here are some points to keep in mind when estimating the importance of what women think, what women are doing and what some of them will do before this hard war is over.

We are constantly being told that this is "total" war; we are all in it. In that case there are more women in it already than there are men; in France, England, Germany, Soviet Russia, women outnumber the men in the total population.

Pre-war training in ideology. In Soviet Russia education is free, compulsory, makes no distinction whatever between the sexes, and is based ruthlessly upon political propaganda. Throw men aside completely from now on in this article; and you will see that the Soviet woman is propaganded from infant school to the grave with doctrined hatred against the capitalist countries—of which England is the leader.

In Germany of the Nazis practically all education (up to the universities) is free, compulsory, constantly subjected to the flame of Nazi ideology which aims to weld the country together in a united hope—and a hatred of England.

The women in these two countries are inspired by a hate psychology, a menace—or encirclement-complex; and in both are having it constantly drummed into them that their government is leading them towards a better and freer life. In Soviet Russia the women are encouraged to play a continual part in political activities to the end of their days. In Germany they are not.

One of Hitler's first tasks when he came to power was to give a quick answer to the unemployed problem. He did this by ordering women to quit their jobs in the factories and offices and become good, solid German *hausfraus*; breed. He subsidised early marriage, yet at the same time pronounced edicts against lipstick and make-up, with, it seems, the paradoxical intention of making the German marriageable girl as healthy and as unattractive as possible. This might have been done further to liberate the Nazi male. At any rate, her man was usually off somewhere, marching in a brown shirt; her children were off with the Hitler *Jugend*; and the good German *hausfrau* was no longer "the little woman in the home," the revered figure she was in Kaiser Wilhelm's day. Germany, like the Soviets, was also encouraging their children to be disregardful of their parents' edicts, even to be spies in the home.

Yet, despite the freedom given them since the 1917 Revolution, no woman of first-rate importance has emerged from Soviet Russia; not one in the Politboro, no great musician, artist, playwright of any distinction, and no political figure of any importance, except perhaps Madame Kollantai, Minister at Stockholm. And in Germany, where Hitler seems to have given the German woman *qua* woman absolutely nothing to earn her gratitude—she loves the man!

One lesson of all this being that whereas the Soviet woman both could and should be somewhere nearly equal with her man (because of unexampled encouragement and opportunities), she has been an evolutionary flop. She will get no more mention in this argument.

Now we come to a country where the women have decidedly not been a flop: France. When five million men picked up their helmets under the *Mobilisation Générale* five million French women stepped into their jobs. In the small shops of France, the zinc-barred *estaminets*, and on the vast base of small farms they had already been working side-by-side with their men in that partnership which makes French life so delightful and so beautifully understanding. The French women mobilised for war quicker than those of any other country. And they also have a hate—hate against a people which in twenty-five years has twice menaced their beloved France.

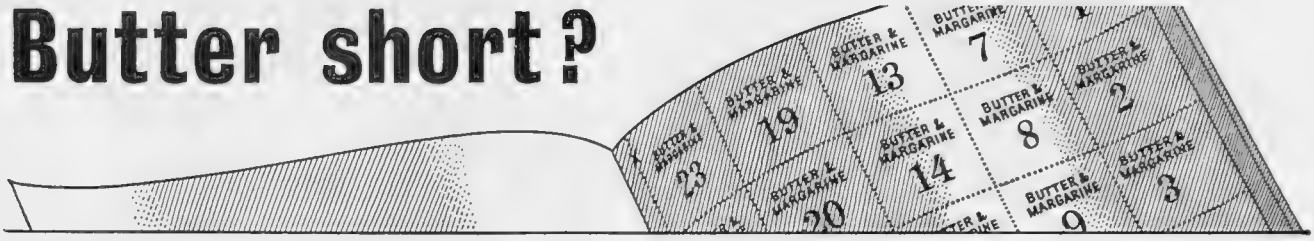
So here you have two good haters, French and German, with the Soviet women a weak runner-up with a theoretical hatred based upon anti-capitalist ideology.

Now for a country where the women never had any hate, haven't at the present moment, and may not even reach that point before this war ends. The English woman has suffered the worst trial of all in this total war up to date: boredom. She patriotically volunteered by the thousands at its outbreak—auxiliary firemen, ambulance drivers, all forms of A.R.P. work; she got up at all hours of the night or morning to go on shift; she even got laughed at because she was in uniform—but she still carries on.

I am not the one to go into this argument of whether a woman does or does not look well in uniform. But I think that if man had set out deliberately to design a headpiece to make woman look unattractive, even infuriating, he could not have done better than the visored army hat. It's a horror. Perhaps if the war lasts long enough, and it may take years to see the light, all women in uniform will adopt the air force forage cap. Why not take a tip from the pretty stewardesses of the American air liners, and those of the Continent? These girls (I'll admit, picked for their streamlines) know just how to cock a forage cap to enhance their loveliness; and they make air sickness a pleasure.

But there are (*Continued on page* 68)

Butter short?



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more serious things to be brought into this question. People are constantly writing to the papers complaining that women in uniform are both unnecessary and uneconomic; that the great majority of their officers are mostly members of families closely associated with one political party; that the Army Nurse Corps has worked efficiently with the forces for many years without any of this silly saluting or drilling; that women are deliberately being employed to do a man's job because a woman will gladly work for two-thirds a man's pay; and that "The sight of these daft-looking military females is for me one of the most melancholy features of the war."

These angry outbursts above are not the revolt of male against female; I took them all from the "Letters" column of one daily newspaper: and they were all written by women, some of whom were with the forces.

They seem to be true.

THEY are true. But they are indicative of this interregnum period, this hiatus between the first voluntary enrolment and the tonic effect of active service, even if it is in one's own London street.

I have a point to make about English women. Roughly, it is this: She is now entering another phase of evolution which began with Emmeline Pankhurst, in 1908; which began to find practical examples in the large number of competent women who have distinguished themselves as members of the British Labour Party in the House, in domestic party politics, and on Royal Commissions abroad. I am a journalist myself; and I know that the general feeling among foreign correspondents in London is that when you see the name of one of these women on the list of a Commission you expect, instinctively now, some remarks worthy of comment from her. I always look for them in such records.

Why?

Well, it is a little difficult to put this down in print without appearing to be irrelevant. But I shall just cast back, for a moment, and you will see what I mean. I have said that both the Russian and the German women have been propaganded intentionally throughout their educational life. This has given them a bull's-eye to shoot at—the ever-present menace of a foreign power; namely, England. It has also given them a common incentive, and a driving force; a directed *hatred*—against England. The fact that it happens to be England doesn't matter. But the fact that their propagandised brains have been given "a meaning in life" does matter a lot.

The French woman receives no propaganda in her school days. But she has had, long before birth, a meaning in life by this partnership which the great mass of women in France have with their men in daily life. To make this more clear, I would state that the American woman—up to Franklin Roosevelt—was precisely the opposite; she knew little, if anything, about her husband's business; she knew little, and cared less, about American politics, because she knew, up to Roosevelt, it was a crook's game.

The French woman, it seems to me, has found herself perfectly, and is assured, on the average, of a full, happy and self-expressed life. She wants no more suffrage. She is content to let her husband talk politics. And, if I say that the average French workman is infinitely better informed and more intelligent than his British brother in his unquestionable delight in talking politics, it is equally fair to say that the French woman, of the same class, both knows and cares less about politics than her English sister.

I am leading now up to the point where I say that the English woman's development, offered to her by this phase of war, will be a noticeable advance in social evolution. I cannot see how it can be missed. The English *woman*, to begin with, is far less a stickler for form, tradition and the outworn glories of former offices than is the English man. Ask any woman working in the various offices of A.R.P. work in England to-day. She will tell you indignantly that there are dozens, hundreds, of mouldy, out-moded, never-very-intelligent generals and colonels, holding down positions over women, who don't know their geography, their history, where the world's products come from, and who can't even write a concise letter. These are England's greatest menace; and no one knows better than the women who have to work under them (saying, "Yes, sir!") how great a danger they are for England—when she is up against such scientific blackguards as the Germans.

The English woman will—it must come—revolt against such traditional muddling through as that. The English man, it seems, will not; it is part of the tradition to accept these mouldy old dugouts as part of the national fabric.

I SAID I would ramble, and I have. The London County Council, and bodies such as that, have done much with the elementary, secondary and trade schools to flatten out some of the unpardonable chasms in English education that have been dug there by class-obsessions. Theoretically, there are said to be enough scholarships provided to allow any intelligent child of poor parents to go on to the higher institutions. Actually, as we all know, the English child of working parents gets a job, as soon as he or she can the day after having reached school-leaving age. And we also know how many British employers deliberately exploit this young worker who will gladly take less than an older hand—and how they discharge him, replacing him with a new school-leaver, when he gains manhood and begins to demand more and his employer would have to pay insurance when the boy is sixteen!

When enough British women get into positions of power in domestic politics you will soon see an end to that—because British women Labour M.P.'s. have shown they have, aside from mere brains, the most vital thing needed in framing laws for a country—a heart.

WE are bound to have huge steps in evolution not only after but *during* this war. When it becomes intensified the English women will become intensified with it. The Germans have already thrown overboard that *hausfrau* theory of Hitler's; German women are being practically dragooned back into the factories; article after article is appearing in the German Press reviling the middle class German woman "who goes to cafés"—they say that she is not bad at heart; "it is her *education* which was wrong"—men are toiling in the German munition works seventy-two hours a week.

When this war is over it will be a question whether German women will fall so complacently for Hitler's *hausfrau* theory again. They might resume their evolution.

I have been hard on the Russian women purposely—because in the exhilarating year I spent under the Soviets, from September 1938 to September 1939, I saw any amount of women taking on what were formerly considered men's jobs under the stirring impact of the just-launched Five-Year Plan. I listened to great things from them. But I am still waiting to see them doing them.

This is a pity, because the interest in life, the very joy of living in a creative civilisation, such as I watched among the girls and women on the Russian collective farms, was one of the most stirring scenes of human beings in action that I have witnessed.

The French woman, as I have said, has long ago reached a sensible, contented arrangement for life in that simple partnership with her man. She wants nothing better. And it would be hard to find something to add to her admirable life. When her man does come back from this war she will probably step back, a little, and let him take the reins; if he doesn't come back she will carry on. You may depend upon that.

The French women, at this moment, are at more active war with Germany than are their restless men in the Maginot Line. And on that great agricultural base upon which all French life rests the women safeguard France. They, alone of these four women, know what an invading army means.

It is a question whether or not Stalin has lost the flame of the Russian Revolution by his Finnish adventure. You remember the letter, found on a frozen Russian soldier, from his wife; the one about their child, who said: "Call me, if I'm sleeping, when papa comes home. I want to kiss him." Well, with some 400,000 dead it is a question whether the Soviet widows will be so enthusiastic about Army reviews in the Red Square. Not after such an imperialist gesture as the Finnish affair must come to be recognised even inside Russia. She will begin to have doubts about giving both her man and her children as mere cannon fodder for a ruthless State. She might long for a counter-revolution. The worst thing one could say about the Russians in their Finnish war is that—they were just *being Russian!* All the old cruelties, all the senseless waste of men; all the old clumsiness and dull-witted stupidity. And, if they go on being Russian—well, a revolution of some sort is part of a Russian's blood. Even if it is only a counter-revolution.

THE English woman has not been crippled by propaganda, as have the Russian and the German. She has not, like her French sister reached such a good design for living that she feels satisfied no more improvements could be found. And she alone faces a future in which, as an individual, she knows she must take some momentous steps in evolution. She will not have the unifying support of a State-directed propaganda to keep her in line. It will be just woman in progress. And most of it will be *vis-à-vis* man or parallel with him.

When this war is ended it seems certain that there will be a great onrush of women into Britain's national politics. They will not be traditional either in their demands, or in their acceptance of *status quo*. From their hearts must come the freshness for a new life.

END

The Channel Tunnel (*Continued from page* 16)

shown that between Dover and Calais the floor of the Channel consists of a bed of clayey chalk 225 feet thick, surmounted by patches of pure white chalk, the whole resting on 100 feet of gault (clay) and the older rocks beneath. The chalk thins out and disappears somewhere between the Dover–Calais and the Folkestone–Gris Nez lines, and Wealden greensands and clays, and Jurassic clays, appear on the bottom. See the dotted lines in the diagram on page 16.

That the Channel is merely a submerged river valley was also proved, for the old notion that it had a catastrophic origin led some people to fear that deep fissures filled with sea water might be met with during the boring. It was shown that the geological formations run continuously across.

There was much debating about the possible percolation of water into the tunnel, and several alternative plans were put forward, of which the diagram shows the three most important. No. 1 runs chiefly through the watertight gault, or below it, and in 1866 de Gamond drew up elaborate plans for a half-way station on this route below the Varne shoal.

This station was to be reached from an artificial island containing docks into which ships could put in stormy weather. In the centre of the island there was to be an enormous conical well with a spiral roadway running down it (*Continued on page* 70)

An eye-witness reports

". . . that the sheer, bewitching beauty of Bear Brand stockings is still available to all . . . that the home front is finding them invaluable for inspiring and maintaining morale (both masculine and feminine) . . . that their tenacious lease of life brings them under the heading of 'Definite Economies'."

This abbreviated report from our special correspondent seems to indicate that you should now, more than ever before, ask very firmly for Bear Brand when buying stockings.

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to the railway tunnel below the sea bed. The tunnel itself was to be a semi-circular brick affair, ten yards in diameter, and would contain two railroads.

Route No. 2 was first proposed by Remington in 1868, and was discussed again in 1920. It runs for thirty-five and a half miles from Dungeness to Cap Gris Nez, through the Kimmeridge and Wealdon clays, and though it would certainly be watertight it was estimated to cost £434,614 per mile!

Route No. 3 is the best, and it is also shown in perspective in the upper part of the diagram at the bottom of page 16. It runs through the grey (clayey) chalk, which has been proved to be impervious to water, and its average depth below the bed of the sea would be about 140 feet. In the diagram on the right of page 16 we give a transverse section at two points, but the gradients are rather complex for a small longitudinal section to be drawn.

The lower part of the bottom diagram on page 16 shows a longitudinal section of the first tunnel proposed on approximately the same route by Sir John Hawkshaw. It was to be thirty miles long and twelve yards in diameter, and would contain a double track. The Strait of Dover is nowhere more than 210 feet deep, and the deepest water over Hawkshaw's tunnel would be 180 feet, so that, as he pointed out, the steeple of St. Nicholas's Cathedral, Newcastle, would stick fifteen feet above the sea if placed at that point. Moreover, he planned to have at least 200 feet of solid chalk always between the sea bed and his tunnel.

Joseph Prestwich, the geologist, proposed driving a deep tunnel through the hard palæozoic rocks 1,000 feet below sea level, and suggested that a submarine coalfield might there be met with and so "the work might prove otherwise remunerative." It would certainly need to be, if Prestwich's expensive scheme were undertaken, and as a matter of fact it is still believed by geologists that coal may exist at a great depth beneath the Channel.

THE first "official" British plans to be submitted to the French authorities were drawn up by William Low in 1867, and his subsequent work in conjunction with Hawkshaw, Brunlees (builder of the Liverpool–Birkenhead tunnel), de Gamond, and others, led to the formation of the Channel Tunnel Company in 1872, with the names of two de Rothschilds on its prospectus. Permission to begin operations was obtained from both Governments, and the Dover–Sangatte tunnel of Hawkshaw and Low was decided upon, the estimated cost being £10,000,000 and the time required ten years.

The important question of ventilation presented some problems, however, since it was proposed to let one steam train through every half-hour, and George Robert Stephenson had calculated that the air in the tunnel would need to be entirely renewed every six trains. In 1867 a scare had been caused by a woman dying in the Metropolitan Railway, and though the doctors were satisfied that she had died from natural causes, the public clung to the idea that she had been suffocated by smoke.

In 1882, Colonel Beaumont, the inventor of the hot air engine, came forward with plans for an astonishing compressed air locomotive which would solve all the ventilation difficulties. It consisted of a number of huge steel cylinders to contain air at a pressure of 1,000 pounds per square inch, and it would haul a train of 150 tons on a single charge. It looked very much like two bundles of gigantic metal sausages on wheels, but the development of the electric motor made the construction of this monster unnecessary.

Excavation on the English side was actually begun in 1881, when three shafts were sunk between Folkestone and Dover. The shaft at Shakespeare Cliff was 164 feet deep, and from its bottom a tunnel seven feet in diameter was being driven at 100 yards per week in 1882. The tunnel was lighted by electricity, and the exhaust from the compressed-air boring machine kept it well ventilated. The natural underground temperature was found to be a steady fifty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

To celebrate the rapid progress of the work, a luncheon was held at the bottom of the shaft, and among the guests were Joseph Chamberlain and several M.P.s, financiers, and famous engineers. Joseph Chamberlain turned hostile to the project, and as president of the Board of Trade he obtained a permanent injunction in 1883 forbidding the work to go on. That injunction is still in force, and the tunnel had to be abandoned after less than a mile had been driven. The French left a similar blind burrow, about 1,000 feet long, at Sangatte.

THE subsequent story of the "Chunnel" is one of protests, speeches, debates, protests, warnings, and more protests. The military objections have long since ceased to carry any weight, for notable Army and Navy chiefs, such as Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Campbell and Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, have always been found ready to speak in its favour. In 1907, Admiral Close said: "This tunnel will, to a certain extent, solve the question of food supply in time of war." Nevertheless, Campbell-Bannerman's Government refused to remove the ban.

Ten years later the question was raised again by Sir Arthur Fell, and the project was also urged in Paris. Marshal Foch declared that the tunnel would have shortened the war of 1914–18 by at least two years, yet Bonar Law and the Cabinet turned it down again "with regrets."

Violent military protests *against* it were also made in 1917—by Germany. Both Admiral von Tirpitz and Vice-Admiral Kirchhoff made speeches declaring that a Channel Tunnel under British control would be a perpetual threat to Germany, and that if it were built the Continental end would either have to be leased to Germany by France or handed over to Belgium—then "destined" to become a puppet-state to Germany.

The French agitated for it again in 1919, and in England a deputation was made to Prime Minister Lloyd George, who asked for a statement on the financial side of the question. The cost was then put at about

The Channel Tunnel

£32,000,000, and the time required five years. This saving in time was to be accomplished by running several connecting tunnels sideways from a pilot tunnel, so that the bulk of the work could be proceeded with at many points simultaneously (*see* diagram on page 16). It would, however, be impossible to employ more than a thousand men at a time on the job. There was an expectancy of about six million passengers and six million tons of freight a year, bringing in a revenue of from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000. But Lloyd George turned it down once more.

IN the House of Commons, in 1920, Brigadier-General Surtees said: "From the military point of view, I can see no objection to this tunnel," but in spite of this and many other such statements from military authorities a Committee of Imperial Defence dismissed the Channel Tunnel scheme after only forty minutes' discussion in 1924.

In 1929 the Government managed to conceive a new sort of military difficulty. In their *Statement of Policy* (1930) they objected to the expense of necessary defence works at the tunnel mouth, putting the cost of maintaining a special garrison and aerodrome at from £1,000,000 to £2,000,000 per annum! The Government, says the statement, were not prepared to face such heavy charges, and saw no reason to change the policy they had pursued for fifty years. A free vote in the House of Commons went against the tunnel by a majority of seven.

The question is now being raised again, and the French, who have always wanted the tunnel, are this time likely to have more influence than heretofore. Most of the objections now raised against it are academical rather than practical, and there is a small but influential party who actually object on the grounds that Providence intended this country to be an island, and that to drive a tunnel would be "asking for trouble."

Professor Boyd Dawkins answered all such questions in a memorable speech in 1882—now apparently forgotten. With regard to our insularity, he thought it time we realised that Providence had also ordained that a layer of grey chalk suitable in every way for boring lay under the Strait, and was even arranged so as to give the best gradient the engineers could desire.

This country did not grow great through fear, he said. *Even if we wished it, we could not shut ourselves off from the rest of the world. To give ourselves a policy of isolation would, in my opinion, be to go back in the scale of progress.*

He also pointed out that even if the major-generals were incapable of guarding the mouth of the tunnel, the admirals could do it from the sea. If necessary, the entire works could be destroyed by a single explosion. And if we lost command of the sea—well, the tunnel would be the least of our worries. It is both easier and more economical to guard a single passage than an open area—as Horatius surely demonstrated when he "kept the bridge in the brave days of old."

END

Desert Sand (*Continued from page 27*)

"Yes, but I can't have my patient worried you know."

"No, no, of course not," he answered perfunctorily.

But when we got there the boy was quite delirious. It was useless to question him. Mayo sat by his side listening intently to the mumble of words. I watched, standing at the foot of the bed. It was obvious a woman occupied much of his mind. A woman with whom he was deeply in love. We could make out "Fifi," "*petite chérie*," "*mignonne*," and a few words like that. Scraps of Arabic came—"*mafish*," "*bass*." He was giving orders. Once he called out something that sounded like "*cataltooma huwa*," and Mayo sat up sharply.

"He's talking of murder," he said.

But we could get nothing sensible out of him, so presently Mayo got up, and together we walked back silently over the soft sand to the mess room under a velvet sky luminous with stars. Each of us was deep in thought. Each was puzzled. Mayo paused at the entrance to the tent and looked in. The colonel and one of the padres sitting at the top table were steadily soaking beer and talking religion. It was their usual nightly orgy. Mayo's eyebrows went up. Four medical officers lower down were playing bridge. He turned to me.

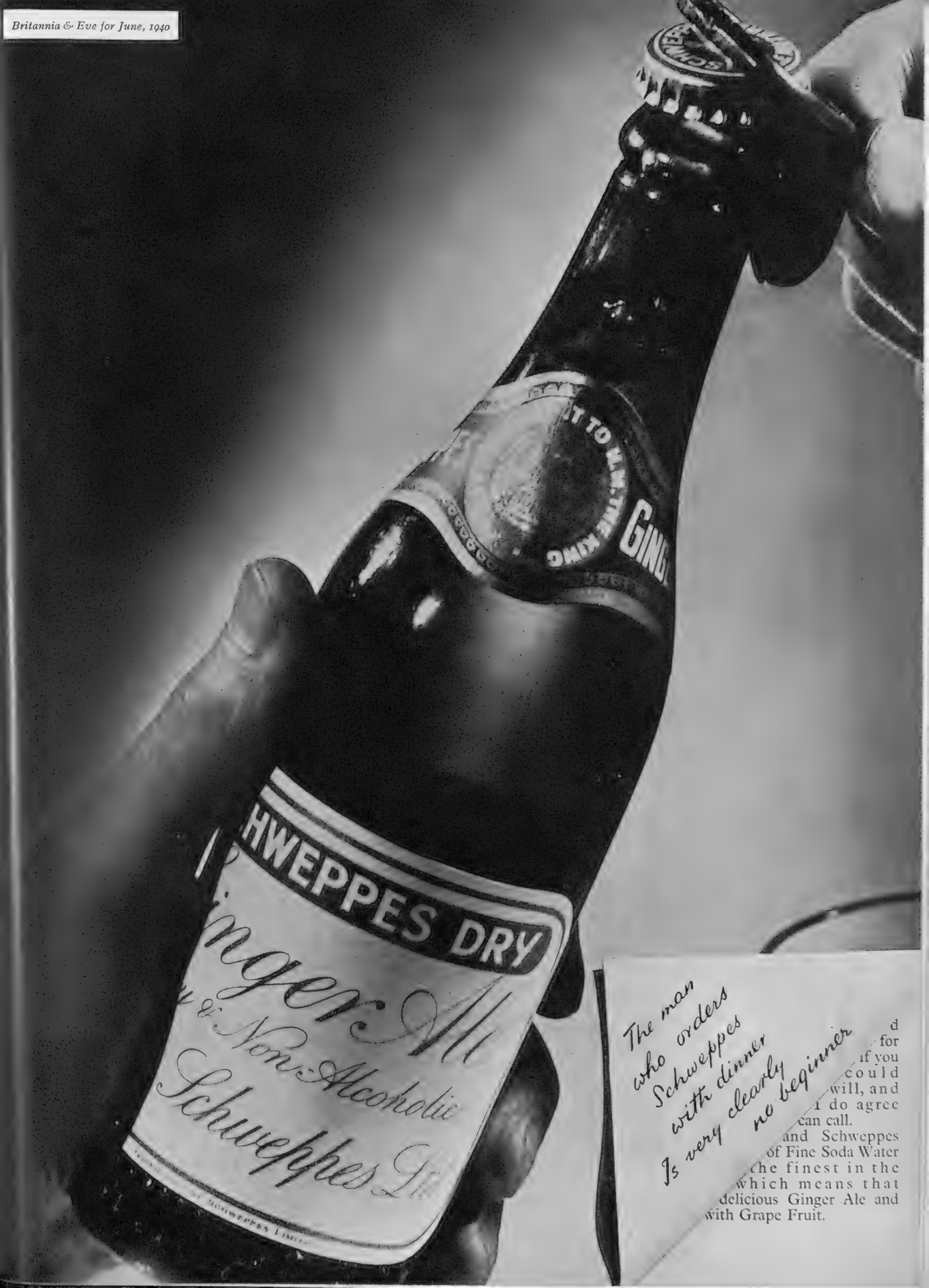
"I think I'll slide off, Harpole, if you don't mind. Make my apologies to the colonel. I want to think. I feel there is something devilish in this case, something we ought to know. If you could only get him sensible for half an hour, so that he can talk."

"I'll try," I said.

I had been injecting him with pilocarpine which seemed to help, for he used to get quite sensible for a few moments and swallow the hot coffee and stimulants we gave him. But obviously we were not doing much good. So in the morning I thought I would try wrapping him up in sheets wrung out in ice water—a treatment used successfully in typhoid fever. His temperature was 105 degrees F. when we wrapped the wet sheet round him. He was babbling incoherently, but presently he began to quieten down.

This was what we had been hoping for. I sent for Mayo.

It was very peaceful in the big square E.P.I.P. tent. (*Continued on page 72*)



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Desert Sand

The light filtered through the roof and walls all around and came in one broad patch of sunlight through the opening in front. Mayo and I sat on camp stools at the foot of the bed, watching. The orderly moved silently in the background.

Presently Anderson stirred and slowly opened his eyes. We both leant forward and he saw us. That brought realisation, and we could see terror coming into his eyes again.

"Can't you stop it for me?" he cried, screwing his eyelids together. "It's too horrible. I can still see with my eyes closed. The awful horror of it, never to be able to close my eyes in sleep. Why did Fifi let him? I thought she loved me."

"Who is Fifi?" said Mayo softly.

"Fifi," he murmured. His face softened wonderfully. "I love you, Fifi."

Then fear came back.

"Why did you let him, Fifi? Oh, my eyes."

I leant over the bed and re-examined the eyes. The pupils had contracted down a little. The whites were absolutely clear. There was nothing the matter that I could see. I was completely puzzled.

"I'm afraid we'll learn nothing more today, Mayo," I said.

THEY called me next morning at daybreak because they said he was sinking. He was lying very still. His temperature was almost normal but his pulse was weak.

"How are you, old son?" I said very slowly and distinctly, leaning over him. He opened his eyes and smiled at me.

"I think I'm going to sleep. I think I can close my eyes now—I think——"

He died an hour later, peacefully like a child asleep. They had closed his eyes when I went to have a look at the body in the mortuary; and it was only out of scientific curiosity that I raised one eyelid. What I saw gave me a shock and made me hurriedly lift the other. Then I rushed to the phone and called up Mayo. He came over at once, and together we stared at the eyes.

"So there was something in his raving after all," he said. "I thought so. I have heard of this before, but I've never seen it."

We knew it was murder now, and Mayo got busy at his end. We found a photo of Fifi on developing some films from Anderson's kit. And thus identified, we put the military police in Cairo on to her track. She was a dancer, but was suspected also to be in the hashish smuggling racket. Ostensibly she also sold trinkets for a dealer in the Muski. That led to her employer, Yusuf.

"He's a known addict. I'm sure he's at the bottom of this business," said Mayo, "but I want evidence. The girl doesn't count. She's simply a lure to get young officers into his shop. What I can't understand is why a reputable merchant in the Muski like Yusuf should want to murder a comparatively unimportant person like Anderson."

"Is he a genuine merchant?" I said.

"Oh, yes. And if it were not for what you and I saw I would think it was just Anderson's delusions."

That was the position of affairs until Bimbashi Matheson of the Egyptian Medical Service came down the line and stopped with us overnight on his way to Cairo on leave.

"By the way, Major," he said to me casually, "I've brought along the kit of a dead officer—a lad called Mason. Could you send it to the E.L.C. depot to-morrow? It would save me waiting until the afternoon train."

"What did he die of?" I said casually.

"Dunno. I labelled it heat stroke. But it wasn't. It was something much more toxic—temperature, delirium. Talked a lot of rubbish about his eyes. Just back from leave too. Hell of a time with the girls in Cairo, I gathered."

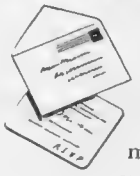
"Talked about his eyes! Didn't say he could see through his lids by any chance?"

Matheson looked at me a little surprised.

"Come to think of it he did say something like that, but I paid no attention."

"Didn't mention a girl named Fifi?"

Points on Entertaining



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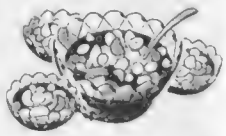

*

For instance, when next you're making jelly, stir in ½ a pint of Red Point Wine with ¼ pint of water and 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. When the jelly is set and chilled, serve with whipped cream. Try fruit salad made nicer by well soaking the finely sliced fruit in Point Wine—White Point and Red Point—and serving iced with more Wine added to taste.

*

For your clear soups add one teaspoonful of Amber Point (British Sherry) to each portion before serving, and as a special savoury cover some trimmed rashers with Red Point Wine, and cook in a casserole till tender. Serve with spinach on toast. You can get Point Brand Wines from your wine merchant at 2/9 a bottle. There are three wines to choose from —*Red Point* (rich ruby wine of Port character): *White Point* (white sweet wine of Port character) and *Amber Point* (a fine quality British Sherry).

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"No. But I think there are some photos of girls in his kit bag."

"I want to see those photos," I said abruptly. "Got the keys?"

He stared at me in a hostile way.

"The keys are in a sealed envelope to go with the kit to the O.C. depot," he answered.

I looked at him.

"Matheson, old son," I said, "this is serious. It is just possible this man of yours was murdered."

"What?" he said incredulously. "Murdered? No damn fear. Why do you say so?"

"Give me a moment," I answered. "I just want to get on to 'Intelligence.'"

All three of us bent eagerly over the kit bag as Matheson rummaged in it for the photos. There were several—all obviously English girls.

"Is that the lot?" said Mayo.

"No, there was one of an Egyptian woman in a modified yashmak, the sort the Cairene wears. Ah, there it is. Pretty girl."

Mayo and I stared at it. It was Fifi.

IT was at the headquarters of the Arab Bureau at Cairo that I first saw Fifi. Colonel Rolfe had sent for Mayo and myself. Not a word about Anderson's death had been said to either of the suspects.

"I rather think the girl knows nothing about the plot," he said to Mayo. "I also think Yusuf has no information either about Anderson's death. I had him arrested for hashish smuggling. It is well known that he deals in the drug; and I have had him questioned before. But we've never had enough evidence to convict him."

The man seemed quite impassive as he sat with fettered hands opposite Rolfe. But the girl looked very frightened. Her eyes flickered over the four of us rapidly as she looked round the bare room, and I felt sorry for her in spite of the fact that I knew she must have helped to hurry two men to their death.

Rolfe was very polite to her. He wanted to put her at her ease. She had been brought into the room after he had finished his examination of Yusuf, and when he found he could get nothing more definite out of him.

There was a blackboard on an easel at one side of the room, well in the light, in front and at right angles to Rolfe's desk. Covering the blackboard was what appeared to be a green linen sheet fastened at the top by four brass-headed drawing pins, but unfastened below. It looked very innocent.

"Ma'm'selle," said Rolfe, "will you please be seated."

Fifi made a little bow to him, and sat down with her hands clasped across her knees. She was dressed in ordinary European clothes.

"I hear," he said, smiling at her, "you have a great number of friends amongst our young officers. They have good taste," he added with a bow, and he smiled again at her.

Fifi smiled, a little relieved. The tension went partly out of her. But Yusuf I thought leant forward a little more.

"Some of these young officers are said to have learnt to smoke hashish whilst in Cairo. Now we do not like that. We don't want to ask you any questions of how they get the hashish, or in whose house you saw them smoking it, but we want to know if you can identify any of these young officers from their photographs," he said smoothly.

"But, *Monsieur le colonel*, I don't know any hashish smokers," she protested.

"Not so fast, Ma'm'selle, not so fast. You know I can deport any of you dancers from Cairo if you prove unhelpful."

It was a threat that meant ruin to the little dancer, and she flinched.

"But yes, *Monsieur le colonel*," she faltered.

Rolfe turned to his orderly and said sharply:

"Jones, lift the cover."

The orderly did so, and four photographs of officers were seen to be pinned to a second sheet thus uncovered. Fifi gazed at them. Yusuf leant forward too, and then smiled faintly. A look (*Continued on page 74*)

A MEDICAL BASIS FOR YOUR BEAUTY THIS SUMMER

Don't be a chrysalis about beauty! Wake up! Don't you know that to-day calls for an absolutely new outlook on beauty problems? Now these summer months hold a very interesting beauty opportunity for you, if you are wise enough to take it.

Who's attractive *NOW*?

Most young women are instinctively trying to achieve a new kind of make-up—something more natural. This tendency has been going on ever since the war began, and now that it's summer, it is more noticeable than ever. What does this mean? It means that women with a lovely skin are going to be the attractive ones now.

So concentrate on getting your skin pure and smooth — wonderfully easy if you go about it in the new way. Prescribe for your skin what doctors have prescribed since the beginnings of medical science — gentle and soothing CALAMINE.

Beauty Calamine is *Lacto-Calamine*

Calamine is the safest and gentlest possible substance for use on the skin, as your own doctor would tell you. It is constantly used by the medical profession for clearing up minor skin blemishes and generally purifying the complexion.

In Lacto-Calamine, the Calamine particles have been reduced to a state of *ultra*microscopic fineness which gives it a texture attained by few beauty preparations to-day. It is equally effective on both dry and greasy skins. Afterwards combined with nourishing, emollient milk of almonds and soothing witch hazel, Lacto-Calamine is delicately soft and creamy, in a skilfully blending skin tone. *Lacto-Calamine also contains the important skin Vitamin A.*

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Let Lacto-Calamine look after your skin beauty day and night. Use it as a powder base, clinging and absolutely non-greasy (some consider it unnecessary to powder over its lovely matt bloom). And last thing every night, smooth in its gentle milkiness.

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BY A DOCTOR

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of profound relief came over Fifi's face.

"Well, Ma'm'selle, can you identify any of these?"

"But no, *Monsieur le colonel*," she said.

And we knew she spoke the truth, for the photographs were of no one she had ever seen. They were taken from a mess group in France.

"Thank you, Ma'm'selle," he said smoothly. "And now will you look at the next group. Uncover, Jones."

The orderly lifted the sheet with the officers' photographs and turned it over the top of the easel, thus uncovering four more photographs, this time fastened by drawing pins to the blackboard itself. The photographs stood exposed to the direct light, and we all stared at Fifi.

She took one look at them, stared closer, her eyes dilated. She turned ghastly pale. Then suddenly she swung round and stared at Yusuf. The action drew all our eyes with her, and we saw that his face was distorted with a malignant joy. She pointed her hands at him.

"Murderer," she gasped, and then fell to the floor in a huddled mass.

It was a horrible, painful scene, carefully led up to, but necessary, for it told us all we wanted to know. The photographs were those I had taken of the face of the dead man one hour, three hours, twelve hours and twenty-four hours after death. In the first photograph there was a little black speck on the white of each eye on the inner side. In the second each speck had increased to a pin head. In the third each was a circular spot as big as a split pea, and in the fourth the inner half of the whites of both eyes was black.

They looked horrible. But they proved the truth of Anderson's fantastic statements. Yusuf was a murderer, and the reason for the murder was that the man Anderson had captured in the date grove was Yusuf's brother. The first E.L.C. officer, Mason, had been poisoned in error. It was a case of mistaken identity. The murder had gone unsuspected, and the unfortunate man's ravings about his eyes had been put down to delirium. If Anderson had not been drinking heavily he too would have got up the line before the drug worked, and the second murder also would have been hidden in the sands of Sinai.

Fifi was an innocent accessory. Her behaviour when the truth was forced upon her showed it. In a way she had loved Anderson.

Yusuf Ibn Adham smiled quietly as he walked to the scaffold in the citadel. It was the will of Allah that he should have had his revenge and that he should pay for it with his own life. He was content.

As he stood on the platform in the early morning light, the voice of the *muezzin* came in melancholy sing-song from the minaret of the morgue of Suteman nearby.

"*La ilaha illallah Mohameden rascil Allah.*"

And as the voice ceased Yusuf died.

END

CVS—177

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the Readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is: (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

The Umbrella Birds

(*Continued from page 9*)

whole scene; each boat, each wave stood out in detail in the white glare. Then the red-hot aircraft with its tail of sparks and smoke crashed into the sea, raising a sizzling pillar of water and steam. The darkness was blacker than before.

"God help him—he's got it," the flight sergeant gasped, swaying with excitement. The roar of engines was now overhead.

"The bomber, wasn't it?" Jane was shouting between chattering teeth.

"Both! Both! Hope our pilot's jumped clear. Ah, here he comes!" cried the N.C.O. exultantly.

The silvered cone of a parachute swung through the racing clouds. The great bell was aslant, and dragged its burden across the wave crests before it collapsed like a pricked balloon. A motor boat roared across and dimly they saw a man heaved aboard.

Was that Jimmie they'd picked up? Jane's eyes strained to see. A shout jerked her attention upwards again.

The scudding clouds were alight for miles to the eastward; they raced across, their fringes golden against the black sky. Simultaneously six great fire balls burst through the clouds. Those in the boat sat awestruck; the diving lights shone on three or four dull, tangled masses of metal and fabric; for not all the riven aircraft were blazing infernos. They hurtled, twisting, downwards; masses of red-hot metal to be swallowed, hissing, by the water. Explosions tossed mountains of sea upwards; pitched the waiting motor boats. Masses of glowing wreckage tossed on the waves, belching forth leaning towers of black smoke.

"Bombs exploded on impact," announced the flight sergeant. "Now stand by for our crowd."

The still burning aircraft lighted the scene fitfully; the tossing boats with their crews of watching men; green-faced men, ghost-like, fantastically unreal.

Suddenly a dozen parachutes burst through the clouds together, each aswing with its tiny dangling atom of humanity.

"Enter the 'Umbrella Squadron,'" shouted the flight sergeant exultantly. He roared an order and the motor boat jumped, skidding and thudding, into the swell. The other boats fanned out around them, each intent on its rescue. The man they raced towards struck the surface and his parachute crumpled. They cut a great curve through the water to him. He splashed arm over arm, drawing in the parachute ropes. They dragged aboard the gleaming thing that might have been a strange marine monster but for the white shining face.

"I got mine," he spluttered. "How many down?"

"Lost count, sir," replied the flight sergeant.

"Someone's upstairs still," said the pilot, his teeth chattering. "Listen—sounds like two."

The roar of an aeroplane engine drew nearer; it sounded just above. The machine burst through the clouds and swung on the boats like a giant hawk, the wind screaming through its tendons.

"Look out! It's one of theirs!" shouted the pilot. "Man the gun."

The maniacal stutter of a machine gun came from above; the entering edge of the diving plane spurted a dozen jets of fire. The bullets sprayed round the boats raising tiny fountains as they "plobbed" into the sea.

The men in the boats swung their guns frantically, but the great bird was so near, it rose and dived with speed, that it was not possible to get their sights on the target.

"He'll get some of ours, blast him," growled the flight sergeant.

A shout forward drew their attention to another aeroplane that skimmed along near the surface. It was a screaming black projectile; a hurling engine with but a couple of fins for wings.

"It's ours!" someone shouted.

The tiny craft (*Continued on page 76*)

"SHE'S *pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with,*
And pleasant too to think on" Sir John Suckling

SUNNY days, with singing birds and flowers and your man back on leave, are a call to you to be at your happy best. The Yardley Lavender gives that little extra touch of charm and refinement so pleasant to yourself, so delightful to your companion.

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"These busy days I'm doubly thankful that I know this simple way to keep skin smooth" *says*

LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY

Analysis of

LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY'S **features**

(**1**) *Shape of Face:* Round, with a slightly pointed chin and broad, smooth brow.

(**2**) *Eyes:* Large, almond-shaped, deep blue in colour—the skin round them strikingly smooth and supple.

(**3**) *Nose:* Straight and charmingly formed, the skin very white and free from blackheads and coarse pores.

(**4**) *Mouth:* Not large but generously curved, with an attractively short upper lip.

(**5**) *Chin:* Clean-cut and short, with delicate, unblemished ivory skin.

(**6**) *Hair:* Sleek, brown, with golden lights, worn in a long "bob."

Like so many lovely young Society women, Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley knows the necessity for regular complexion care—yet has little time to spend on it these days. "That is why I like Pond's Creams so *very* much," she says. "They keep my skin marvellously smooth and yet are so quick and easy to use!"

They can do as much for *your* complexion! Used regularly, Pond's Creams will keep your skin free from roughness, blemishes or sallowness—all those faults that destroy charm! For Pond's Creams fulfil *all* your skin's needs! They cleanse and lubricate it, they protect and stimulate it. Almost the first time you use them you can see the difference in your skin! Little by little it becomes softer, smoother, finer; coarse pores close; tiny lines and wrinkles are smoothed away.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin. If it is dry and parched from exposure to the wind, use Pond's Cold Cream as a lubricant as well. Every morning use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects your skin and forms a smooth, even foundation over which your powder will go on smoothly and cling for hours. Pond's Creams are sold in handy tubes as well as in the usual jars.

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POND'S CREAMS

★

The Umbrella Birds

zoomed upwards with an ear-splitting roar after the bomber. For a second it seemed nearly vertical, so steep was its climb. The watchers caught their breath. It did not swerve a fraction, it aimed straight for the belly of the bomber. It cut into it with a horrid tearing crash.

And no parachute fell from that collision. For a second the mass hung in the air—cracking, spluttering; then it fell plumb downwards into the sea.

"My god—suicide!" murmured the pilot.

"Too low to jump," said someone. "Dead—but what a death!"

"Find out if Mr. Martin has been picked up." It was Jane Vanleigh's voice and her face stood clear of her oilskins.

"It's a girl," the flight sergeant gasped. The rescued pilot swung round.

"Here—how did you get here?" he asked.

"I came with the message to the boats. Peter Stanny crashed his car outside our house—the Tower. But find out if Jimmy Martin is all right."

"Rummy show this," growled the pilot. "But give them a shout, flight sergeant. Aren't you Jane Vanleigh?"

"Yes—I told you," she replied impatiently, for she was listening to the replies from the surface craft that now searched the black masses of twisted steel for survivors.

Mr. Martin's in 440, miss," said the flight sergeant.

"Can you get 440 alongside?" Jane asked. "Mr. Martin is a friend of mine and—he doesn't know I'm here."

"I should say so," said the pilot. "You've got yourself properly in the thick of it, you have. God knows what—anyway we got the blighters—wonder who did the last show——"

"The lady gave us the order for the rendezvous," the flight sergeant explained. "*And* she came down the cliff by parachute, sir."

"What! Why—what the deuce happened?"

Jane's eyes were held by the approaching boat—No. 440.

"I've explained all about it," she said impatiently. "Peter crashed our car outside our house. He was concussed but he told me where the boats had got to rendezvous with the trawler. By then there wasn't time to get round by the cliff road so I 'pulled off' from the roof and floated down to the cove. I'm a pilot—member of the flying club here. There's nothing to make a fuss about. Don't blame the flight sergeant, he didn't know I—I was a girl."

"Blame the flight sergeant! Gosh—you saved the whole lot of us!" There was a hushed respect in his voice.

But Jane didn't hear, she was smiling into the eyes of a wet and dazed Jimmy who leaned from a boat alongside.

Jimmy came aboard. His language was bombastically aviatic at first, as befitted one in his situation. Then he saw the white face framed by oilskins.

"Jane! Blazing—Gosh—my dear, what are you doing here?"

The pilot and the flight sergeant sat pretending not to hear; but they were considerate fellows and soon found that the proper conduct of the boat required their presence forward.

And so Jane "explained" again but this time she wasn't impatient, albeit it must be admitted she was interrupted.

"Darling it was great, but——"

"Now—no 'buts' from you, Jimmy."

"It's only that you're so precious to me," he whispered.

Jane's eyes replied for her.

"And Caroline is still at the Rectory fixing up about the car park," she said later. "Peter is in a chair at the Tower—I hope he's all right."

Jimmy held her hand under the oilskins.

"And Jane is a darling—and a complete 'Umbrella Bird,'" he whispered.

Jane smiled tremulously; the boat skidded outwards on a turn, but she felt very safe somehow.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 34)

the Polish Army marching into Teschen, October, 1938; in some ten European countries during the "closing weeks of synthetic peace."

In his own words, it is "one man's story of what transpired behind the scenes—in chancelleries, army headquarters, cities and trenches—while history was in the making, as glimpsed by a journalist who travelled more than 120,000 miles in four years' recording, for a great London newspaper, the gathering storm."

Mr. Tiltman believes that the Great War of Aggression opened on the night of September 18, 1931, when a bomb exploded on the South Manchurian Railway outside Mukden and the Japanese Army began its bid for the hegemony of Eastern Asia by carving half a million square miles of Manchuria from China.

This rape was the signal for a world-wide *putsch* against the 1918 *status quo* in which "a paranoiac former Austrian house-painter, a former Italian Communist, a divinely descended Emperor, and, later in the proceedings, a former Tiflis bank robber named Stalin, banded together in a strange and unholy alliance to wage a new sort of war against their neighbours for the domination of three, and maybe four, continents."

It is a wholesale challenge of might over right which will be settled only by "the uprooting, for all time, of the doctrine that . . . any aggression, any lie, any barbarity, any torture, is justified if it happens to strengthen some government established and maintained by force," and by killing for ever the lie that there exist first, second and third class nations, of which the first only have any right to exist.

The book, however, is not mainly an exposition, but an eye-witness drama as exciting as any adventure novel.

TESTIMONY of a complementary kind is "In Place of Splendour," the autobiography of a Spanish woman, Constancia de la Mora (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). Daughter of a rich father, granddaughter of Prime Minister Antonio Maura, she became a staunch Republican sympathiser, married—after a civil divorce from her first husband—de Cisneros, chief of the Republican Air Force in the Civil War, helped to succour homeless children, and directed the Foreign Press Bureau until the end of that tragic struggle.

Her story is that of a warm-hearted, sensitive woman to whom fate has not been kind. When she obtained her divorce, she was denied the custody of her child on the ground that she was working and could not care for it properly, although she had both nurse and maid. She went through terrible ordeals in bombed, beleaguered Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia; saw her courageous airman husband fighting three dictators against impossible odds with a ridiculously inadequate air force; gave everything to a losing cause and served it defiantly up to the moment of defeat.

The difficulties he had to overcome, while Italian and German bombers roared overhead, were implicit in his admission to her: "I had a long talk with Prieto to-night and begged him to let me remove the officers from the air force whom I am unsure of. But he says he cannot allow me to do so until I provide absolute proof which would hold in a court of law! And, of course, I'll only get that proof when they betray us!"

Politically, the *señora* is fervently biased and one-sided; so would I be, in her shoes, with her heart. But she has written an inside book to stir all women and place beside Mr. Henry Buckley's "Life and Death of the Spanish Republic."

SIXTY years ago, when the first princess of the blood royal married a commoner since the days of Henry V, the popular catch-phrase was "The Maiden All For Lorne," and even a "Love Lorne" perfume was advertised. There is much about that romantic match in (*Continued on page* 78)

"But you used to love walking!..."

"Nowadays you're worn out after the first half hour. Perhaps it's your shoes? Why don't you change to Norvic! My sister's a different girl since she took to wearing them. They're so comfortable she says — and good-looking too . . . and then, they're designed on the famous principle of Braced Foot Fit — I should know because I wear Braced Foot Norvic myself. Besides, you'll save shillings on your yearly shoe bill. Give them a trial! You won't be sorry. . . ."

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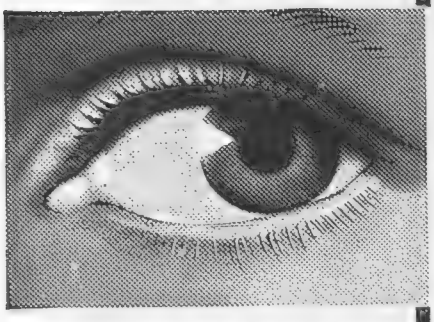

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Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

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Mr. David Duff's "The Life Story of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll" (Stanley Paul, 21s.).

Queen Victoria approved it in italics: "I wish to say," she wrote Dearest Bertie, Prince of Wales, "that Louise is most *decided* in her wish to *settle* in her own country. . . ." Had she not frowned on an earlier suggestion that Louise should marry that Paris boulevardier, William Prince of Orange, because—*vide* Sir George Arthur—anything associated with the Paris boulevards "savoured of Beelzebub"?

The gifted Marquis of Lorne was different. As Mr. Duff says of their meeting at Balmoral in 1870: "Princess of England and young Scottish nobleman walked together over the hills. . . . A young Lochinvar came out of the West and a great love was born." Well, that's how it was; and a handsome pair they made.

Disraeli dipped his pen in treacle to write Her Majesty "sincere congratulations on an event which will consolidate the happiness of your hearth. There is no greater risk, perhaps, than matrimony; but there is nothing happier than a happy marriage. Though Your Majesty must at first inevitably feel the absence of the princess from the accustomed scene," etc.

Lady Amberley's mother dipped hers in weak vinegar: "We don't rejoice as much as you do in Lorne's marriage . . . I think that for the comfort and well-being of society, it's better for Royalty to 'keep itself *to* itself' as servants say to one another when they mean the highest praise—probably it's not best for the poor Royalty—but that seems to lead to the conclusion that Royalty's a bad thing! from which awful conclusion I shrink with horror . . . Bertha Hamilton has married beneath her" (the Marquis of Blandford) "& so has the lady who ran off t'other day with her coachman. What if Frank were to marry a virtuous housemaid . . . ?"

Happy days they must have been when such things were primary excitements and storms mostly in teacups. Mr. Duff focuses them through a gracious life decked with anecdote, to wit: The frugal princess, out driving, saw an acquaintance, stopped the carriage, asked her to come back to dinner at Kensington Palace. The friend protested that she could not do so in present clothes. "That's all right," said the princess, "I am only having an egg."

She once said of her Inverary Castle home: "How would you like it if the kitchen was quarter of a mile from the dining-room and the soup was always cold?"

STORMS were not merely in teacups for Marie Antoinette, of whom Charles de Ligne said: "I have never known her know one wholly happy day." Only a rare style and approach can make us read yet another chronicle of that fateful queen, and M. Charles Kunstler in "The Personal Life of Marie Antoinette," translated from the French by Miss Margot Robert Adamson (Bell, 15s.), has both.

Only? Yet maybe we shall never tire of that fantastic Trianon where "with the coming of the fine days she frequently stayed . . . living there in forgetfulness of the grandeurs of royalty; walking hither and thither, a switch in her hands, in a simple dress of white linen, a net fichu and a straw hat like a shepherdess."

All the trappings of that gay and tragic charade are here, marshalled with Gallic sympathy. So we read and re-read, thankful at least to know that there is one question which can never burst from the learned English Bench: "Who *was* Marie Antoinette?"

A COCKTAIL-BAR prelude to the fiction feast this month is a collection by that neat, crisp, wilful teller of tales, Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield. The title-yarn of "The God With Four Arms and Other Stories" (Arthur Barker, 7s. 6d.) typifies his originality.

A man, in a temper, breaks two arms off a four-armed bronze Indra god—and his own, miraculously, are duplicated: "He clutched at the lamp-post to steady himself, and . . .

"I REDUCED SIX INCHES IN 3 WEEKS"

says Mrs. M. of Catford and she adds: "Contrary to my expectations the corset and brassière supplied by you HAVE THE REDUCING EFFECT YOU CLAIM FOR THEM. Had I not been so sceptical I should have ordered a smaller size at first. Send me a new corset, Waist 25, Hips 38, and a Brassière, Bust 34."

Note—Mrs. M.'s former measurements were Waist 31, Hips 43, Bust 40.

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Up to 32-in. waist	15/11	25/11	33/11
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Just as Good?

If there were anything "just as good" as KIA-ORA, you would have found it by now. But there isn't.

saw not two hands, but four." The extra arms begin to act independently of his will, and when one takes unto itself a knife . . . !

Whenever I see "arsenical weed killer" in a murder story, I feel like administering a large dose to its author. In "Very Comfortable," however, Mr. Bousfield does well even with this stage property. It is a story of a man who gets away with forgery because a rival, conveniently, has murdered the victim. But I do not like his postscript in which the forger-narrator implies that he was only yarning. We like our fictional murders to be real ones, not fake.

"Murder Made Easy" is Mr. Bousfield's idea of the police-proof crime: poison administered in a black currant lozenge when your victim has a nasty cough and you meet him in the street and say casually: "Do try one."

I call him wilful because he is an experimentalist in plot and will try anything—once. And skip gaily on to something as different as could be in subject and treatment. Part of his charm is that he doesn't expect you to take him seriously.

Miss Georgette Heyer does, and rightly, in her four-hundred-page romance of the Peninsular War, "The Spanish Bride" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.). It is based on the true love-story of Sir Harry Smith and his fourteen-year-old bride, Dona Juana, whom he married at a drum altar in camp after the storming of Badajoz and took with him on the campaign.

Miss Heyer's vivid war canvas indicates that wars change little in essentials. At the Badajoz siege the look-out man shouts "*Bomba!*" or "*Balla!*" to warn his comrades of "what's coming over": which reminds one of the fellow in the last war who clinched each burst with, "That's a five-nine!" and so on. "What's *that?*" he was asked when a particularly nasty one crumped. "Now they're chucking the ruddy gun at us," he replied.

The gallant Sir Harry's odyssey takes him from the Peninsula to America and Regency London, where there is a passionate reunion:

"*Mi Enrique, mi esposo!*" Juana sobbed, arms locked round Harry's neck.

"*Alma mia de mi corazón!*"

"Ah!" said the coal-heaver, shaking a waggish head. "Free of her lips, free of her hips!"

A rattling, colourful historical yarn of the days when wars were presumably made by men and not neurotic sex-freaks with the mentality of sadistic eunuchs. . . .

THE absentee father who quitted, and the complications that arise when a daughter meets him at a party after many years, make the drama of Miss Margaret Ferguson's "Early Frost" (Robert Hale, 8s. 3d.). The wife who divorced him and brought up two daughters and a son in her own name is an actress who cheerfully accepts Mrs. "Pat" Campbell's type of ordeal on tour: "Landladies had gaped at Loraine open-mouthed when she arrived in a seedy cab, complete with three children, a 'governess' and numerous very domestic-looking bundles and baskets."

As Jill remarks one day, "Doesn't it seem queer that somewhere in the world there is a completely strange man that we're—we're part of?" The accidental meeting leads to a happy outcome—with reservations, for the returned absentee has no illusions about the woman he outgrew. "But I've learnt that at my age a man needs belongings, even if one of them has to be something that bores me occasionally. . . . I gave those three Loraine as a mother, and I suppose it's up to me to relieve them of her now that they want to live lives of their own. . . ."

Miss Heyer touches deftly a problem significant in many homes to-day. But may I, please, dispute: "Actresses went about looking for playwrights with the eyes of starving women searching the stark fields for fallen husks of corn," and suggest that the reverse would be nearer the mark?

Have the du Maurier romancers inherited a liking for the mystical and uncanny from their grandfather of "The Martian," "Trilby," and "Peter Ibbetson" fame? You find it in Daphne; it is in (*Continued on page* 80)

. . . *their secret of loveliness!*

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☆ VIRGINIA GREY
☆ RUTH HUSSEY

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Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Grey ☐	BROWNETTE
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	Dark ☐	
SKIN	AGE	If hair is Grey, check type above and here ☐
Dry ☐	Over 35 ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Under 35 ☐	

3 VICTORY COLOURS for your nails

Three new Peggy Sage nail-polish shades —all warranted to give you an assurance of victory—shades to give you a 'lift', a tonic, an escape from it all — shades to raise your morale to victory pitch:

WHIMSY *a faint and delicate colour, like the opening buds of apple blossom. Use it when you're in that 'too-busy-to-match-my-colours' phase. It goes well with everything.*

SPRING FEVER *is exciting as the first pulse of Spring. It's lovely with pale blue, with wines and magentas.*

HOT PINK — *a bright, sun-warmed red that will make Summer seem closer. It's grand with yellows, browns, mustard greens and white.*

These new colours wear like all Peggy Sage polishes — chip, peel and flake-proof through all the hazards of war-time.

Peggy Sage

Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist

SALONS:
LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
(at corner of Grosvenor Street)
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 0396
PARIS: 7 PLACE VENDOME
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET

Books

Miss Angela du Maurier's second novel, "The Spinning Wheel" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 3d.).

Her beautiful Irish débutante red-bob, Mary, dances in gay old Vienna to Strauss at lilac time, falls in love, marries, is left lonely by death, marries again a German professor whom the Nazi menace drives to suicide.

Then, when she is nearing fifty, enter the mystical young artist who not only claims to reincarnate her first husband, but bears the same unusual name, Sirion. The portrait he paints of her resurrects her as she was at nineteen, in the dress she wore when she sat to an Austrian painter thirty years ago. He had never seen that portrait; nor the Hebrides setting of that first love, though he already knew it. "Together, always," they whisper at the end when a U-boat has sunk their boat and left them to drown.

So here is romance with a speculative idea to give it spiritual significance: better in conception than treatment, but sufficiently well written to hold one.

A PAMPHLETEER of the quill-slashing days of Queen Anne and George I is an unconventional choice for hero, but Miss Jane Lane makes good copy of him and his love in "You Can't Run Away" (Methuen, 8s. 6d.). An idealist in the contentious London of Swift, Hogarth and Defoe, Charles Campion wages an inky fight to restore the Stuarts driven out by the Revolution of 1688, and is idolised by society and the Jacobite faction.

A turn in political fortune tempts him to change direction to keep the fame he has won, but—as the girl who has loved him from childhood tells him: "You can't run away," and blood redeems ink on the field of Culloden. This ranks with Miss Heyer's as a sound, satisfying historical novel.

AMERICAN back-stage thrills of the "Broadway" play kind move at quickfire pace through Mr. Robert Reeves's "Dead and Done For" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.). Gangster Tony Moro, big-shot wise guy, prepared himself with a nice alibi for bumping off an enemy, but his plans were upset because someone else had got his victim first. His friend and mouthpiece, Cellini Smith, worked to get him off, and clues led behind the scenes of a show to another murder. An ingenious thriller, this, with shrill Broadway girls for sex interest and tough-guy dialogue. Those U.S. crimesters continue to excel at this kind of thing, despite cash and carry and Mr. Cheyney's home-grown Lemmy Caution.

Summer Sense

(Continued from page 41)

to the famous sulphonomide group of drugs which kill both staphylococcal and streptococcal infections. That is, they kill everything, but you go slow with them.

Underfeed for your first two days on holiday. Your body is adjusting itself to new air, especially if you have gone for a sea change. If you go in for hearty meals you will give it too much to do and have indigestion. So the body-toning which should set in with your change will be late in starting.

Oil of citronella will keep off gnat bites, also mosquitoes. A little black speck can be seen in the case of a bee sting and has to be squeezed out before the swelling will subside. Then pile on bicarbonate of soda in a mound and try and fix it with a bandage. The same applies for a wasp sting which has no black speck. Bicarbonate is a better neutralising agent than either ammonia or blue-bag, which are alternatives.

It is also the very best thing to give as a drink—one teaspoonful to a glass of warm water—in cases of ptomaine poisoning.

There are five indispensable aids to pack in the holiday bag.

Oil of cloves—a wisp of wool twisted on the end of an orange-wood stick soaked in this and jabbed into a broken tooth will stop pain—bicarbonate of soda, boracic acid, acriflavine for cuts and sun-burn, or burns, analgæsic balm for bruises.

Spotlight on Charm
Your personal charm is one of your greatest assets. Why let your smile be marred by dull, discoloured teeth? KOLYNOS, the protective, cleansing and refreshing tooth paste will quickly make them white and attractive. So cultivate the twice-a-day KOLYNOS habit which dentists recommend.
Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/9, 1/- & 6d.
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

You can STILL snap THEM!

War or no war, you can still take those delightful snaps that will mean so much in years to come—so long as you do not infringe the Govt. Order against taking ships, aircraft, or other scenes or objects of naval or military importance. *But* for best results, be sure to have your pictures developed and printed (at standard prices) by Will R. Rose Ltd.. the finest photographic experts in the country. **Magna Prints (regd.)** bring out the details in small negatives. V.P.K. and No. 2 Brownie size printed 4½" x 3¼".

Send your developing and printing to

WILL R. ROSE Ltd

(Dept. G)
23 Bridge Street Row, Chester
133 & 134 High Street, Oxford
25 The Promenade, Cheltenham

Surplus

(*Continued from page* 32)

medicated shampoo. All signs of the dandruff should be gone. If not, repeat the four-night treatment again the following week.

Moles, Warts. There is only one thing to do about these—remove them immediately. There is a preparation that will remove any warts and is perfectly harmless if used according to directions. It will also remove little moles, but if you are in any hesitation in regard to the safety of treating your particular mole with it, take yourself to one of London's most reliable salons where such treatments are a speciality. The cost is not small but the treatment is permanently effective.

Red Veins. These can be very difficult—try an anti-red vein lotion, in conjunction with an instantly absorbed nutritive cream. Never massage, press or roughly handle the cheeks or places where the veins appear. Use a very protective foundation under your powder so that changes of temperature cannot so easily affect your skin. Use a soothing herbal cleansing cream at night. If this treatment and the lotion do not remove or lessen the veins, you will have to visit a London salon and have them removed professionally with a clever diathermic salon treatment.

END

Wanted

(*Continued from page* 33)

Comfortable Feet. If your feet are forgotten, you can spend hours and pounds on your face without much result. Tired feet, aching feet will send their envoys up into your face to ask for attention, and their visiting card will be lines and pallor and more lines. Soak your feet in hot olive oil at least once a week. Visit a really good chiropodist for advice if you do not know what is the matter with your feet, or if there are misplaced bones, bad corns. Callouses can become painful—treatment must be regular massage with a special balm. Corns respond to a herbal lotion, bunions need olive oil massage and a herbal lotion, too.

Hair. Never forget that hair needs nutriment just as much as your skin. Saturate your hair and scalp with hot olive oil on pre-shampoo nights. If you have your hair shampooed and set at a salon, get them to give you a hot oil shampoo at least once every six weeks. Massage the scalp to stimulate it, brush your hair well and regularly. If your hair is prematurely greying, use a tonic lotion that will improve this condition. If your hair is thinning, use a stimulating nettle tonic treatment.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 39)

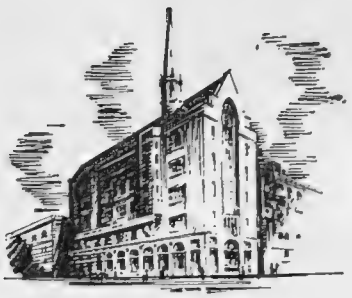
On Duty

have discovered that if I can open my eyes with an eye bath filled with Optrex the day is much easier to face. A special nose cream makes the powder cling to your nose through thick and thin and a light foundation lotion seems to be the most practical for the rest of one's face.

Some time ago I had some face powder specially mixed for me by Charles of the Ritz and this has proved particularly useful on duty. Lipstick worn off duty has to be washed off with soap and water or the traces of it can still be seen when you go on duty.

After soap and water washing you simply have to use lip pomade if you do not use lipstick in order to prevent your lips from cracking. Nobody will discover that you are wearing rouge if you choose a very pale shade and a particularly good one for this purpose is Bourjois Rose Nacre.

WHAT we ever did before Kleenex was invented I cannot imagine. Three great blessings for women (*Continued on page* 82)

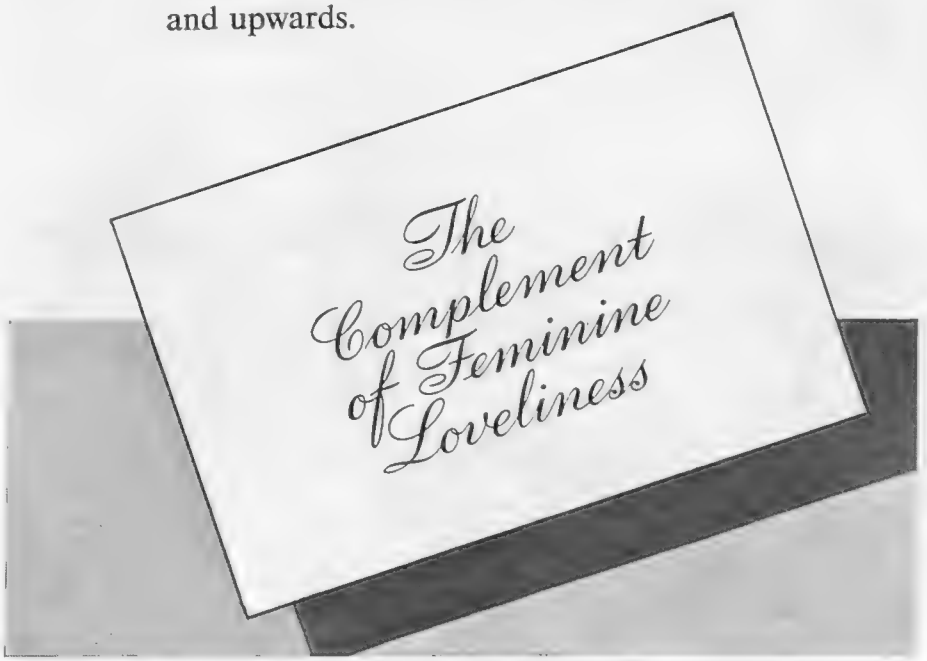


ATKINSONS

GOLD MEDAL

Eau de Cologne

To those who have always thought a good Eau de Cologne must be 'foreign' it comes as a delightful surprise to discover ATKINSONS. . . . Atkinsons exquisite Eau de Cologne has been made in England for over 100 years. Its superiority lies in the quality of the ingredients selected and the skill with which they have been blended. The result is a high quality Eau de Cologne that has made Atkinsons the choice of four generations of discriminating men and women. 1/9, 3/-, 5/6, 9/- and upwards.



AEC 106-672-100

Buy an extra bedcover and have curtains to match.

. . so we bought a new bedcover

Something really had to be done to brighten up the bedroom, so we bought a VANTONA "Court" Bedcover—and what a difference it made to the room! It's now so bright and cheerful, and, by the way, these "Court" Bedcovers *do* really wash and wear well, without creasing. *For free booklet, showing selection of latest designs at prices from* 14/9 *to* 75/- *send to Publicity Dept., Vantona House, Manchester* 1.

The following are among the many fashionable stores who regularly feature VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers: LONDON *Bowman Bros. Ltd. Marshall & Snelgrove.* BOURNEMOUTH *Brights of Bournemouth.* BRISTOL *Brights of Bristol.* CAMBRIDGE *W. Eaden Lilley & Co. Ltd.* HEREFORD *Greenlands Ltd.* LEICESTER *Joseph Johnson & Co. Ltd.* MANCHESTER *Waring & Gillow* (1932) *Ltd.*

Down quilts are now worn *under* the bedcover. VANTONA Utility Comforter (50s. and 3 gns.) supplies the need.

Ask your retailer to show you also VANTONA Blansheets, VANTONA Woven Bedspreads, VANTONA Morning Joy Towels, VANTONA Waffle Bath Mats, Pram Rugs, and other VANTONA household textiles.

VANTONA *Court* SERIES BEDCOVERS

Issued by Vantona Textiles Ltd., Manchester

MAKE THIS DELICIOUS NOURISHING SWEET WITH

CHIVERS JELLIES

Economy Recipe No. 1

LEMON WHIP

1 pint packet Chivers' Lemon Jelly. ½ breakfast cup stale white breadcrumbs. 1 teaspoonful lemon juice.

Make up the Jelly as directed on the packet and place a small layer in the bottom of individual moulds. Whisk the remainder when cool, adding the lemon juice and breadcrumbs when thoroughly whisked. Fill the moulds with this mixture and when set turn out and decorate with plain chopped jelly, if required.

NO SUGAR REQUIRED NUTRITIOUS, ECONOMICAL

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

On Duty—and Off

in uniform are Kleenex, which is absolutely indispensable when you are putting on your make-up or when you are taking it off, Matthews' Fullers Earth Cream which will soothe the roughest and reddest hands in one night always providing you wear gloves, and "Glovlies," which are those perforated mittens to wear at night. Matthews' Fullers Earth Cream is very thick but you can thin it down by massaging in a little ordinary cold cream at the same time as you are massaging your hands with the Fullers Earth Cream. Wear the "Glovlies" on top and your hands will be ready for any amount of rough work next day.

Off Duty

There are various shampoos and rinses made specially for white hair. The Duart Hair Rinse comes in twelve shades. One is for white or grey hair. Camilatone Tonrinz, which is used after the shampoo, can be bought for grey or white hair with blue rinse, and comes in a silver packet.

Lovalon is sold in twelve shades and one of them is platinum for white or grey hair. Lovalon itself is just a light coating on the hair which will not stain, rub off or discolour the scalp. It washes off when soap is applied and does not affect the hair for permanent waving.

THERE was a time when it looked as if good French perfume was going to be very hard to come by, and this would have been a real pity, because good scent is particularly useful as a mental tonic in wartime. I felt as if Marshall and Snelgrove had made me a charming present when they wrote to tell me that they have in a good stock of Guerlain scents. The newest, and by far the most exotic of these perfumes is called Coque D'or. It is the essence of glamour and, like everything glamorous it is expensive, 45s. for a one ounce gold-bow bottle, packed in a white and gold cedarwood box. It is one of those perfumes which becomes even more lovely half an hour after it is put on. "Mitsouko" is another glamorous perfume of the Eastern type, particularly good for evening, dark women, and to wear on furs. This is 18s. 6d. for a one ounce bottle; 30s. for a 2½ ounce bottle. Saus Le Vent has a lovely tang which makes it a perfect scent for summertime. This is 21s. for a one ounce bottle and 42s. for a 2 ounce bottle.

END

Flowers in the Décor

(*Continued from page* 47)

if the rooms are large. Get them in a good light against a flattering background. Never thrust them into narrow vases that give them no chance to spread and show their grace.

Leaves alone can be very impressive, especially the glossy evergreens. A tall white vase of rich dark evergreens can look delightful against the rich texture of a satin curtain or even against a very pale wall.

Colouring is all important. Try to choose flowers of a colouring that will stand out effectively in your home. Put deep pink sweet william with fuchsias and delphiniums in a room with blue walls. Black-centred yellow daisies and marigolds mixed with Michaelmas daises in a green room.

A high vase of flowers in the centre of a dining table (where one so often sees them) is not good. This kind of arrangement demands a background, otherwise it is top heavy.

A bare corner can be made quite dramatic either by a vase of flowers standing upon a corner bracket or with a bolder arrangement, such as the one in the picture where lupins shading from blue to deepest pink and interspersed with bracken are set upon a painted pedestal.

Garden flowers offer endless possibilities for decoration indoors. They cost little and they last, so bring your house and garden into partnership this summer.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 38)

All will believe you, especially the Assyrians. Stay with them as long as you can, gain their confidence by saying whatever you like against me, and if they wish for information about my army, tell them such details as you think fit."

These and many other instructions were given to Araspes, who was sincerely glad of the opportunity to atone for his disloyalty.

As he was about to take his leave, Cyrus took him by the arm and asked point blank: "Do you think you will be able to stay away from Panthea?"

At the mere mention of her name Araspes was torn by conflicting emotions, but by a tremendous effort of will power he was able to force his better instincts to prevail. Cyrus's generosity had accomplished the impossible and given him strength to part from Panthea and set out on his important mission.

Accompanied by a few faithful servants he departed. His disappearance convinced every one that he was a ruined man, and small surprise was felt that he had deserted to the enemy.

Panthea was horrified that she had befriended a man capable of such unspeakable baseness. She took the opportunity of making the bold suggestion to Cyrus of sending for her husband. She felt sure that Abrodates would be willing to come over to the side of Cyrus bringing a numerous army with him, and might in the end prove a staunch friend and ally. Cyrus consented, and almost crazy with joy Panthea sent messengers to her husband.

To the Susian king this change in the course of events seemed almost unbelievable.

He lost no time in mustering an imposing array of Assyrian cavalry and approached the sentries of the Persian camp. He sent in his credentials to Cyrus and awaited orders. Swiftly the messenger returned with Cyrus's reply in the shape of a gracious welcome to Abrodates and the suggestion that he should first visit his wife, who deserved his homage before any one else.

Shortly afterwards were united again two human beings who for the sake of a few moments in each others arms would gladly have given their lives.

Later, Abrodates went to Cyrus and was received with all the honour due to his rank. This and all their subsequent meetings were marked by cordiality on both sides.

Abrodates, great horseman and clever leader of chariots in war formation, proved the very man Cyrus was looking for. He reorganised the cavalry, ordered chariots to be remodelled and improved, and in a short time became one of Cyrus's right hand men.

One day Cyrus was sitting in conference with his generals when a man stole forth from some bushes and made his way towards him. He was immediately recognised. Voices shouted "Araspes, renegade and traitor." But when the traitor reached Cyrus's side a surprising incident took place. Cyrus arose from his chair and went to meet him with outstretched hand. Then, turning to his generals, he revealed the truth. He pointed out the danger of the mission Araspes had undertaken, emphasising the fact that it was only for the sake of secrecy that he had permitted his dearest friend to be branded as a renegade. Soon the hero was surrounded by admirers anxious to congratulate him.

At last Araspes felt in its entirety the moral compensation of the ordeal he had been through. If only Panthea had been present he would have been the happiest man in the world. He hoped that she would soon be enlightened as to the true facts. Perhaps this time she might make a decision in his favour.

He was still receiving the felicitations of the crowd when the arrival of a person unknown to him attracted his attention.

Tall, athletic, wearing a beard squared in the Assyrian fashion, the stranger was being treated with great familiarity by Cyrus.

Araspes made enquiries about him which at first elicited no (*Continued on page* 84)

says beautiful
CATHERINE HINTON
famous Mayfair Mannequin

"TANGEE alone, I find, ensures a perfect blend between clothes and complexion—that natural colour harmony that's so vitally important to every girl who wants to look her best. Because of its magical powers of *'COLOUR SELECTION,' TANGEE actually becomes a part of me—therefore goes marvellously with whatever clothes I wear."

Catherine Hinton

TANGEE Lipstick *for YOUR individual colour,* **1/9** *and* **4/6.**
TANGEE Rouge to match, *Compact* **1/9** *and* **3/6.**
TANGEE Face Powder, *six shades* - - - - - **2/6** *and* **4/6.**
6d. trial sizes obtainable everywhere.
Use TANGEE Theatrical when a more vivid colour is required.

***MAKE THIS TEST**

See **TANGEE 'Colour Selection'** *actually at work! Rub a TANGEE Natural Lipstick lightly on the back of your hand and on the backs of the hands of two or three of your friends. See how the pale orange of the TANGEE Natural changes to a different glamorous shade of red for each person, according to her type.*

TANGEE "THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK."

Luft-Tangee (London) Ltd., 31-33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1

replies. His friends looked at him significantly and changed the subject. At last, however, his curiosity was satisfied. Someone whispered in his ear the name Abrodates.

Araspes took the blow without flinching, but all the same he was stunned by a development that he had never anticipated.

Someone tried to console him by pointing out that Abrodates was so rash on the battlefield that his end was only a question of time. Such warriors do not last long, and *then . . .?* who knew whether fate would be always against him.

Araspes had arrived back on the eve of a big battle that Cyrus intended to wage against the King of Assyria, who had invaded Lydia with a powerful army. Everything had been prepared. All that was needed was the signal to launch the attack.

The new cavalry and chariots were a spectacle of unprecedented magnificence. The cavalry horses were armed with headpieces and breastplates of copper, in addition to the imposing armour of the warriors themselves. Horses attached to chariots had their exposed sides protected by copper. Abrodates's chariot was the most conspicuous as it had four poles and was drawn by eight horses.

When he got into it a touching scene took place. Panthea came forward and presented her husband with new armour of pure gold. She had had it made in secret for him by melting down her golden ornaments, and had embroidered a gorgeous corselet and tunic that reached down almost to his feet. Abrodates's emotion was such that the hand that could so firmly hold in check a team of fiery horses was now too unsteady to fix the buckles of his new armour. Arrayed in this gorgeous manner he mounted the chariot, though not before he had embraced his wife most tenderly and said: "I shall prove myself worthy of you."

The signal to advance was given. Amidst a hurricane of cheers, hundreds of chariots and thousands of horses leaped forward sparkling like jewels in the sunshine. Panthea was seen to place a last kiss on the door of Abrodates's chariot, as he stood too high for her to reach him.

The battle was savage and difficult. The mighty Crœsus, having superior numbers at his disposal, had almost succeeded in outflanking the Persians. But ultimately the result was in favour of Cyrus. The action had been fought over a wide area, and it took some time before the leaders could return from their various positions. Abrodates did not return at all. . . .

Araspes had been having a fierce struggle with his conscience. He realised that to hope for the death of Abrodates was an abominable thought. But he could not obliterate from his mind the vision of a Panthea free of all ties. Man can abstain from talking, but not from thinking; and nothing is more obstinately present in his mind than the thought he wishes to banish.

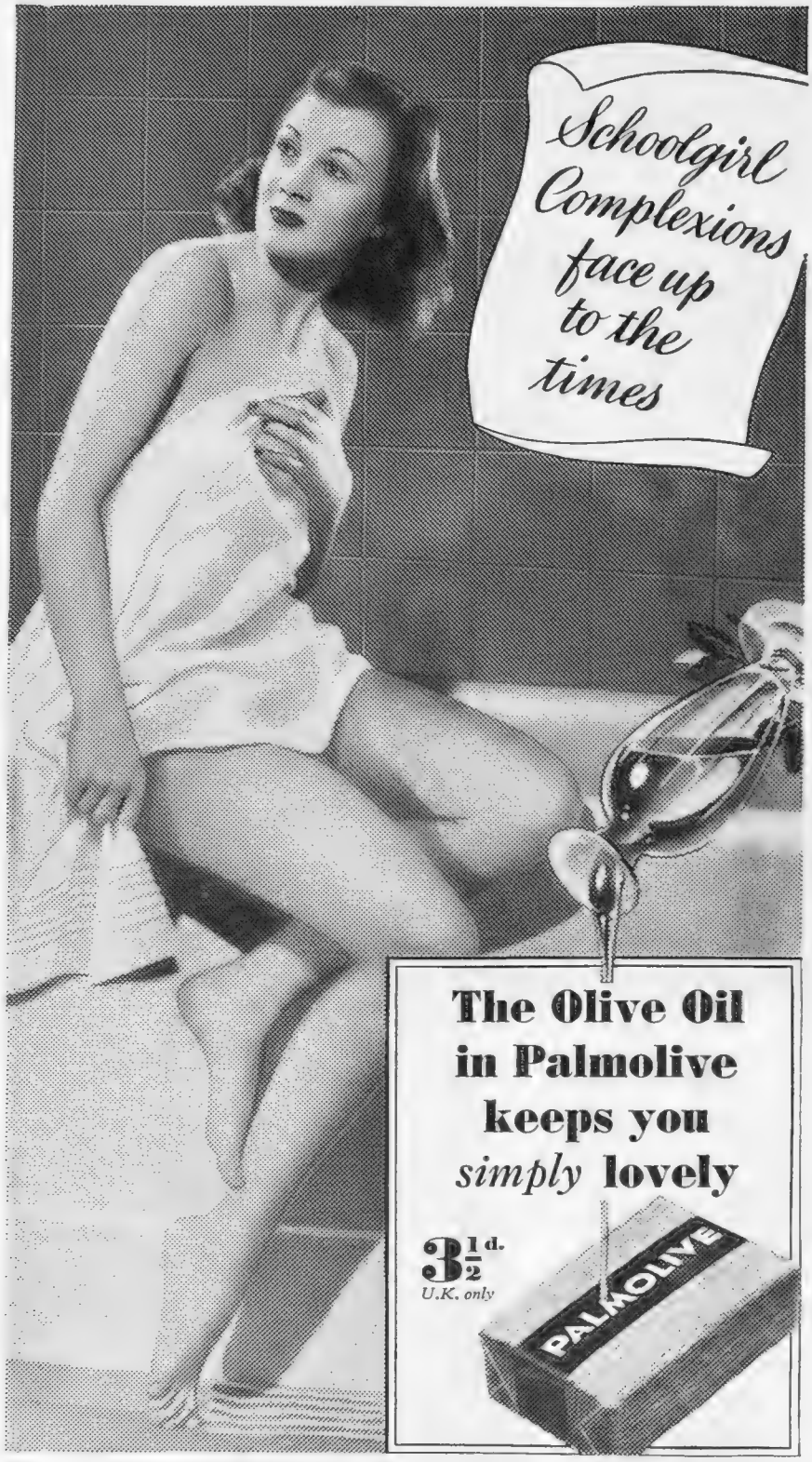
At last the news came. Abrodates had made a marvellous charge against the Egyptian chariots, overwhelming and crushing them; but as he was pursuing those who had turned to flee, his own chariot overturned and he was thown out. Surrounded by the enemy he fought like a lion, but was killed before help could reach him.

Mixed feelings were oppressing Araspes One of which was a sense of guilt.

Fate, however, had another shock in store for the unhappy lover. Panthea rushed to the battlefield, sought out the body of her husband, and calmly killed herself. Her example was followed by three of her faithful eunuchs, who died by their own hands at the side of their beautiful mistress.

Panthea dead! The unexpected climax to the tragedy solved every problem for Araspes's conscience. Fate had been cruel, but also fair. Logically speaking, he should now know real peace of mind, peace for ever. Yet he was crying openly like a child? For how long must he pay the penalty of having defied the power of love?

END



"I owe my life to the P.D.S.A. and the generous people who support this great animal charity." *"BOB."*

THERE ARE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF OTHER DOGS, CATS, HORSES, AND ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF ANIMALS, WHO LOOK TO THE P.D.S.A. TO RELIEVE THEIR SUFFERINGS.

Every penny subscribed helps to relieve some animal from pain.

Please send a donation to Hon. Treasurer—

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS

14, CLIFFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Jersey

(*Continued from page* 48)

Turn in and hem 1 in. at neck on back and front on wrong side.

THE SLEEVES (Two Alike)

Cast on 74 sts. with No. 8 needles. Work the patt. for 2 ins. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 92 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

TO THREAD WOOL

First sew up side and sleeve seams and half shoulder seams. Sew press studs to neck. Sew in sleeves, gathering on top of shoulders. To thread wool, measure across yoke and both sleeves and back. Multiply this by eight and cut a piece of wool this length. Fold this into four and thread these four strands through large bodkin. Thread these eight strands under ribs as in illustration and sew ends down on wrong side with white wool. Repeat for five rows.

Cardigan

(*Continued from page* 48)

On 6th row k. 2 tog. on opposite edge to rib and continue to dec. here on every 4th row until there are 32 sts. Work straight for 1 in. Now m. 1 st. on armhole edge on next row and every 4th row after until there are 52 sts. Work a few rows to make side seam 12 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 12 decreases and 40 sts. K. 2 tog. on the 2 sts. inside ribbed edge on next row and every other row after until there are 22 sts. Cast off 4 sts. on outside edge on every other row until there are 6 sts. Work 3 ins. rib on these sts. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 47 sts. Work the rib on first 10 sts. and the patt. on last 37 and make shapings at opposite edge all up work. At the same time work a buttonhole on 5th row as follows:

Work 3 sts. Cast off 3, work to end of row.

Next row.—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 3, turn, work to end. Work buttonholes every 2½ ins. all up work.

THE SLEEVES (Two Alike)

Cast on 37 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2½ ins. Change to the patt. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 6th row and every 6th row after until there are 55 sts. Work on until side seam measures 17 ins., including rib. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 63 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

THE BUTTON COVERS

Cast on 8 sts. Work 1 row k. and 1 row p. for 10 rows. Cast off.

THE POCKETS (Two Alike)

Cast on 24 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders. Sew on pockets. Cover moulds and sew on buttons. Press with warm iron and damp cloth.

Swim Suit

(*Continued from page* 49)

TO MAKE UP

Bras.—Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew the insets to strap, with long edges 2½ ins. from the ends of strap. Work 3 rows double crochet along the outside edges of insets, gathering the edges slightly. Sew ties to the tops of insets. Work loop on right end of strap. Sew on button.

Pants.—Sew side seam, leaving 3 ins. at the top of each side for underwrap and side edgings. Sew underwraps and edgings into position, leaving two spaces on each side for buttonholes. Sew in gusset.

"You were wanting to ask about TAMPAX?"

A great many women write to me every week and I am glad. Not only because it shows they are taking an interest in Tampax but because it means that their interest is intelligent and *personal*.

For ages, you see, women have put up with the clumsy, uncomfortable and troublesome makeshift of the sanitary towel. And now they needn't any more because of Tampax. They are offered an *internal* form of protection that is safe, simple, convenient and dainty: no safety pins; no chafing; no uncertainties. It gives a fullness of freedom women have never before been able to enjoy.

And *because* this is such a new freedom, it is only natural that there should be all sorts of questions that many women want to ask. Sometimes they tell me: "I'm a little nervous of this idea of *internal* protection: it seems so different." I understand entirely, but as a nurse I can assure them that Tampax is no more than the application of the recognised surgical Tampon to a specialised need. Any doctor will tell you the same.

Now and again also there may be individual problems that call for entirely personal advice. That is one of the special reasons for me! During three years' association with Tampax I have been talking about it to doctors, specialists, matrons and to hundreds of women and girls. And I am confident that it is the best thing that has happened for women in centuries. So please—if you have any question at all about Tampax and its use, do write me fully. Address your letter direct to Nurse Jones: I shall open it myself, and deal with it myself.

Nurse Jones.

FREE—*A generous sample will be sent in plain wrapper if you enclose 1½d. in stamps with your name and address. This offer does not apply in Eire. Write to* NURSE JONES, S.R.N., S.C.M., *Tampax Limited, Belvue Road, Northolt, Middx.*

TAMPAX IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS, DEPARTMENTAL STORES AND DRAPERS. PRICES 1/6, 1/- & 6d.

Luxurious Lips

AND . . . .
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OUTDOOR GIRL Gala OLIVE OIL LIPSTICK

MATCHING GALA POWDER IN UNIQUE NON-SPILL BOX 1/3

the liveliest lipstick in Town!

Paris Streets in Wartime

(*Continued from page* 17)

Rome and told the driver to take me to the Gare du Nord. I noticed it was an unusual sort of taxi cab, one which had not always been a cab, but had certainly begun life as a private vehicle. No glass partition separated driver from fare. I looked at the back of my chauffeur; he wore a blue béret over his right ear. He was stockily built and sat back with his shoulders squared. I happened to say: "A nice clean taxi cab you have."

"'A lot of good that does me," he replied.

"Business not too good?" I said.

My driver told me that the reason why it did not seem to matter to him whether the cab was new or old, was because he was mobilised in the army, and this was his first day of leave. He said business was quite good, and he intended to make the best of it during his ten days' leave.

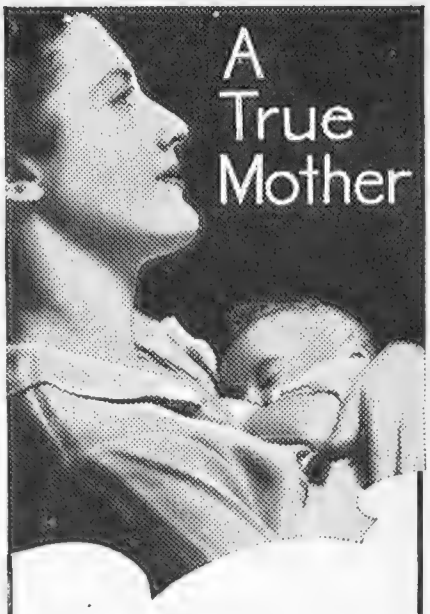
"Mustn't lose my grip," he grinned.

It is partly for the reason of keeping their hand in that the Parisians go back to their old jobs immediately they step out of the leave trains, but I suspect there is also the necessity of earning a little money, not only to help the home along, but more importantly, just those few extra *sous* for a visit or two to the cinema, an evening in a café, and a few extra luxuries which even the well-fed French soldier man knows so well how to appreciate.

Paris is a self-contained city. I think, indeed, it is the most self-contained large city in the world. Everybody's life passes in his own quarter. There are twenty *arrondissements*, or parishes, in Paris, but each *arrondissement* itself is divided up into quarters, or *quartiers*, as the Parisian calls them. Even what we call the Quartier Latin does not consist of a whole district, but a sort of patchwork quilt which makes up the district which is called, for want of a better name, the *Quartier*. Well, how has the war affected the Quartier Latin? I would say that on the whole, life in the quarter has become simpler, more like it used to be before the other and bigger war came to Paris. During the boom years which followed the last upheaval, many little bars, some of them owned by Americans, sprung up all around the Boulevard Raspail. It was not the war, but financial depression which killed off those bars one by one. Nevertheless, the great days of the Rotonde and the Dôme were followed by newer restaurant cafés such as the Coupole and the Select. The former restaurant was every night like a huge international beehive. There were artists, more or less, who would draw your caricature for whatever you liked to give them; there were people selling or hawking all kinds of things, and there were plenty of cosmopolitans ready to buy or be caricatured. With the coming of war, and its subsequent restrictions of hours in which drinks could be consumed, and then later, days on which alcohol could be taken, all this has changed, and, as I said in the beginning, simplified the life in the quarter. Now, when twelve o'clock strikes, the Montparnassians, like Cinderella, have to go home. Many foreigners disappeared from the quarter even before the war broke out, but now it is passing strange to hear so much German spoken in the Montparnasse cafés. Perhaps there is nothing so striking in the Paris war scene as the number of Germans and former Austrians who dot the landscape. They do not put themselves out in talking German at the top of their voices, and never does one hear any French persons make the slightest protest.

But after all, life in the quarter is not merely a question of drinking and merry-making while the hours spin along. There are still artists and even artists' models in the quarter, but perhaps one sees less of them than one did formerly. Many of the French artists have disappeared into uniform; the models are seeking, and in some cases have found, war work.

Paris does not possess a meat market like Smithfield or a fruit and vegetable market like Covent Garden; in Paris these foodstuffs



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are put under one roof, as it were, in the Halles Centrales. Despite the three meatless days which are now Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays practically all over France, the meat market of Paris carries on as usual. Perhaps the fish market is even brisker than it is in normal times because fish in France was always looked upon as a sort of stepchild of the household bill of fare, but the meatless days have attracted attention to the fish of France and the market is therefore experiencing something of a boom.

Neither is there any great falling off in the sale of freshly cut flowers. True, the flower market behind the Madeleine is not quite as big as it used to be, but on the other hand I came across very few florist shops which have put up their shutters for the duration. Perhaps it is a natural reaction to war; maybe people's thoughts turn to sweeter things, and their eyes and their minds like to dwell on these bright colours which in Paris, indeed all over Paris, in each and every quarter, gladden the eye.

When the Parisian says he is going to dine *en ville* he means that he is going down town to eat, to find a restaurant somewhere in the centre of the city. When he goes out to eat in the *quartier*, that is almost the same to him as staying at home. In Paris we have that very delightful habit of using the local café, very much as the Londoner uses his own "local." So with the cinema, the Parisian may go to one of the more expensive cinemas down town, meaning in this case usually somewhere in the Champs-Élysées, but on the whole he will pay a visit at least once a week to his local cinema. The coming of war has not in the least changed his habits; indeed, I will go as far as to suggest that the war has intensified the Parisian's passionate devotion to his own quarter where he finds himself among his own people. He walks along the street shaking hands right and left. That is why when the soldier comes home on leave, he seldom likes to leave his own quarter, his own very restricted neighbourhood where he knows everybody and everybody knows him.

To leave the question of the quarter alone for a moment and to look at Paris as the visitor from the provinces does, or the foreign tourist, let us go up and down that great and beautiful thoroughfare, the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. From lunch time, that is to say around midday onwards, and right through the second half of the day and until the evening, it is only the number of uniforms to be seen on the avenue that tell you that Paris is at war. Certainly war has not much affected this famous and delightful avenue. True that some restaurants and one or two cinemas have gone out of business, but that was financial gloom of the pre-war days and nothing whatsoever to do with war. The cinemas are having boom times now, and there must be at least thirty houses playing films in the English language. This again has nothing to do with the war, because they were in existence long before the war started, and the Paris of this war is nothing like the Paris of the last war. It is more sober, more normal, if I can so express myself, because there is not the hectic gaiety that many of us remember from "Paris leave."

Down near the Place de la République the Paris Leave Club has opened its doors again under the auspices of the same good lady who presided over its destinies during the last war, but what a difference there is; there are far fewer officers and men to see in Paris on leave from the British Army. Indeed, even after all these months, the sight of an English soldier makes the head of the Parisians turn in more senses than one.

For the first few months of the war, everybody carried a gas mask slung across his shoulder encased in an oblong greyish container shaped like an English biscuit tin. Nowadays if one tried to play a game of spotting gas masks it would become boring very, very soon, because you may walk from one end of the city to the other, and unless it is a policeman, you will not find one solitary soul in Paris carrying a gas mask. I am not sure whether this is a sign of quiet confidence (*Continued on page* 88)

NEWS — if there ever was! Now it will be easy to possess two or three, or even four or more, of Tattoo's nine lovely fashion-matching shades. One for your 'type' and one for every frock you fancy!

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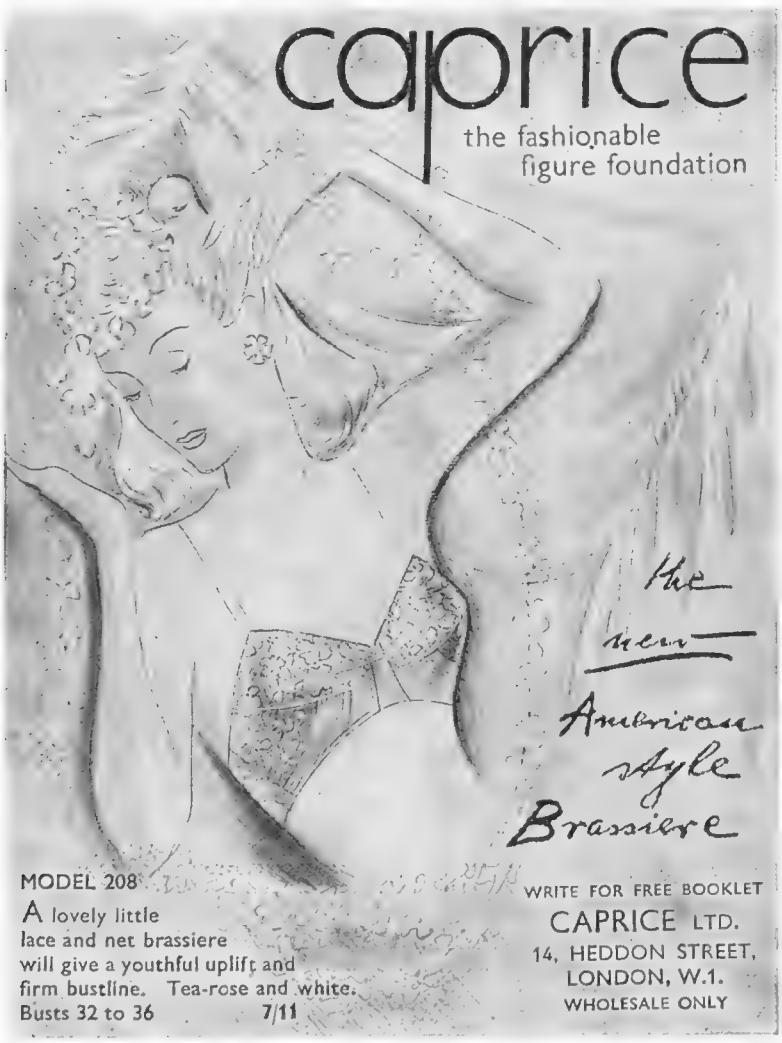
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Paris Streets in Wartime

or whether it is just because the carrying of the gas mask made the average Parisian or Parisienne feel rather self-conscious, and there is nothing that these good souls hate more than to be unduly noticed. A Parisienne wearing a particularly eye-compelling hat never thinks she is attracting attention. It is the chic with which she wears the hat which attracts attention, but a gas mask! Who can be chic with a gas mask slung across the shoulder?

Down near the centre of the city, the Bourse carries on much as usual. Perhaps after thirty years of residence in this delightful city, my ears have become more or less attuned to the fierce shouting which rends the ear in the neighbourhood of the Place de la Bourse.

I have taken you round Paris and now we have one more visit to pay before taking leave of the city: up the hill we go, to Montmartre, that quarter of Paris which has no opposite number anywhere because it is as essentially Parisian as the Eiffel Tower.

There are three Montmartres: the Montmartre you all know, or knew; the Montmartre which calls itself the "Republic of Montmartre," a joyous but dwindling band of artists and singers and a few poets; then there is just Montmartre, the ordinary working class semi-suburb, a Montmartre, incidentally, which looks down upon the Parisians who live below the hill and shrugs its shoulders in disdain. War has affected Montmartre, both as a district or a *quartier* and in its streets. Costermongers' barrows still line the Rue Lepic, but all around there are shuttered shops *parceque c'est la guerre.*

The Montmartre of the tourist is semi-moribund because of the midnight closing hour, and also because some of the many Austrian refugees who were running the so-called Viennese cabarets have vanished into concentration camps. The once joyous Republic of Montmartre is split in many directions.

Now that I have shown you how little the war has affected the city while yet touching the outer aspects of the streets, you are perhaps saying to yourself, after all Paris must be Paris still. Yet, if I have given you this impression, I would be wrong. If you will come with me into the quiet little quarters: just back of the Parc Monceau, or again by making a swift jump across the river into those quiet and deserted streets near the Observatoire. Here you will indeed find the hand of war has touched Paris. There may not be a uniform in sight, but there are innumerable little shops which have closed down, because the boss is away fighting *les Boches.* The shop is closed; the shutters down, but neatly stuck in the middle is a notice making the proud announcement that the *propriétaire est avec les armées.*

Neither do these quiet quarters alone tell the whole story. There are parts of the Grands Boulevards, particularly starting from the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, where the trail of war can be easily seen. Not only are the large shops closed, but it is evident that there is a falling off in trade. Even now, with the Maginot Line inviolate, the Germans are nevertheless within 250 miles of Paris, and the Parisians will never forget that. Neither business nor anything else can be quite as usual. Parisians take their restrictions quietly and almost without comment. One might have thought that the average Parisian would have been horrified when he learned that for three days and three nights a week he could not enjoy his apéritif. The Government allows him to drink a glass of champagne or Muscat wine or fruit juices. The question of fruit juices is something which has proved very interesting to many French people, because the consumption of fruit juice or tomato juice was not very well known in France, but now a boom is starting which is likely to build up a new and important industry. Neither do the three apéritif-less days affect the trade of the cafés. It proves what a sober-minded

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person the Parisian, and indeed all Frenchmen, really are. A man goes to the café to see his friends; to play a hand of cards, to write a letter or to read the paper. The taking of a drink is merely a secondary matter.

The figures produced by the prefecture of police showing how the number of taxi cabs has been reduced by more than half is perhaps the most eloquent sign of how the war has affected Paris. There are now not more than eight thousand taxi cabs on the streets. On the other hand, the clever handling of the blackout is less eloquent of wartime Paris than it is of good French logic. The French, or rather their masters, realised that if Paris was plunged into blackness, not only would it be bad for business, but it would be very bad indeed for the pedestrian. Consequently the streets of Paris are reasonably lit at night, and the number of street accidents is not above the normal.

And so I come to the last Paris street in wartime that I shall attempt to describe. It is the Rue de la Paix : the Street of Peace. Once upon a time, the Rue de la Paix was the smartest street in the French capital. It was crowded on both sides with the smartest dressmakers, the very best jewellers the world knew. Long years ago, very soon after the last war, the street seemed to lose part of its smart character, because the dressmakers and the jewellers, and more particularly the dressmakers, moved where Parisian life was moving, farther west, up the Champs-Élysées and along both sides of it, and even farther away into the Avenue Victor Hugo, leading out to the smart districts of Passy and Auteuil, happily entirely untouched by this war.

Just before the outbreak of this war the shopkeepers of the Rue de la Paix got together to try and promote better trade. How this effort has succeeded is impossible to know, because the war intervened. Yet, the dignity of the Rue de la Paix remains, even though there are a number of empty shops. It is perhaps because the Rue de la Paix is so dignified that it is so peaceful and for this writer at least, it is an epitome of the day that every Parisian is looking forward to, the day when the Rue de la Paix will be truly well named.

END

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Back from Reno

(*Continued from page* 21)

his wife. But she had held on ruthlessly, insisting he had no right to hurt her either, her quenchless vitality and unbreakable will, like steel struts under her powerful fascination. Alex's weakness was that he could not bear to hurt a woman. It had humiliated Crystal to pretend to be that clinging type, easily defeated by a man's defection. But without that weight on her side she would have lost him. He fretted too because Marie had been recuperating from a difficult confinement and the loss of the baby. Crystal had pointed out that Marie would have a better chance without a child to love again and readjust herself to life. But she had done it cleverly—indirectly.

IT was four o'clock when they had finished with her. She emerged into Fifth Avenue, pink-cheeked, buoyant, exhilarated and hailed a taxi. She could have walked home. She could have walked for ever. But Alex would be back in town sometime to-night. They could go to El Morocco or Twenty One, or the Stork Club. Better go home and lie down and listen to the war news on the radio —keep her radiant freshness and magnetic energy unimpaired.

She called him as soon as she got in, first the office, then his hotel. She left a message with the operator to call her number, no matter how late. "Just give him this number. He will know."

She took off street clothes and shoes and stockings, slipped into gold-embroidered pink housecoat and pink mules, banked up the quilted yellow satin pillows and arranged herself comfortably (*Continued on page* 90)

Piquant Discovery

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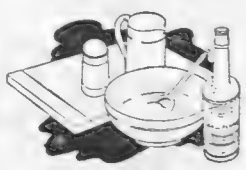

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on her bed. She could see herself in the antique pier-glass. The new hair style suited her. The high-piled dark curls leaving her ears bare made her look quaintly Empire and vividly younger. Alex would love it. A thrill eddied through her. If she did not see him to-night, she did not know how she would bear it. What is he doing now, she said aloud in the uncongenial silence.

Alex Hillier was still in difficulty with his ex-wife. He had not confided this difficulty to Crystal because he knew she would laugh at him and bid him take Marie at her word. Crystal called all Marie's offers bluff, including her sporting offer to divorce him. He had given up telling Crystal how matters stood between him and Marie, because all Crystal's ideas about Marie gave him uneasy feelings. It was his uneasy feeling that he ought to see Marie personally about her latest offer before Crystal returned from Reno that had taken him out of town.

Alex Hillier now saw for himself that he must be a man of weak character. It was neither modern nor intelligent to suffer from a bad conscience over something as much a part of the social fabric as marriage itself. But he did feel guilty about his treatment of Marie. It had assuaged this guilt considerably to prepare a substantial settlement for her and tie the income in such a way that the capital could not be touched or taken from her. She would be financially safe for life. Marie however, had refused it point blank and robbed him of any prospect of future peace of mind in which to enjoy his new marriage.

Marie had a home to go back to, if she chose. But she had not chosen. She had an unnaturally youthful, accomplished, energetic, self-righteous, domineering mother who claimed she had enough backbone for a whole family to lean on. So Marie had taken a little house in an art community in New England and was occupying herself with her modelling and wood carving, companioned by a beloved shepherd dog. Alex had worried about her solitude and tried to persuade her to stay with a friend, if she could not find peace with her parents. But Marie had been gently adamant. "You needn't worry I'll go cranky. I need to be alone to find myself. I don't want discussion or advice, and above all I don't want pity."

Alex had bought a book to read on the train, but he could not concentrate on it. His mind leaped from this to that as he watched the fields and woods flow greenly past the windows. Crystal would be back in three days, urgent and demanding, boiling over with plans for his future and now Marie was asserting herself in a manner he had never dreamed possible. She had always concurred so readily with his wishes that it was astounding to find her so obstinately independent.

He was making a surprise visit. He took the one ancient taxi from the station to the small white house set back in its garden on the outskirts of the village. He found Marie in her barren studio over the garage, absorbed in chiselling a figure in pear-wood. Colour flooded her small pale face when she looked up and saw who had entered. "Why, Alex! You! Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"What? And give you time to prepare a speech for me? Oh, no. It's too easy hiding behind your lawyer. Now really, Marie, you must see reason. I know you're proud. That's swell. You would be. But it's only fair to listen to my point of view. You see I'm not trying to do you a favour—I'm asking you to do me a favour."

She smiled faintly, still looking like an awakened sleep-walker. "Now you're here I can't help listening. Won't you sit down somewhere."

Marie Hillier was feminine in her tastes, not chic and smooth and dashing like Crystal. She was wearing a flowered smock. Her soft brown hair, cut in a long uncurled bob, had fallen over her eyes while intent on her carving. She pushed it back and Alex saw she was not made up. Except for a wounded

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look in her smoky eyes she might still be the freckled schoolgirl he had fallen in love with ten years ago.

She perched herself on the edge of her work bench and Alex took the model chair she indicated. "Now, Marie," he said purposefully, "will you please explain your attitude?"

"There's nothing to explain. You've offered me too much money and I won't take it."

"Too much! Then you will take *some?*"

"Yes," she said unexpectedly, "I'll take some if it isn't tied up in any way." Colour warmed her face again. "This may sound mercenary, Alex, but if you do want to give me money, I want it without strings. I mean the sum I take, I want to spend it."

Marie's gentle dignity had been the chief cause of Alex's torment of guilt, but he did not like this either. Could Crystal be right that she, Crystal, alone of all women was without price, selflessly loving, foolishly uncalculating?

"How much would you want, Marie?"

She wiped wood dust from her fingers on her smock. "I don't know, Alex. You've caught me unprepared. That would take a little figuring out."

"Suppose you tell me what you want it for?"

"A trip abroad, Alex. Mexico and Guatemala—or maybe South America Interiors—places off the beaten track." Her eyes shone and her voice hurried. "Mexico if the money won't run to more. Aztec and Mayan ruins."

"Why, Marie I never knew you cared for that kind of thing." Alex's voice was excited now. "Gee, it sounds fine. Why I'd like to go——" He checked himself. "Well, I guess there's lots of things we never dreamed about each other. We were too busy just living——"

Marie looked serious again. "So you see, Alex, I thought there are two sides to everything. Even misfortune. If I nurse resentment about this affair I'll never get over it So I'm going to make capital instead. Use the freedom to live my own kind of life."

"But haven't you been doing that with me, Marie?"

"Well—no, I haven't." She was slow and pensive, weighing her words, trying to give him the exact truth. "But it wasn't because I was married. You don't live your own way till you get to know yourself—what you really are—what you really want. Sometimes it takes a long time to find yourself out."

The feeling of guilt grew stronger in Alex rather than less. "The trip won't last for ever, Marie. What then?"

Her face assumed maturity as the wistful look went out of it. She was animated—enthusiastic. "Oh, that's already arranged. That's why I don't want a settlement—or alimony. My own income is small as you know, but I'm going to earn three times as much again." She pointed to a row of stylised animals roughly modelled in clay. "Look, I'm experimenting now. I read about Dr. Rathmeyer and his clinic for occupational therapy. I want to see him. He's working miracles. Cures twisted minds by wakening the creative urge and setting hands to work. People return to normal when they taste achievement and personal success. I'm going to help develop creation and teach them to use their hands. I'm preparing work for beginners—suitable, simple things——"

Was this little quiet Marie, given to letting others boss her and hovering modestly in backgrounds? "Why, Marie," said Alex, thoroughly surprised, "I believe you're going to enjoy your life."

She winced and closed her eyes. Then she looked at him straightly and smiled. "Yes Alex, I certainly am."

Something happened in Alex. He forgot Crystal as completely as if she had no existence. He pushed his chair away and crossed the room to Marie, lifted her hands from the table top and held them against his breast. "Marie, it gives me a pain thinking you could enjoy your life without me. Does that mean anything to you?"

She drew her hands away. "If it doesn't mean it's me (*Continued on page* 92)

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you love, it's cruel to say such a thing."

"Marie, tell me one thing. If you care, why didn't you fight for me?"

Her voice was low and unsteady. "You were so heartbroken about the baby and about not being able to have another one. Crystal is so—so magnificently healthy."

Alex put his arms round her and caught her tight. "My God, Marie, when people really love, a child is not important—I mean not if you can't have it."

Her face was pressed against the rough tweed of his jacket. He felt a sob shake her body. For the first time since the whole thing began Marie was letting him see she was crying. He laid his cheek on her soft hair. He was near crying himself. "Marie, don't—darling child, please don't. You make me feel so god-damned awful. I've never stopped loving you a minute. I'm sure of that now. I don't know what got into me. Do believe me. I love you more than ever—and I've never stopped loving you a minute."

Marie gulped, raised her face and smiled at him through tears. "Then everything's all right, Alex. You're coming back to me?"

"Coming back? I am back! Listen, baby, I'm nervous. I don't want anything to go wrong again. Have you got your car here?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then go pack and we'll drive home. We'll find a place to get married on the way. I'll phone Canfield to get the apartment ready for this evening."

THEY reached New York at nine o'clock. Alex parked near the hotel. Marie waited in the car while he went in to pick up the things he needed for the night and ask for mail and messages. He stared incredulously at the message to call the well-known number. Crystal back already! There was a chill at the pit of his stomach but he went into the telephone booth without hesitation. The sooner faced, the sooner over.

Crystal answered immediately. "*Darling*—at last," she purred into the transmitter. "I flew to get back to you sooner. A surprise for you."

Alex tugged at his collar. "I'm afraid I've got a surprise for you too, Crystal."

"You're afraid?" Her voice sharpened at once. "What do you mean, you're afraid?"

"Well, it's this way, Crystal. I mean I went to see Marie to-day. I had to see her on business."

Crystal laughed. "Oh, Alex, is that all? You gave me a fright. I know what it is. She's been whining to you. Come on over at once. We'll go out somewhere. I'll tell you how to deal with her."

A strange fury rose in Alex Hillier who was a good-natured, happy-go-lucky tolerant person quite unfamiliar with fury. He dropped his intention to break the news gently. "It's too late for you to tell me how to deal with her. I've just brought her home. We got married again on the way to New York."

He heard Crystal gulp for breath. "Married?" she screamed after a short potent silence.

"Yes, married. Now I must go. I can't keep her waiting. But listen, Crystal, it wouldn't be fair for you or Gerard to pay for your divorce. Send me an account to my office. Include everything—travelling, staying in Reno—any other incidental expense—"

"My God, Alex," Crystal shouted hoarsely, "you *can't* do this to me. You can't separate me from my husband and then let me down."

Alex saw the past as if a searchlight swept a darkened countryside. "When I said I couldn't let Marie down, you said I was just a fool. That women didn't cling to men who were through with them any more. That I needed someone to teach me I was living in a modern world——"

Crystal ignored this. "You broke up a perfectly good marriage——"

"Nonsense! You kissed me first—remember? When I said it made me feel bad because Gerard was such a good fellow, you told me you had been at odds with him for two years. Otherwise I wouldn't——"

"Oh, you're a saint now?"

Back from Reno

"No, I'm a heel. I freely admit it. But I don't have to go on being one. Good night, Crystal."

Crystal stared at the instrument gone dumb in her hand with red rage blazing in her. She threw it down with a crash, jumped off the bed and paced round the room shaking her fists in the air. The violence of her temper soon spent itself, leaving her weak and empty. If only Alex had seen her first . . .

However, it had happened, and the realist in her recalled how difficult it had been to lead Alex to the finality of divorce. It would be impossible to do it again. She must figure out how to make the best of the future. Life had to be lived. She would certainly take him up on the payment of the expenses. Gerard had paid everything of course. But there might be a way to get the money from Alex without Gerard knowing it. Gerard was doing very well now. He wouldn't miss it.

Doing very well. Crystal took a cigarette from an inlaid box on the marquetry mirror console and inhaled slowly. Why not take him back?

He took his responsibilities too seriously and lived for his profession. There was good there after all. It would leave her free to go on having fun if she were discreet, and it was making them rich and secure. Look what happened to girls who were generous with love. It was far more intelligent to put one's trust in security.

Besides, Gerard worshipped her. He had apologised for his shortcomings when she told him she was leaving him. A glow of virtue suddenly warmed her and she ran into the bedroom to the telephone. This would make him happy. He had told her if she changed her mind she had only to let him know. She dialled the number of his hotel.

"He isn't in his room, madame. Will you leave a message?"

"Yes, please," said Crystal cheerfully. "Tell him to call Mrs. Griffith at home as soon as he comes in." She added—"no matter how late. It's urgent."

She took off her expensive pink négligée and put on a cotton housecoat. Gerard had been living here while she was away. He had destroyed the studied charm of the living-room by rearranging the furniture. His worn leather chair from the study was right by the black lacquer and pearl table and the Chinese porcelain lamp. She would have to put the place to rights and she might as well begin now. She was too nervous to sit still while she was waiting for him to call her. She went at the restoration of the room with the vigour with which she charged through everything.

Suddenly to her own surprise she caught herself singing the melody of a new tango the band had played in the Reno hotel. Just as if she were happy. She stopped pushing the leather chair through the foyer and laughed. Life was funny. She could have murdered Alex if he had come to tell her in person, but her fury had left her. He was too easily influenced. If he would do that to Marie, he would do it to her—sooner or later. Lucky after all that she did not love him.

It was quite a job to get the big chair back into the study. She had to turn it on its side and ease it at an angle to get the legs through the door. She stood up a little breathless and took stock of the room. It had not been used in her absence. The room was comfortable, but it was dark—its window on an air shaft. Gerard had never liked it. Well, he would have to like it now. She turned the knob of the desk radio. A voice said, "It is now ten o'clock by the Playboy Sportproof Watch."

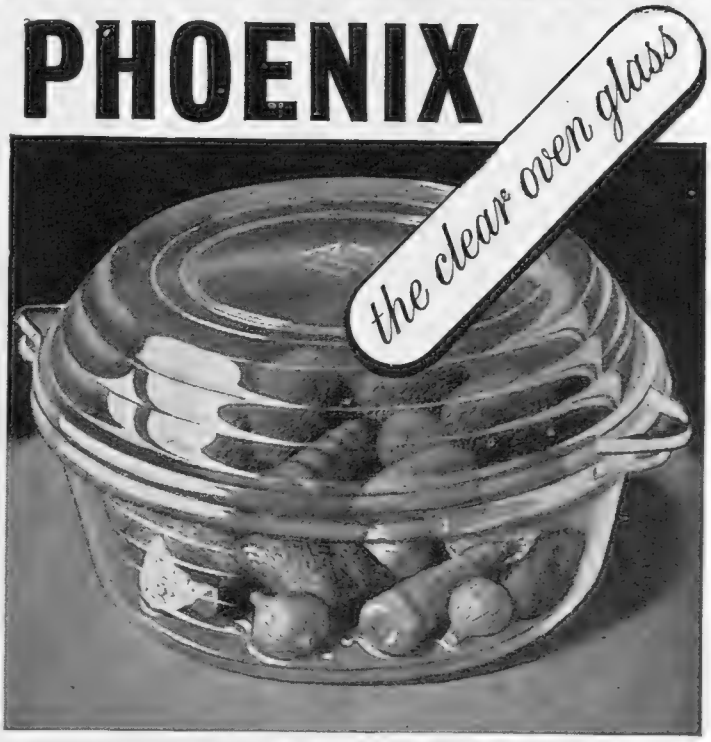
She turned it off again. She knew Gerard's monkish habits. He got up early to study briefs before breakfast so he liked to go early to bed. No night clubs for him. He would be figuring out some complicated case while he watched some equally complicated movie.

Crystal was right about Gerard's habits, but he was not at a movie on this particular evening. He had dropped in to dine at Lorenzo's, a genuine (*Continued on page* 94)

Meat for two, does for three

WHEN YOU COOK IT IN

PHOENIX



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Italian restaurant in the same block as the hotel. It was small with the tables set in booths. Gerard Griffith preferred it to the impersonal gilded salon of the hotel on account of its intimate friendly atmosphere.

Gerard was lingering over his coffee and reading a book when a light hand touched his shoulder and a warm feminine voice said, "Hallo, Gerard, come back from wherever you are and make yourself agreeable to a lady."

He looked up startled. A chic young woman in green tweed and red fox stood smiling down on him. "Why, Irene Fellowes, of all people! What an extraordinary coincidence."

"Some ancient Greek or maybe Voltaire said there are no coincidences." She slid onto the bench opposite and took the menu from the hovering waiter. "I hope you're in funds, Gerry. I'm not one of these matchstick females who live on raw carrots and water." She looked at the waiter with mock shame. "Steak and onions, please. A green salad and a big baked potato. And don't forget—lots of butter."

Gerard's finely chiselled face was alive with pleasure. "Now, Renie, how did this happen?"

"I hope you won't be mad at me——"

"Mad at you? For heaven's sake, why?"

She took a cigarette from him and lit it, sherry-coloured eyes intent on her fingers. "I read about the divorce in the papers. I called up your office and they gave me the address of the hotel. I dropped in just now and the doorman heard me ask for you and told me I might find you here."

"Smart fellow. I shall congratulate him—in a practical manner."

Irene looked up then, reassured. "Sounds like you're pleased to see me."

"That's an understatement, Renie."

She smiled then. She was not beautiful, but in animation her face was piquantly attractive.

The waiter set a steaming platter before her and served the steak. When he had gone she said, "I hoped I could be some use to you. Cheer you up or something. I know what it is to carry a torch. Besides, I remembered what you were like, Gerry."

Gerard and Irene came from the same small town and had once gone to school together, but this surprised him. "What was I like, Renie?"

"Inhumanly peculiar. You avoided friends when things got you down. You never complained. Just looked for a hole to go down into and pulled the lid on after you."

Gerard laughed. "I recognise my introspective habits, Renie, but that's a quaint way of describing them. Now what do *you* do when things get you down?

Irene cut into the thick, tender steak. "Oh, I move to a new scene. That's how I got to New York. Trouble fires my ambition. Every time a man I want passes me up for a starry look and a Hollywood hair-do I get mad. I say to myself 'now Renie, it's up to you to get somewhere without 'em'."

"Good for you. And where have you got, Renie?"

She looked serious and perplexed. "Sometimes I stop and ask myself that. I've got to Paris four times a year as head buyer for Fontaines' model millinery. Lots of fun and life and a good salary. But that's only space and time. There's the fourth dimension——"

Gerard was surprised. "Meaning?"

"How can *I* explain that? Oh, well, there's something deep down that wants to live too—that isn't satisfied with these things—it stays hungry—I thought you would know——"

Gerard was moved now as well as surprised.

"Yes, I do know," he replied sombrely.

Irene changed the subject and remarked on the excellence of the dinner. "Surprising in a place with this name. I hate spaghetti. I was prepared to suffer for you. How would you like to go dancing sometime?"

Gerard checked his impulse to refuse. "It might be a good idea. Not right away—but later——"

She looked at him under her eyelashes. "You loved your wife dearly, didn't you?"

"I suppose I did," he said stiffly. "Need we talk about that?"

"I think so," she said matter-of-factly.

Back from Reno

"Pain can be talked out of the system. You can get poisoned with grief in a hole with a lid on it. Have it your own way, Gerry. But it's my duty to warn you."

Gerard relaxed again. "You're right, Renie. Yes, I loved her—*love* her. Yes, I miss her. Yes, I'd give ten years of life to have her back. Is there anything else you'd like to ask me?"

Irene smiled ruefully. "Gee, he must have been a marvellous fellow that took her away from you."

Gerard was astounded to hear himself laughing at this—a little. "He's very different from me, Renie, so it's a change for her. More fun for instance, and adventure. Having certain standards, I can't admit that a man who makes love to another man's wife rates the adjective marvellous."

Irene laughed, too, and began to put her tan suède gloves on her slim smooth hands. "You haven't changed a bit, Gerry. The face of Pan and the soul of Saint Anthony. Maybe Crystal got dizzy trying to figure that out. I must go now that I've got all I can get. Not very polite after this nice dinner, but someone at home will be waiting up for me."

Outside she refused a taxi. "It's a short walk—and I like walking."

Gerard walked with her. He held out his hand at the door of her apartment house, but she shook her head. "Come on up for five minutes. I have a household of sorts so it's quite respectable."

He was glad to go. Her gay company and her unsentimental common sense were tonic qualities. They edged his loneliness and made him realise what he had been missing.

THE elevator swept them up thirty-two floors. "I like being high," she explained as she fitted her latch-key in the lock. They entered a small white foyer with a vase of bronze chrysanthemums smelling of fall, standing on a telephone table. "Find your way about," she said, "make yourself at home. I'll be with you in a moment——"

A door opened before them and a small blonde girl appeared dressed in blue pyjamas. Irene swept the child from sight exclaiming—"back into bed at once," and closed the door behind her.

Gerard stood looking about him. An elderly maid emerged from the room Irene had gone into, took his hat and showed him into the living-room. It was a big room, full of deep comfortable chintz-covered chairs and divans, old mahogany and well-filled bookcases. It was a little untidy with dolls, crayons and play-books, but its atmosphere was as friendly as a welcoming embrace.

A faded photograph in a leather frame on a bookcase caught his eye. It was an old picnic group of a dozen boys and girls. He knew them all. He was there himself standing behind Irene. He laughed. He had put a spider in her hand a moment after that snapshot was taken.

He heard her laugh behind him now. He turned and saw her looking young and girlish with street clothes off and her bright hair rumpled. "I'll bet you don't know what I'm laughing at," he said.

"No?" She went to the old bureau that had once stood in her mother's room, and took a tiny silver snuff-box from a drawer. It contained a tiny shrivelled black speck. "There it is," she said.

"Why Renie, that must be a record or something. The bravest girl in the world."

She put the snuff-box back. "Or the craziest. Funny, I was always running away from things and yet I like hoarding souvenirs of the past. Have a cigarette—from that box. What do you think of my apartment. I'm stiff with pride. I've earned it all myself."

"It's the homiest place I've been in since I left home. That's a compliment. But Renie, I never knew you were married. I mean I suppose you are. If that's your baby."

"Sure she is. But I wasn't married long. One of those starry-eyed ladies crossed my path. Don't sympathise," she added, seeing Gerard's concerned look. "My fault. I didn't love him enough." (*Continued on page* 96)

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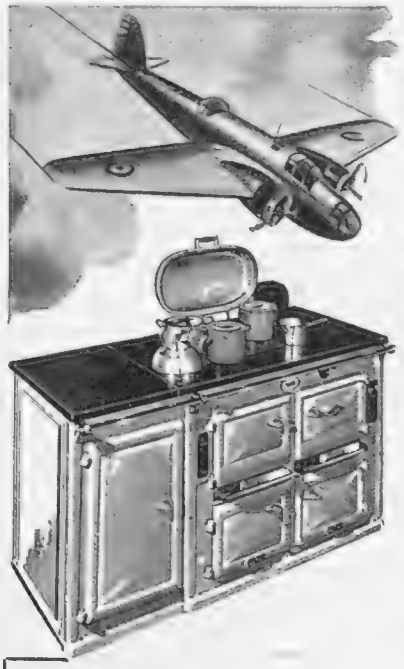

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"I'd like to have seen the baby," said Gerard. "I like little girls. Especially blonde curly-tops. May I come again?"

"Of course. Any time. That was the idea when I got in touch with you. Didn't you have any?"

"No." He was looking at Irene curled in a big chair with young fluid grace. "She didn't want to spoil her figure—but yours isn't spoiled any."

"I should say not. Sorry to disillusion you Gerard. That's just an alibi." She got up and turned on the radio. A man's voice said, "It is now ten o'clock by the Playboy Sportproof Watch."

Gerard rose reluctantly. "I must go now Renie. I want to do some work before I turn in. But it's been great seeing you. Let's get together again soon."

She saw him out. Gave him her slim cool hand. "Don't forget then, or I'll be after you. I'm keeping my eye on you till I'm satisfied you're not looking for a deep dark hole to crawl into."

How strangely comforting it felt to have someone care what became of you. "How kind you are, Renie. I'll be so glad of your company—your help. But love is a baffling thing—beyond reason. Intelligence doesn't help you to escape."

"Don't I know it," she said, and opened the door.

Gerard walked back to the hotel with long swift strides, nerves eased by the vigorous motion and the nip of the wind in his face. He saw now that he had been wrong. He had been too indulgent in his dealings with Crystal. She might have been a happier woman if he not habitually submitted to her having her own way. For instance, he had never raised the subject again when she had said petulantly she was too young and beautiful to spoil her figure and burden her time with a child. She might have enjoyed owning one. A small live girl in blue pyjamas with sparkling eyes and honey-coloured curls was a very different proposition from the vague adventure known as having a baby.

He wished now he had put up a fight over this summer vacation affair instead of stepping aside with his ridiculous dignity. She would be back in town the day after to-morrow. Free of him. Alex Hillier waiting to marry her. No use thinking of getting her back now. Too late.

He stopped at the desk in the entrance hall for his letters. "Nothing, Mr. Griffiths," said the night clerk, "except this telephone message."

Gerard put it in his pocket and did not look at it till he got up into his room. It gave him a queer feeling like a hand closing round his heart. He decided to leave it till morning. She was going to hurt him again in some way. He began to undress. Then he knew he could not sleep till he knew what she wanted. He dialled the number.

Crystal's voice purred into his ear as if she were in the room with him. "Gerard darling—I'm back in town."

Resentment rushed up in him. "Why

Back from Reno

the 'darling'? That isn't in very good taste."

Her low familiar laugh. Her gentle mood, claws sheathed, convincingly tender. "Good news, dear. I've changed my mind. You're getting me back."

He sat, shocked, silent, staring at the receiver in his hand, too taken aback to think of anything to say. Crystal rattled the instrument.

"Gerry, Gerry, are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Then aren't you thrilled—aren't you happy? You said you would be. Why don't you say something?"

He licked his lips gone suddenly dry. "I don't know what to say, Crystal. What about Alex? You queered him with his wife. Does he know you're letting him down?"

Again the wheedling laugh, softer still, more caressing. "I've explained to him Gerry. He took it fairly well. He understands everything."

"What is there to understand Crystal?"

"Oh darling, please don't pretend to be stupid." She was petulant now, the spoilt, but irresistible child. "He understands I made a mistake. I went a little crazy this summer. But all the time I really loved you."

Gerard felt the chill of sweat on his forehead. He could not understand himself. He had ached for the sight of her, for the sound of her voice, and now the thought of being again at her mercy filled him with a cold terror. Besides there was something very significant about a girl keeping for years, a dried-up spider in a little silver box. A forthright merry girl with a warm gallant heart. He made a quick irrevocable decision.

"I'm so sorry Crystal. But unfortunately, you're too late."

"Too late! You must be crazy. Oh, I know. You're teasing me to get even with me. But it's unworthy of you." Her voice was shrill now. The querulous scolding note which had so often rasped his nerves. "I shall see you to-morrow and explain things. It can't possibly be too late."

"But it is Crystal. I'm sorry for you, but a man is a human being. Even the dry legal stick you call me, has certain fundamental needs. Love is one of them. Home life is another. There is somebody else."

"Somebody else?" screamed Crystal.

Gerard jumped as the sound pierced his ear. He replaced the instrument gently in its cradle for a moment. Then spoke to the switchboard operator in the hotel. "Don't put any more calls through to me to-night," he instructed.

He was thinking of a little grey stone house, a client had for sale in the country with a meadow and an orchard, a bright-haired young woman making a home of it and a small girl riding a pony when he fell asleep.

END

Gilt-Edged Investment (*Continued from page* 31)

patch of wallpaper, a sickening apprehension creeping over her. Had Aunt Hester destroyed it before she died? It was quite possible—it had been near destruction many times before her brother's death had made her think forgiveness and prayers more proper than malevolence. In a panic Angela hurried from the room and all but ran through the house, looking in room after room, opening cupboards and turning back dustsheets.

She found it at last, in the dining-room; a small group gathered round it had masked it from the door.

The immensity of her relief was a shock to Angela. She'd loved the picture passionately from childhood, but now that she'd allowed herself to think of owning it, she felt she couldn't live without it. It was so much more than a brilliant painting, it was the only link she'd ever have with the father she'd never known. It would make him real to her.

She sat on a packing case, a little back from the group, and worshipped. The gilt-framed canvas was not more than thirty inches square, the subject, unremarkable: a field of young corn bending to a light breeze, scurrying clouds, a flight of swallows. In the mid-distance a tiny white tomb, circled by cypresses. Rapier-edged sunlight cut the soft atmosphere. It was signed "Oliver Langton, 1921."

"Ordinary, I call it," said a bowler-hatted man. He moved away, leaving only an elderly, well-dressed man and two women.

"Like it?" the man asked.

"You can feel the breeze on your face,

and the warmth of the sun, too," one woman answered.

"I'd like it for the schoolroom, John," the other said.

"John" laughed. "I dare say you would, my dear. If you care to sell the Buick we might manage it." The women led him away, protesting that his exaggerations weren't even funny.

Angela had to open her bag to make sure the bank-notes were still there. Her brief mood of relief and optimism was being banished by a horrid conviction that they wouldn't be enough, that some connoisseur or dealer would bid her into silence and whisk the painting away out of her reach for ever.

It wouldn't be fair. She had more right to it than any living soul. It wasn't right that mere money should be able to buy an artist's work when the artist's daughter would almost give a limb for it. If only Aunt Hester had left her the picture in her will instead of the two hundred it would be hers already, safe in her bed-sitting room in Battersea. But she'd never have done that, even if she'd thought of it.

Two more bowler-hatted men came in, glanced round, and made straight for the picture. They wore smart blue overcoats, and carried neatly furled umbrellas. "There it is," the taller said. They stood and appraised in silence. "Think Feltham will be after it?" he asked.

"Hope he hasn't smelt it out," was the answer. "When did Langton die?"

"Only a few years ago, but there's damned little of his work on the market."

"Bit of a lad, wasn't he?"

"My dear chap! A modern Casanova!"

In the distance a hand-bell tinkled. The room emptied, Angela followed the furled umbrellas up the stairs.

She was very, very angry. Her soft, humorous mouth was compressed into a firm line, her blue eyes glinted, and a faint flush suffused her brown-tanned skin. She would have liked to tap these bounders on the shoulder and, very cool and dignified, ask:

"Were you acquainted with Oliver Langton?" They'd looked shamefaced and say "Not personally," and she'd give a withering little smile and say: "Hadn't you better be careful? There's a law of libel, you know," and sweep away. Only she never could remember if it was libel or slander that had to be in writing.

The centre of the big drawing-room was filled with rows of chairs; a rostrum had been placed before the fire, on it stood a table covered with green baize. The auctioneer, a ruddy, jovial man, well brilliantined, had already started when Angela sat down. He was disposing of a mahogany bedroom suite. She set to work to learn the procedure of bidding.

The room was moderately well filled, at least six men to every woman. It wasn't difficult to guess which were the dealers, they slouched down in the stiff chairs, looking bored and non-committal, seldom even glancing at the auctioneer. It wasn't at all what Angela had expected. No excitement, no shouting, no keen competition. She found the bidding difficult to follow: the signals exchanged were so minute. Angela kept her hands carefully folded and her head rigid. She was scared that a chance movement might land her with a turkey carpet or an empire console.

Furled umbrellas had done no bidding yet. They sat three rows ahead of her, on the far side. She glowered at them ferociously. "A modern Casanova" indeed! Smug, overfed money grubbers! Did they expect a genius to be governed by the tawdry conventions that ruled their miserable lives? Mere newts—and they dared to sneer at a man whose name would one day rank with Gauguin, Monet and Van Gogh!

The furniture was selling quickly, but at poor prices. Angela's hopes that the picture might not be bid higher than a hundred began to rise.

How thrilling it would be if she had a hundred pounds left for travel! She'd go first to Florence (*Continued on page* 98)

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—any young art student would make first for the Uffizi. Then Venice, where her father and mother had first met. She'd try and trace the garret where they had lived after her mother had abandoned home, fiancé, everything, to be with him.

She was still dreaming of affluence when she heard a firm "Excuse me, please," and became aware that a man was trying to pass in front of her. The room was filling up, the rows of chairs had little space between them, she had to stand to let the man get by.

As she got to her feet she glanced at him casually; he was saying "So sorry to disturb——" but when he saw her face his jaw dropped, his eyes bulged, and his sentence finished "Good God!"

The brazen rudeness of it staggered her. He was a good-looking young man: tall, purposeful. His clothes suggested poise and self-assurance—but he gaped like a country lout at a beauty contest. She tried to stare back with cold hauteur—but she found it difficult not to laugh outright—his expression of dazed bewilderment was so funny! What on earth could be the cause of it?

At last he stuttered, "Who—who are you?"

Well! Was this the way young men behaved in London? Or was this one crazy?

"No one you know," she answered with what she felt to be chilling asperity.

The woman next to Angela was also standing, waiting for him to pass to the vacant chair five places along. She barked, "Do you want to pass or don't you?" Still gaping, he moved on.

Angela sat down. The woman beside her was muttering something about impertinent young men, but she didn't answer. She felt shaken. She tried hard not to look to her left as chairs and tables and clocks and vases were bid for and disposed of; but, out of the very corner of her eye, she couldn't help seeing the dark young head leaning right forward, staring at her.

When his note was passed along she held it clenched tightly in her hand and kept her eyes fixed firmly on the auctioneer. Of course, she mustn't even glance at it. She must tear it into tiny pieces and drop them contemptuously on the floor.

But suppose it were an explanation? An apology? He might have made a genuine mistake, thought he really had met her somewhere—one shouldn't be churlish—and he didn't *look* the least bit like the sort of man who'd . . . Without moving her eyes, she unfolded the slip of paper. Then she dropped her handbag on the floor. As she picked it up, she read, "I'm sorry if I seem rude but I *must* know who you are. It's *terribly* urgent. Jeremy Feltham."

Chin high, eyes focused on the rostrum, she tore it up. As the shreds of paper were dropping to the floor the sibilant sound of whispers ran quickly round the room. An assistant was placing the picture on an easel.

The auctioneer took a drink of water, as though preparing for battle, then he squared his shoulders and launched the attack.

"An exceptionally interesting painting in oils by Oliver Langton. Undoubtedly this would have been dealt with through some other channel had there not been specific testamentary instructions that the entire contents be disposed of by public auction on the premises. . . ."

As he droned on, Angela thought, "Feltham"—where have I heard that name—recently?

". . . Now, ladies and gentlemen. Who will offer me five hundred, just to make a start?"

Angela closed her eyes and bit her lip. Five hundred! To make a start! But she opened them again quickly as the auctioneer rattled on, "Four then? Three? Two? One? Well, well, we'll start again. Come now. Fifty pounds? You, sir? Seventy-five? Thank you, sir. Seventy-five on my left, a hundred? Thank *you*, sir. One hundred pounds. Make it guineas? Thank you. Now sir, your turn. One hundred guineas bid."

It was all so quick that Angela felt quite

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dizzy. Heads jerked from one side of the room to the other like people watching a tennis match. Furled umbrella was one of the bidders—she couldn't see the other. There wasn't even time to look properly before the cajoling voice went on. "Come now, who'll say one-twenty-five? These figures are fantastic for a—a—" he glanced quickly at his papers—"a genuine Oliver Langton."

With a sudden jolt of horror Angela realised that she was forgetting to bid. Her hand shot up and his voice—just a little surprised she thought—said "One-twenty-five from the lady. Now, gentlemen. One-fifty? Thank you, sir. One-fifty. Any advance on one-fifty?

There was silence. Angela tried to speak but somehow no sound would come from her dry throat.

"Really, gentlemen, you're not going to let this masterpiece go for a mere one-fifty? Who'll say one-sixty?"

Angela raised her hand. People turned and looked at her.

"Thank you, miss. One-sixty. No improvement on that, gentlemen? No? All right then. This masterpiece going for one-sixty, going for——"

A firm young voice, from the fifth chair to Angela's left, said, "One-seventy-five."

Suddenly, Angela remembered. "Think Feltham will be after it?"

"That's better. Going for one-seventy-five."

"One-eighty." Angela supposed that squeak was her own voice. She couldn't recognize it.

"And five." The firm voice said instantly.

Angela gasped, "One-ninety."

Instantly again, "And five."

There was something implacable about the voice. The absence of inflection was scarcely human. That voice would go on and on. It would get what it wanted. Hopelessly Angela breathed, "Two hundred."

"And five."

It was madness; it would mean weeks of semi-starvation—"Two hundred and ten," she said.

"Two hundred and twenty-five."

The audience was hushed. People in the front rows were peering round to see the bidders. The auctioneer, quite flabbergasted at the sudden cessation of the need for salesmanship, just stood and waited. Now that there was silence he began again, "Going for——"

Angela felt the backs of her eyes beginning to smart ominously. She rose hurriedly and left the room without even a glance at her opponent.

She ran down the stairs and along the hall.

As she opened the street door she heard the firm, infuriating voice calling from halfway up the stairs, "Hi! Hi! You there! You in the pink dress!"

No good running away. He'd catch her up in a few strides. She turned and faced him.

He bounded down the few remaining stairs and stood over her. The bewilderment had gone, a look of feverish excitement, with a lurking suggestion of amusement, had taken its place.

"Please," he said, "I've got to talk to you."

"I don't know you," she answered. "And I don't in the least want to know you." She turned, but he put a firm hand on her elbow.

"Look, we mustn't quarrel. I've a car outside. I'll drive you home, you'll introduce me to your parents—and they'll tell me who you are."

It was silly of her to say "I haven't any parents." She saw that the second it had slipped out—but why did he look so pleased when he said, "Your guardian then?"

"Nor a guardian." What a fool she was! Why tell him anything about herself?

"Better still. Then I'll take you to mine. He's my uncle really. Sir Guy Feltham. He's quite old—white hair and everything—even more respectable than I am."

"Can you give me *one* good reason why I should be led before your uncle?"

"Two," he *(Continued on page 100)*

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answered. "He's a connoisseur of beauty—and he has a blend of china tea that would lure an Eskimo to the Equator. It's long past tea time."

Angela never quite knew how or why she gave in. She'd never thought of herself as weak-willed before. It might have been curiosity, it might have been the sight of the porter carrying the picture down the stairs and, under the strange young man's instructions, stowing it carefully in the back of the sinewy Lagonda which stood at the kerb.

Anyway, she hoped her motives for letting herself be thrust into the front seat had no connexion with the strange young man's fine grey eyes, the interesting bone-structure of his face, or the humour of his sensitive mouth.

It was reassuring to know the picture was only just behind. It was something known and positive and tangible in the midst of obscurity and suspense.

"We live in Rutland Gate," he said, as they slid round the corner into Kensington Gore. "Only a couple of minutes drive, worse luck. Where do you live?"

"London."

"Really? Then we're neighbours."

As they passed the Albert Hall he grinned at her and asked, "And how does an infant of fifteen come to be alone in London?"

"I'm seventeen," she said, with all the dignity she could muster.

He chuckled. "Thought that would draw your age out of you. Where did you—or do you—go to school?"

She didn't answer that. They turned into a quiet street, lined with tall, imposing mansions. He stopped before the biggest of them.

The absurdity of the situation made a fresh onslaught upon Angela. She stood on the pavement and said, "Mr. Feltham, unless you tell me why you're . . . interested in me—I shall walk straight to the nearest bus stop. Just because you've got a car and live in a big house doesn't prove you're a . . . a safe sort of person!"

She'd expected a flippant, cajoling answer, but he looked down at her very seriously and his voice was the resolute, commanding voice of the auction room. "Suppose you tell me why you bid two hundred for this picture?"

"I . . . I like it."

"You must. Two hundred quid is a lot of money."

"It's . . . it's worth more."

"The dealers knew its value. They stopped at one-fifty."

"Then—why did you outbid me?"

"I was acting for my uncle. On his instructions I'd have gone as high as necessary. He meant to have it."

"But—does he admire my—Mr. Langton's work so much?"

"Won't you ask him?"

She hesitated. He put one hand under her elbow, picked up the picture with the other, and led her up the steps.

He opened the door with a latch-key and waited for her to pass in.

Angela looked down a long, white panelled hall, gay with bowls of dark red roses. Nothing could be less sinister, but she entered it as cautiously as though she expected a trap to fall open under her feet, to precipitate her into a deep, dark dungeon. Remote cells at the back of her brain were whispering of white-slave traffic—dope rings—homicidal maniacs. "Run for it while there's still time," they said. But she was too acutely curious to heed the warning. There was no need to be alarmed. There'd be some obvious, simple explanation. In half an hour or less she'd be out through that door again, laughing at the very idea that anything . . . anything untoward could happen here, in the very heart of London, on an afternoon in June.

She heard the dull boom of the hall door closing. Then again that half-persuasive, half-compelling pressure was on her elbow, guiding her up the slow, impressive staircase to the first-floor landing.

Outside a pair of tall, heavily-carved doors the pressure relaxed. The incredible young man looked at her earnestly and, speaking almost in a whisper, asked, "You still won't tell me who you are?"

The solemnity and padded silence of the house seemed to discourage normal speech; Angela only shook her head.

The grey eyes searched her face as if seeking to probe deep into her. "Perhaps I should have warned you——" he hesitated, then began again. "There's no need to be alarmed . . . but—you may get just a bit of a shock. Are your nerves all right?"

"A—a shock?" she whispered.

He nodded, threw open the door and waited for her to go in.

Angela's nerves were taut. What she expected to find she could not have said, but it was an emotion extraordinarily like disappointment that she saw a large, stately drawing-room, sparsely furnished.

In a deep chair drawn up close to the log fire an old man was sleeping peacefully. He had thick, snow-white hair; a Roman face—chiselled, resolute. The face of a man who could lead a nation or die for an idea. Nobility, iron will and suffering were each engraved on it, even in sleep. He stirred, and without opening his eyes, asked, "Jeremy?"

"Yes, uncle?"

Thin, aristocratic hands gently rubbed the deep-set eyes. "We were successful? You have it?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Good."

Angela thought she had never heard the single word express such profundity of satisfaction.

Then the eyes opened. They were blue, brilliant china-blue. Revealed, they altered the whole face, giving it youth and fire. They stared at Angela, closed for a moment, unbelieving—opened again, challenging, accusing. She could see the pupils slowly contracting. No muscle of the face or body moved until he breathed, softly, almost inaudibly, "Angela."

Angela looked from the old man to the young one. They were both staring at her. This isn't *real*, she thought, I'm dreaming, I'll wake up in a moment.

"How do you know my name," she asked. To her surprise, her voice was quite steady, quite unemotional.

"Angela Selby." It was a statement, not a question. The blue eyes still stared, but they no longer accused. They were absorbing her, with the famished intensity of a man who, lost in the desert, sees water but knows in his heart it is only a mirage.

"Speak again," he said.

"How—how do you know my name?"

Then, slowly, he smiled at her. It was a smile of the rarest beauty, tender, whimsical. "Her voice," he said.

He rose from his chair, his movements were lithe and graceful. They belied the whiteness of the hair. He put his two hands on Angela's shoulders and gazed down at her. Angela found the touch, the smile, the love

Gilt-Edged Investment

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that shone from the blue eyes had dispelled her fear.

"Please explain," she said.

Without moving his eyes from hers, he asked, "Where did you find her, Jeremy?"

"At the auction, uncle. She wouldn't tell me her name. I knew, of course—so I brought her to you."

"Yes." There was no surprise, no emotion except acceptance and a kind of wondering happiness in the word.

"I—I haven't told her anything," Jeremy said diffidently.

The old man looked at his nephew for the first time since he'd woken up. He smiled gently, then turned back to Angela; he took her elbow, just as Jeremy had done, and led her across the room.

In the wall opposite the windows a small door was screened by a curtain. He led her through it and down a wide, empty passage. At the far end a plain teak door confronted them. He slipped a key into the lock and turned it. The room inside was completely dark.

For a second Angela recoiled, then she went in. Sir Guy and Jeremy followed. The old man pulled some cords near the door and blinds that covered a skylight furled back; daylight streamed in.

It was a studio. The walls were hung with framed oil paintings—thirty or forty of them. Angela's eyes travelled over them. They were all her father's work. There wasn't the least doubt about it. The colours, the composition, the brush-work—they all proclaimed Oliver Langton as firmly as though his name were scrawled in six-inch letters on each canvas.

Then, in the centre of the farthest wall, Angela saw it. She saw herself. A portrait of a girl with golden hair and big blue eyes, small, tip-tilted nose, smooth, rounded brow, deep dimples at the corners of the laughing mouth.

Wondering, shocked, hesitant, she crossed to it. A label was fixed to the base of the frame. It read, "Mary Angela Selby. 1923."

She breathed, "My mother."

"Yes."

Angela gazed at the young, radiant face, so like her own. This was her mother, a portrait she hadn't even known existed, painted by her father.

The face awoke no slumbering memory of childhood. She could remember her mother only dimly—as someone kind, dressed always in black, with a soft, sad voice. But this man—he'd called her by her mother's name! She turned and faced him as she asked, "You knew her?"

"Yes."

The lines of suffering in his face had deepened. She was sure of his answer when she asked, "It was you she was going to marry when—when——"

"When your father stole her from me? Yes."

She made a gesture towards the paintings and asked, almost in a whisper, "And . . . my father? You knew him too?"

"I never met your father."

The way he stared at her! It was—unnerving. And Jeremy—why was he so quiet? He watched his uncle as if he were waiting for something. What was it? What secret did they share? The silence became unbearable. She said, "Surely it was . . . difficult, collecting so many of my father's pictures?"

"It has taken me some years. Now it is finished. Today's was the last. If there are others they are unimportant."

"It must have been—expensive."

"If I'd waited a few years they would have cost, perhaps, twenty times as much."

But of course! The most obvious and simple explanation! What a fool she was not to have seen it! She smiled. "You'll make a fortune out of them!"

He did not smile back. He said, "I do not propose to sell them."

"You bought them—to keep?"

He shook his head.

"Then—for the Nation? Oh!" Impulsively she stepped close to him. Tears sprang to her eyes as she said, "That's the most generous, the—

(*Continued on page* 102)

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the *biggest* thing I have ever heard of."

Sir Guy smiled now, but only with his mouth. His eyes were glacial. Jeremy's expression did not alter, it remained grave and watchful. Neither of the men made any movement. No sound came from the house or from the street outside.

At last Sir Guy spoke, dropping his words slowly, one at a time, into the thick silence. "You over-rate my magnanimity. Langton had genius—he presumed on it too far. He—neglected his responsibilities. Your mother died as a result of his neglect."

"No!" Angela protested. "No. It was anæmia."

"Brought on by malnutrition. She died slowly. A bullet would have been more merciful."

Sir Guy still smiled. His voice was low and controlled. Only his eyes showed the strength of his emotion. Angela could not look away from them. She made a helpless gesture towards the paintings. "Then—why——?"

"Why have I collected these? It did not—please me to think that the name of such a man might be honoured by posterity. I planned a sacrifice to the God of Justice. A bonfire! A bonfire of his genius! A bonfire of his hope of immortality!"

His voice had risen to a shout. The echo of it ran round the four walls of the bare unfurnished room, and slowly died away.

Angela could hear the blood throbbing through her veins. Her temples felt compressed. For a moment she feared she might be going to faint, she closed her eyes and held tight to consciousness.

When she opened her eyes Sir Guy was standing with his hands covering his face, his tall, powerful body was trembling. Jeremy stood motionless—still watching—anxious. Sir Guy's hands, she noticed, were very beautiful.

She said, quietly, "How you must have loved her."

He dropped his hands then, and looked at her. His face was dazed and tired. All the fire had left his eyes. He looked at Angela for a long time. Slowly, expression came

Gilt-Edged Investment

back into his face. The expression of a man who had been blind and finds that he can see.

"It's gone," he said. "It's gone! The hate—the madness that has tortured me!"

Jeremy came and put an arm round the old man's shoulders, for now, as when he slept, he had the dignity, the tranquillity of age. "I thought, perhaps, it would be like this. I thought—if you saw her—you wouldn't want revenge."

The lovely, tender smile came back, chasing away the lines of suffering. The smile was for Angela, but he took Jeremy's hand and gripped it. "You were right," he said. "Who could look long at her and think small, bitter thoughts? You will let me look long? And very, very often? If she had married me you might have been my daughter."

Angela felt a slow, unaccustomed blush rising up her cheeks. She answered, "It would make me very happy."

Jeremy said, "And me too? May I look longer still? And oftener?"

To her fury, the blush soared upwards.

Sir Guy took her by the elbow, gently yet firmly, and led her towards the door. "I must have given you a desperate fright," he said. "It wasn't insanity, you know—just—just——"

"Just a kink," Jeremy finished for him. He took Angela's free elbow and between the two men she walked back down the passage to the drawing-room. When they got there Jeremy rang the bell.

"Now," he said, "we'll have that famous china tea I spoke about—and get to know you——"

The landscape was still on the sofa, where Jeremy had left it. Angela stood gazing down at it.

Sir Guy picked it up and held it out to her. "An apology—and peace offering. You will accept it—Angela mia?"

Angela found she was crying.

END

The Word War

(*Continued from page 5*)

invented atrocities which sounded plausible, if not to educated groups, at any rate to those politically important groups whose lips move as they read. Two prize items in the list were the stories of the German women who had been chained up and forced to witness their menfolk tortured to death by Poles, and the German children found dead in a hut kitchen with their tongues nailed to the table.

These stories reached millions by way of eye and ear. The quota of believers was probably large. But foreseeing a wavering of credulity—in technical word-war terms, a wastage of ammunition for lack of a little extra propellant to increase the velocity of the word missile, and drive it home—the German technicians added a master touch. Such cruelties seemed incredible. Yet there they were, so how could one account for them? The explanation was simple. The British Secret Service had sent special agents to incite the Poles against the Germans, and whip them up to a very madness of fury and sadistic cruelty!

Much of this was for German domestic consumption. The Nazi oligarchs were not too sure of the popularity of the Polish war at home. They were even less sure about the effect on public opinion of the calculated brutality of Gestapo and *gauleiter*. Polish atrocities against Germans were necessary; and they were duly provided. A neutral correspondent stationed at Bucharest, but covering the Balkans, told me that a good deal of the German propaganda "registered" in the south-east European belt.

The German High Command scored the biggest hit. They used a captured station to broadcast an announcement, purporting to be from the Polish authorities, and calculated to spread panic, and cause abandonment of resistance as small German advanced forces moved on. The fake broadcast was believed. It represented an important military success for the Germans: one gained without fighting.

But lack of foresight and preparation, failure to study exactly the technique of the fake broadcast, inability to have an authentic native voice going out over the ether at just the right moment—any one of these things would have caused the operation to fail. The Allies are using their own radio now to warn the Norwegians in Norway, and in Norwegian ships at sea, to look out. An authentic-sounding Norwegian broadcast is probably a German fake put out from a captured station.

As I write, the high spot on the German side is the projection of German official claims to have sunk quite a sizeable part of the British Navy—four battleships, two battle cruisers, seven cruisers, an aircraft carrier, ten destroyers, eight submarines and seven transports. The British officially give the Navy's losses at four destroyers and a submarine, with a battleship and a cruiser hit by aerial bombs, but not put out of action.

Someone is lying! In Britain, people accept without a thought that the Germans are lying; and the only question asked is: Why? But in neutral countries, especially those lands where being anti-Nazi does not mean being pro-Ally, and those shivering small countries where the censor of an apprehensive government sees that the press and radio favour neither side, some of the German lie sticks. Even in America, since the Sylt air raid business—when the world was led to expect so much, including British

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air photographs which in the end failed to materialise, while Goering rushed three American journalists in his own plane to the islet, with the exhortations: "Go, see for yourselves"—the press writers hint or plainly say that if the German claims are exaggerated, the British are probably making understatements.

What, then? It makes no difference to naval and military facts. Or does it? That is just the point. When you probe that, you get to the bottom of the riddle of the world war.

The military war is not yet fixed and final in its scope. Along with the military struggle goes an equally fierce and farther ranging battle to influence men's minds in such a way that the course of the war itself will either be changed, or will not change to the detriment of one of the belligerent groups.

The Allies want to bring in key neutrals on their side. They want this one to join them in full military alliance, and make war in their company; and they want the other one to shift the balance in their favour on the economic side, either by resisting German demands for supplies, or supplying the Allies in preference to the Germans, or in general hampering the German efforts to breach the blockade wall up to the limit beyond which lies danger of an invasion by the Nazi armed forces to take what Germany cannot get by trade.

The Germans fight the Allies' words, with more words. Both aim at men's brains, and hope to win the day, now in this geographical spot, now in that one. Lies and yarns, sneers and laughs, word twisting and phrase weaseling, serve their high purpose. They influence public opinion, and so help or hamper a government.

Incidentally, the Germans, besides winning the lie and invective stakes so far, have also managed to score the longest laugh. The latter was achieved by "Charley," the master of ceremonies in the Nazi English cabaret programme. He let off a joke that Churchill wants Mae West in his Navy so that she can get German submarine commanders to come up and see her sometime. The joke, however, is now off the air. Too many U-boats have been sunk for it to be safe ammunition for the radio gun.

Measures to defend peoples against the "secret weapon" have been tardier than the discovery and application of the defence against the vaunted magnetic mine. No mental gas mask has yet been devised which gives complete immunity. The retort discourteous is one much favoured method of defence. When the British gun projects words describing Goebbels as "the world's greatest liar," back comes a heavy voice declaring that such abuse comes strongly "from a country which tolerates that old liar, Churchill." It is good technique. The German knows that it is useless to attempt to defend Goebbels: too many Germans know that he lies, and he is a much detested man, anyway. The best thing to do therefore is to obliterate the impression by dragging in Churchill and calling him a liar, too.

One defence method is to make it a criminal offence to listen to foreign broadcasts, and make the law stick by such sentences as four and five years in prison. But you need a dictatorship, and a Gestapo, to apply this defence.

Jamming is always possible. But it is the air bombing problem all over again. If you start, you invite reprisal. But jamming a broadcast by cutting in on the same wavelength with discordant noises is an occasional feature of the word war. The Germans have done it for a long time when the famous Freedom Station—which some think operates outside Germany, and is not run by the group which is popularly supposed to be behind it—when those broadcasts get too hot; and several times of late Lord Haw Haw has been blurred out by noises suggestive of a gorilla trying to play "1812" on an out-of-tune grand piano. Experts are still divided on whether the best defence against Haw Haw is to ridicule him, reply to him, or ignore him.

The commanders (*Continued on page* 104)

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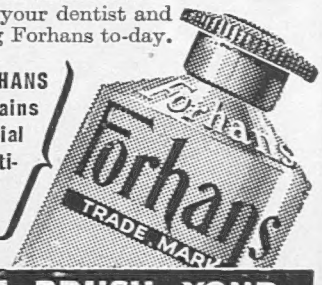

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of the verbal artillery are worth a glance. There are scores of them who make fascinating psychological and technical studies. But we can pick a contrasting trio, the Big Three of the word war. They are Reith, Goebbels and Gayda: the sternly religious Scot, the pagan Rhinelander revolutionary and the cynical Italian intellectual.

Several Fascists, including Ciano, have headed Mussolini's propaganda ministry. But Gayda, although not even a member of that ministry, is Mussolini's spokesman, Italy's propaganda leader, and the most quoted of living Italians. What Virginio Gayda writes, every Rome correspondent quotes, and every Press attaché and diplomat repeats. They know it is just as good as having a talk with the inaccessible Mussolini, and probably better.

He is a bespectacled man of medium height, with a mild manner, a pleasant voice and an appearance of being well satisfied with things. He works hard. He is editor of the *Giornale d'Italia*: he also writes the daily leader that everybody reads because it reflects the mind of the regime. In his office, stacked with books, newspapers, periodicals, the outstanding feature of his desk is not the telephone battery of the editor or propaganda chief, but a typewriter. He weaves his own word patterns, sitting at his typing machine.

There is no coarseness about him. He is a man of erudition and culture, an authority on Central European affairs, an interpretative political writer. He first made his name in a big way by leading the propaganda campaign which transformed "Mussolini's war" on Ethiopia, about which the Italian people were grumbling and growling, into Italy's war of defence against the arrogant and menacing British. Italian popular sentiment was not in favour of the Ethiopian campaign. But when the British idealists and pacifists organised an outcry, and Eden led the League sanctions campaign, Mussolini grasped at the chance as a drowning man clutches a lifebuoy; and Gayda and his cohorts pulled out all the stops of the patriotic organ. Even anti-Fascists were moved, and backed Mussolini in a fervour of patriotism, and fury against the intrusive and interfering British.

Experts regard this Gayda campaign as one of the outstanding feats to date in the manipulation of public opinion. In word war technique it finds place as one of the classic battles, whose strategy and tactics students of the "secret weapon" should study.

During the Spanish War, when Gayda was leading the Italian propaganda representing the war as an Italian fraternal struggle with the Spaniards against French and Russian Bolshevism seeking a footing in Spain, a diplomat met him in a corridor of the Opera, and greeted him with: "Ah, the conductor of the Italian orchestra."

"Please," murmured Signor Gayda; "only the first violin!"

Only one man "conducts" the Italian orchestra. He is the Duce.

Joseph Goebbels is described by every one who meets him on social occasions as a very pleasant fellow indeed. Sir Nevile Henderson, even while calling him an habitual liar, found him attractive, fair-minded, reasonable and "the most intelligent, from the purely brain point of view, of all the Nazi leaders"; while the late William Dodd, as United States ambassador in Berlin, was always delighted to meet and talk to him, although the austere American shunned Goering (with whom the British ambassador was always most willing to dine and shoot) as a murderer.

Goebbels's feats have never been parallelled. He devised the mass display technique which has dazzled Germany and astonished the world. Those mighty Nuremberg rallies, those gigantic Nazi emblems, those crowd-applause-provoking gestures on special occasions, all the emotional and excitant stimuli of Nazism sprang out of Goebbels's fire-cracker brain.

If Hitler is the soul of the Nazi monster, and Goering its club, Goebbels is its microscopic brain. He made it out of the projections of his own baffled grandiose dreams—out of a medley of hate, fear, envy, passion, obsessions, longings and mania. The citizens his propaganda cannot keep in line, Himmler and the Gestapo take care of.

At an age when Goebbels was studying the poets in a Jesuit school, John Reith, son of the Very Rev. George Reith, D.D., of Glasgow and Aberdeen, was in America, scrutinizing British munitions contracts. Back after the war, he was provided with the job of general manager of Beardmore's, the big engineering firm. He was thirty-three when he came south and took over a small office suite, and a staff of four, in a Kingsway building—headquarters of a radio movement in its infancy, with no more than 200 wireless sets in the country. But he is no fool. He knew he was in on the ground floor of one of the biggest things ever; and that he would grow as broadcasting grew.

He is on the whole a silent man. But that seems to be self-control. He once confessed that he looked forward to being able to say what he thought of men and things when he was free of the B.B.C. He became free of the B.B.C.; but he did not talk. If he had, probably he would not have once headed that much battered organisation, the Ministry of Information.

A friend of mine, a public woman of distinction, once lunched with Sir John Reith to discuss a matter of mutual interest. He told her that he rode every morning before breakfast. "I like to start the day by putting on spurs." The lady thought this remark extremely revealing. Sir John is always putting the spur into someone; or inviting the application of the spur to his own organisation.

Now Dr. Ogilvie, a shrewd, quiet scholar-administrator, who lost an arm in the war of 1914-18, a migrant from Belfast University, heads the B.B.C. But it remains the organisation that Reith built from the ground up. Sir John told educationalists that his radio organisation had a serious moral responsibility to the community over the whole field of music, education, religion and matters of political importance.

When I mentioned that to the London correspondent of an American newspaper, who knows his Nazis, and has interviewed their leading men from Hitler down during the last ten years (but is now *non persona grata* there), he said: "Did he say that? That's very interesting. It's just what Goebbels said to me about his Propaganda Bureau!"

The Nazis explain and excuse everything in their set-up, from the Gestapo and the concentration camp to their war for "living space," by reference to their "moral responsiblity to the German community." But, of course, the morals of a Goebbels are not those of a Reith, or those of a Nazi Germany the same as those of a Christian Britain.

But the funny thing is that physicially and in facial expression the British commander of the word war forces looks much more like the popular conception of a Nazi boss, than do most of the Nazis, with the exception of Goering and Hess. He is a mountain of a man, with large features, beetling brows, a wide clenched mouth and cleft jaw, and a menacing stare. I think the Nazis must sometimes envy us our Reith, and regret that they cannot exchange their Goebbels for him. Our caricaturists would certainly welcome the swop. With a Goering and a Reith to play with, Low would have a grand time.

1.6.40

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